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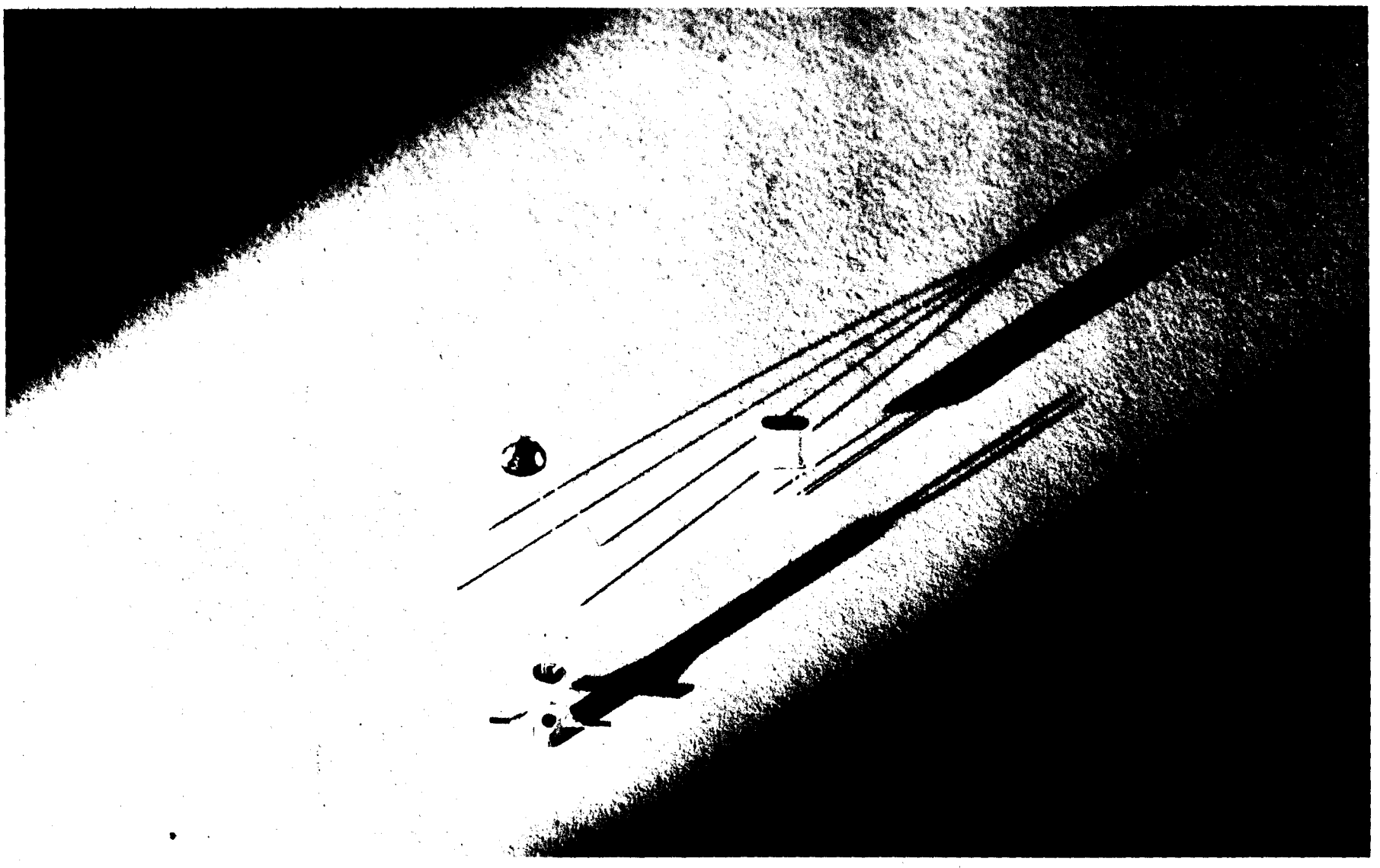

WHAT IS THE TRANSISTOR? It is a tiny electronic device that can do amazing things for you by amplifying electric signals. It requires only a fraction of the power of a vacuum tube. It will be low in cost and last many times longer. Three types of ***Transistors*** are shown above, about actual size.

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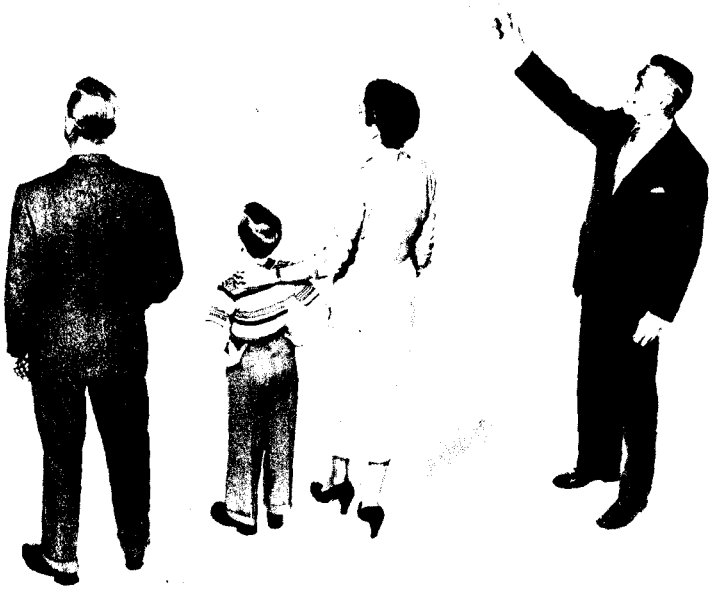

Many important inventions for communications have come from the Bell Telephone Laboratories. Seldom, however, has there been a new discovery with the exciting promise of the ***Transistor.***

This tiny device can amplify electric signals a hundred thousand times. It can do many things that vacuum tubes can do and many more besides. It is something entirely new, and works on entirely new principles.

Because it is so small and rugged, and takes so little power, it can be used in ways and places beyond reach of a vacuum tube.

Invented at the Bell Laboratories to amplify the voice in telephone service, the ***Transistor*** is opening new doors of opportunity in other fields.

The Bell System has licensed thirty-eight other companies to make and sell transistors under its patents. This is in accordance with our established policy of making our inventions available to others on reasonable terms. These companies include makers of advanced equipment for defense, as well as radios, television sets, hearing aids, and a wide range of electronic apparatus.

The ***Transistor*** is already being used in the new electronic equipment which enables telephone users to dial Long Distance calls from coast to coast.

It is another example of the value of Bell System research in bringing you more and better telephone service.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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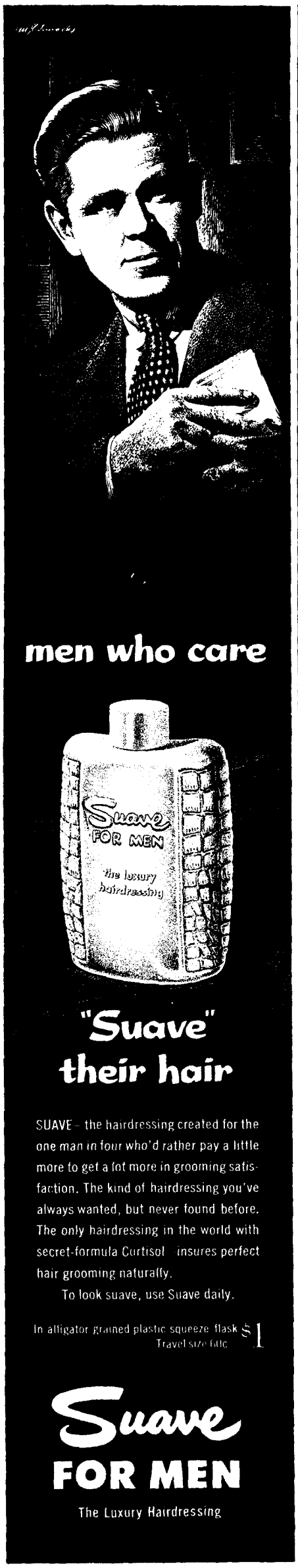
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April 25, 1953

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The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

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The Cover

Well, now that Mr. Suburbs has been talked into buying all those garden tools, a distraction has come about. Mrs. Suburbs isn't quite sure what will happen next but we feel reasonably certain that presently another fishing license will be issued and that Mrs. S. will hoe the row alone. This Beall-Davies cover represents complete collaboration. When he wasn't working on the painting, Kenneth Davies posed for C. C. Beall.

Week's Mail

Smart Pills

EDITOR: J. D. Ratcliff's excellent article Pills Are Getting Smarter (March 14th) unfortunately contains an incorrect reference to one of our trademarked products, Benzedrine (SKF's brand of racemic amphetamine sulfate). Actually, the "alarm clock" pill does not contain Benzedrine, and has no connection whatever with any Smith, Kline & French product.

RICHARD C. BOSTWICK,
Smith, Kline & French Laboratories,
Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I think that you have done a disservice to physicians, druggists and patients by explaining by name what a placebo tablet is. In this enlightened age, where everyone can read a prescription—or tries to—the whole idea of placebo therapy will be ruined should a patient see it on the prescription and associate it with your article.

I only hope that patients requiring placebo therapy do not read this article, or, if they do, do not remember the name. MAURICE WIENER,
Dolfield Pharmacy, Baltimore, Md.

It has always been this department's belief, based on experience, that any physician who wrote a prescription that was legible to the layman would automatically be drummed out of the American Medical Association. We have yet to see a prescription which inclines us to alter that conviction.

Hail to the Whodunit

EDITOR: As a subscriber to Collier's and a detective-mystery fan, it gives me great satisfaction to read your editorial Who Done It—As Dickens Did It (March 14th). I, too, have found a good detective mystery to be exactly as the New York Daily News maintains, "the best writing done today," and have found numerous instances of "wonder settings and scenery, character portrayal and suspense" in it.

I take issue with the prof when he states that the detective mystery has no moral teaching. In it the guilty are always caught and punished, and the moral axiom that the "wages of sin is death" is always proved. So what better moral teaching could one ask?

MRS. A. L. WARREN, Poulsbo, Wash.

. . . Collier's writes good editorials on all sorts of worthy things but the whodunit piece was one of the best and worthiest.

There are a lot of us who write for a living who are made to feel unclean or downright subversive. In a too-absolute age nobody can understand that

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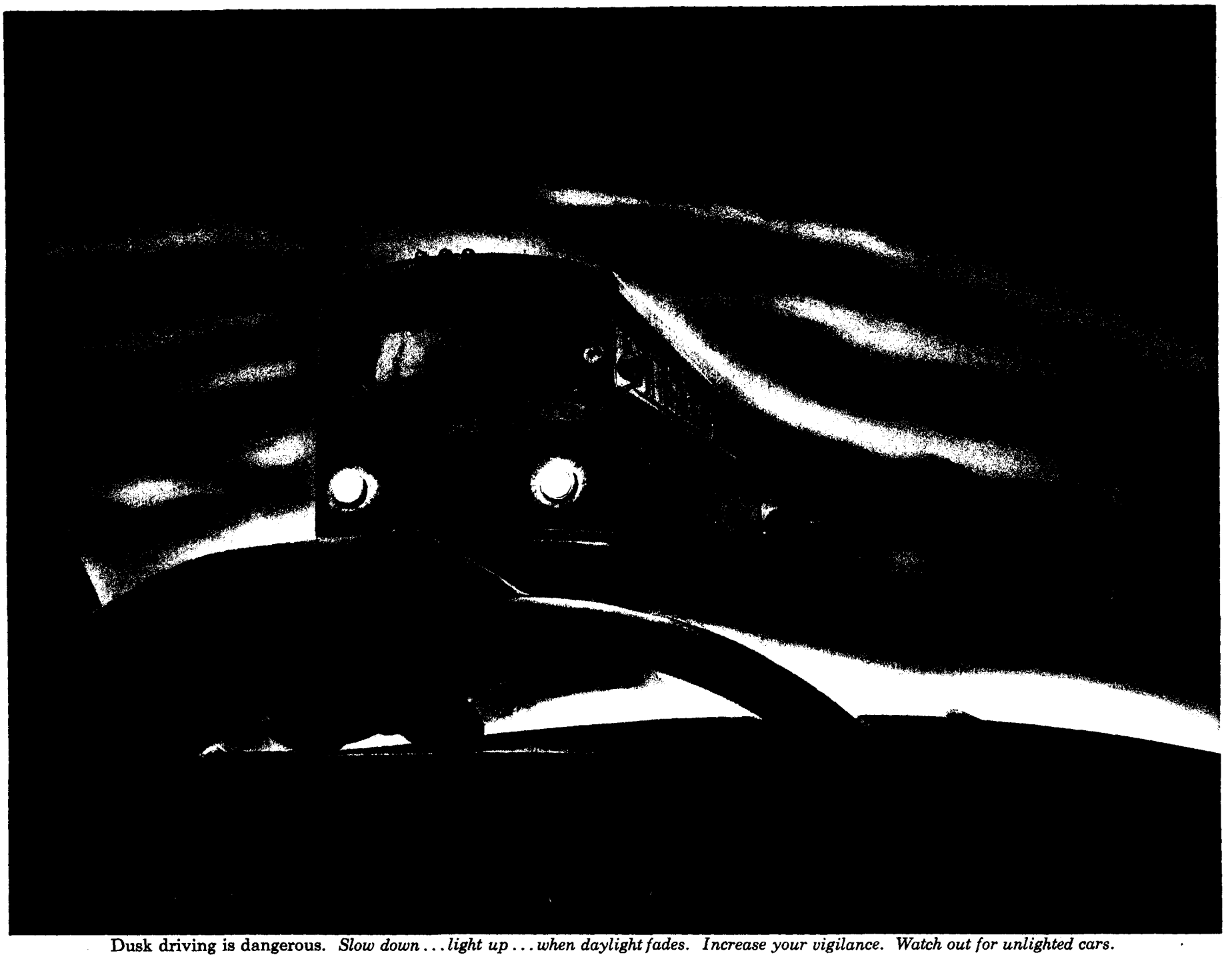

Dusk driving is dangerous. *Slow down . . . light up . . . when daylight fades. Increase your vigilance. Watch out for unlighted cars.*

How much do reckless drivers add to your auto insurance bill?

STATISTICS SHOW that a small minority of motorists will average four accidents each year—while the great majority will average only *one* accident every *four* years.

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1. *Semi-annual premium payments.* Wouldn't it be easier on your budget to pay for your automobile insurance in two small payments each year, rather than in one lump sum? Advanced State Farm billing and bookkeeping practices make this possible for State Farm members—at no increase in cost.

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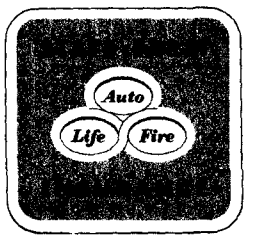

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Week's Mail CONTINUED

there are people who like the work of Baudelaire and Rex Stout, Hemingway and Mary Robers Rinehart, Proust and Georges Simenon. Good writing isn't confined to the so-called serious novel any more than bad writing is confined to the whodunit.

RODERICK MACLEISH, Boston, Mass.

Citizens & Taxpayers

EDITOR: Sylvia F. Porter is to be lauded for her splendid article Where Your Income Taxes Are Unfair (March 14th). If and when this distressing situation is corrected, she can be sure she gave the ball a mighty shove.

It seems to me that the income-tax law forbidding tax deductions to working wives and mothers for household help is unfair in still another way. Doesn't it appear that the Treasury might sometimes be collecting income taxes not once, but *twice,* for the same money—once from the working wife's wages, and again from the wages of the domestic worker whom she pays?

WANDA HUBERTY, Ottumwa, Ia.

. . . From two small income-tax payers still reeling from the latest wallop, a hearty bravo to Sylvia F. Porter. We are in favor of sending her to Congress.

MR. & MRS. W. W. PRIEST,
Phoenix, Ariz.

Crank Letter

EDITOR: In your Week's Mail of January 10th, you published a letter of mine concerning activities of the Antique Automobile Club of America. Since then, I have been getting letters from all over the country, including Alaska and Mexico. Thought you would like to know.

Someone should tell your artist who drew the Model T in your March 14th issue that you can't wave the crank around and then use it to start the motor, as the crank cannot be withdrawn without detaching the ratchet from the end.

HAROLD E. GLOVER,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Sex IQ

EDITOR: Thank you for publishing the article What Is Your Sex IQ?, by Margaret Blair Johnstone (March 14th). The subject was treated objectively, and without sensational build-up.

THE REV. LAWRENCE D. WILLARD,
Westmoreland, Kans.

. . . As a public-school principal who frequently is confronted with problems that must be somewhat similar to Mrs. Margaret Blair Johnstone's, I congratulate you on her very fine article in your March 14th issue.

I sincerely trust you will have continued demands for other articles. The public needs them.

RICHARD B. VASTINE, Roselle Park, N.J.

. . . As a married woman, I found your article What Is Your Sex IQ? quite interesting and informative. However, as a mother of two teen-age daughters and a younger son, I wish to protest very strongly against such a detailed and specific article appearing in a family magazine.

I do not question the value of such information for troubled married couples or adults contemplating marriage. But an article such as this is emphatically not suitable reading for young girls and boys, even though they have received proper sex instruction.

ELIZABETH K. MURRAY, Bayside, N.Y.

. . . Our Woman's Society of Christian Service would like to make a protest concerning the articles written by Mrs. Margaret Blair Johnstone regarding sex.

It is not healthy reading for any age group, but we think especially of the younger group, the inquisitive grade- and high-school people who might be provoked to action that they would not have considered if it had not been suggested to them in a magazine on the library table.

People who must write of such intimate reactions and statistics should put their information into books to be used by those who seek such information, rather than in magazines picked up, at random, by the public.

MARY E. PATTERSON, Willsboro, N.Y.

. . . I enjoyed reading the Rev. Margaret Johnstone's article on sex education with reference to Dr. McHugh's inventory. It is a timely article in this modern day and age.

Youth today is entitled to such enlightenment. They need an interpretation of the general pattern of successful adjustment to the dynamic force of sex and reproduction.

Too frequently sex is regarded as something immoral, indecent, which should come into one's existence through subterranean channels.

I trust that Mrs. Johnstone will continue to write her fine articles in this needed area.

F. B. HAAR,
Professor of Health Education,
University of Oregon, Eugene, Ore.

. . . When I was a young man the idea of such an article in a leading popular magazine was totally and completely out of the question.

It is good to see that we have made progress along lines other than those of nuclear fission. More power to you—may you long flourish!

A. STANLEY KAYE, M.D.,
New York, N.Y.

Readers who objected to Mrs. Johnstone's article might be interested to know that out of approximately 1,000 letters she received following its publication, only 32 were critical. Dr. Gelolo McHugh of Duke University, whose Sex Knowledge Inventory questions were quoted in the article, reports that there was not "even one whisper of criticism" in the 400 letters he received after Mrs. Johnstone's article appeared. Of those letters, 40 per cent were from medical doctors, 20 per cent from members of the clergy, and 40 per cent from the general public.

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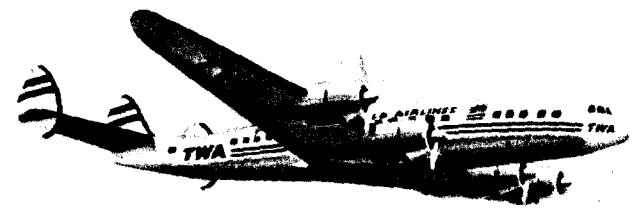

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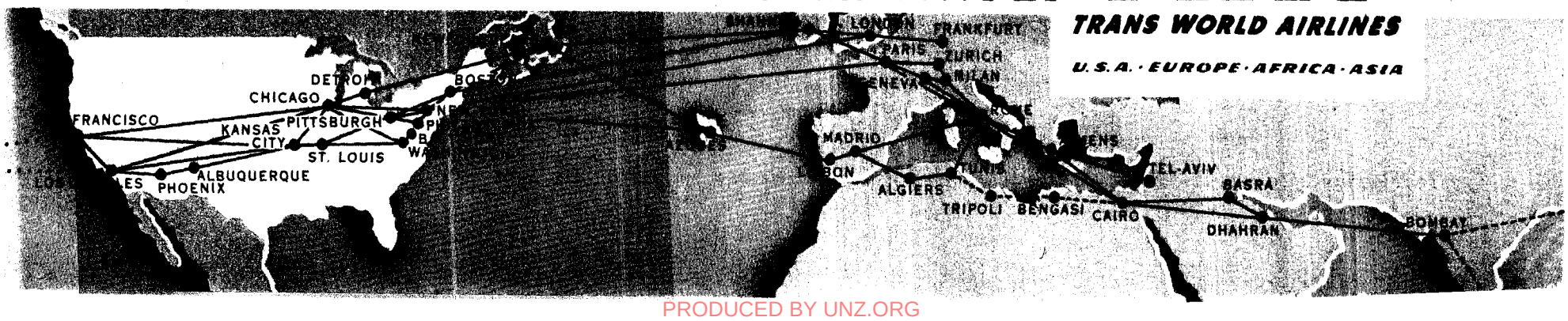

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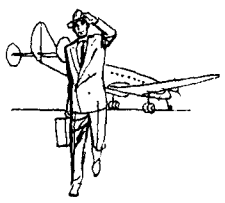

Yours Very Coolly!

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of *Long-Wearing*

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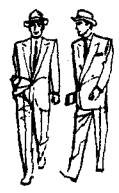

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The KENMOOR, *S-1269, tan calf and wheat nylon mesh. $18.95*

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The Florsheim Shoe Company • Chicago • Makers of fine shoes for men and women

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Lady in Minneapolis thought $25 an outrageous price to pay just to be towed in her disabled car six blocks to a garage. Decided to make the wrecker earn it. So she jammed on her brakes and kept them locked all the way.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours in Philadelphia telephoned his brother-in-law's house. Ten-year-old nephew answered. Friend asked whether the lad's mother was home. She wasn't. When would she be home? "Hard to say," replied his nephew. "You know how women are."

★ ★ ★

Just asked Todd Wright of our Washington Bureau whether he could find the time to dig up a few prewar statistics for us. "Prewar?" shouted Mr. Wright. "When was that?"

★ ★ ★

Try to be considerate of a busy man's time. Don't pester the chairman of Georgia's Literature Commission with letters and telephone calls. The commission is scanning books, magazines, pictures and so forth, seeking to ban the ribald. The chairman is starting back with fourteenth-century Geoffrey Chaucer and reading forward. Expects to be busy for some time.

★ ★ ★

Just heard from the editor of a weekly paper. The man has a dazzling idea. Wants to secrete a wire recorder in the local beauty shop. His only idea is, of course, to find out what's going on and publish same. "Got my bag packed and ticket bought," he says. "Figure I'll have just about time to escape right after the edition hits the street."

★ ★ ★

Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock snatched a moment down in Sarasota, Florida, to write that a stingy man seldom has many close friends. "Of course," Colonel Haddock goes on, "he doesn't need so many."

★ ★ ★

In the St. Louis Globe-Democrat a letter from Miss A. B. Grigsby, Registered Nurse: "There are many nurses in St. Louis who have applications for work at the Veterans Hospital. These nurses are not called. If the veterans would enforce racial integration there would be no difficulty in staffing their hospital. Four years ago, I placed my application. The chief nurse replied that she could not accept Negro nurses. I am an ex-Army nurse." No comment from old 48. But you should hear what he's thinking. Just before we read Miss Grigsby's letter we heard our radio begging young women to serve their country by becoming nurses.

★ ★ ★

Over the door of the First National Bank in Newark, Ohio, is the face of the late Adam Kissel sculptured in stone. As far as the old 48 research institute can learn, this is our country's only memorial to an arsonist. Eighty-three years ago Mr. Kissel got drunk and set fire to a flock of filthy shacks on the site. Hoped, but failed, to collect the insurance. But Newarkers were so glad to be rid of the shanties they erected a monument to Mr. Kissel.

★ ★ ★

A father in New Hampshire had a heart-to-heart talk with his college-sophomore son. The subject: the son's inability to pass his examinations. Son explained that his flunks were accomplished in the interests of family economy. Son explained that thus his father would not be put to the additional expense of buying new books.

★ ★ ★

A beat-up lady with two black eyes entered Indianapolis police headquarters. She told the desk lieutenant, Ervin McClain, that she'd come about the warrant. What warrant? The one she'd sworn out against her boy friend after he'd beaten her. She wanted to recall the warrant and tear it up. Why? "Because," she cooed softly, "we've decided to get married."

★ ★ ★

Mrs. Bittie Goldbloom, of Chicago, says that a woman smart enough to ask a man for advice is usually smart enough not to take it.

★ ★ ★

Our current worry is the way the North Pole is slipping. Heard it's moving south at the rate of about 10 feet

IRWIN CAPLAN

every 25 years or so: Scripps School of Oceanography in California says so.

★ ★ ★

Pleasant note from a lady inviting us to an antique show. I suppose she wants us to come as an observer, not as an exhibit. ▲▲▲

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Insurance-wise
HE'S BARGAIN-SIZE

...so start his MONY policy now!

Did you know you can buy your son a life insurance policy today at about half the premium rate it would cost him later?
For example, a policy for a 5-year-old costs only $1.14 a month per thousand, compared with $2.42 for a man of 35.

Wouldn't you jump at a bargain like that for your son? Think of the money you'd be saving in premiums, right now, if your life insurance had been started for you when you were a child. Literally hundreds of dollars!

"Insurance-wise" your son is "bargain-size." And the younger he is, the bigger the bargain. So give him a MONY policy now -- it will be worth more money to him every year.

A MONY representative *can show you just how little a Juvenile Policy will cost. He's the man to turn to—not only for insurance fitted to your individual needs and income, but for continuing service throughout the years.*

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Orange . . . . . Cloudy
Orange flashing . . . . Rain
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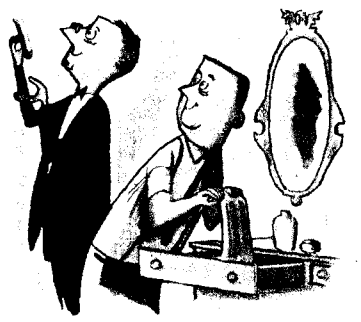
Out of the test tube into your top drawer!

Socks that wear longer and don't get holes! Socks that are shrink-proof, moth-proof and launder in a wink! Science makes the fibers ... but Interwoven knits the fibers into marvelous socks. The name Interwoven means your satisfaction guaranteed.



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Social Pressure

By PERRY GRANT

We, the Mortons, husband and wife, do hereby swear that next week end—Friday night through Sunday night, inclusive—we will engage in no form of social activity whatsoever, other than to relax in our own little den and quietly enjoy each other's company.

Signed: Martha Morton, wife.
George Morton, husband.
Witnessed by:
Cheryl Morton, daughter.

"That does it," I said, handing this brazen document to the little woman to be notarized. "Now we can look forward to a little rest and relaxation for a change."

"Do us a world of good," she affirmed with a brave little curl of her lower lip. "We won't even peek to see what's showing at the neighborhood movie."

"Absolutely not."

"Nor have anybody over for supper or TV . . . or even bridge."

This little ceremony took place on the night of a very blue Monday which followed a very hung-over Sunday which followed a very similar Saturday—all of which followed a very familiar pattern. Determined, we propped the resolutions on our dressing table—so it would remain in full view all week—and plopped into bed to dream peacefully about other people's rat races.

Next evening I came home from the office feeling great, and at supper we chatted eagerly about the coming retreat.

"We can make some chocolate fudge," the wife suggested.

"Wonderful idea," I agreed.

Then she very casually happened to mention that Sharon Gibbs had called to invite us to a cocktail party on Saturday night.

"Oh?" My interest was only mild, of course.

"Uh-huh. Said she was having the old college crowd."

"Well, that's nice . . . of course you told her we'll be tied up?"

"Oh, of course."

We laughed at all the silly fools going out to shorten their lives, then—just by way of conversation—I wondered out loud if Sharon might have asked ol' Charlie Forbes.

"I'm sure she did," answered the wife. "And Bette Langdon, too."

"Well," I said, after a moment of silence, "we'll most likely see them at the alumni dance next spring."

"Oh, sure. They'll be around."

Nevertheless, we decided to make it coffee fudge instead of plain old chocolate. More adventurous.

On Wednesday, I was feeling pretty good at the office. Then Pete Ryan came over to bum one of my cigarettes and remained to ask me if I had anything doing Friday night.

"No," I said, firmly. "Absolutely nothing. In fact—"

"Swell," he said. "We're throwing a big stag for Hank Miller and'll count you in."

PETER WYMA

". . . and dancing girls," he said

"Well, thanks, Pete, but—"

"Going to be a real blowout."

"That so?" I decided to humor him along—poor misguided soul.

He glanced to see if the boss was back from lunch yet, then parked on the edge of my desk and leaned closer to describe the details. Apparently ol' Hank was going to exit from bachelorhood with full honors—but, naturally, I wasn't interested. I showed this by riffling through my papers and only listening with one ear while Pete carried on: ". . . and poker and all we can drink and dancing girls and . . ."

Dancing girls! H'mmmm. After all, Friday night doesn't technically fall on the week end. Maybe if . . . but no, be strong, old man. Health first, you know.

"Sorry, Pete," I heard myself say. "Don't think I can make it." Pete left shaking his head while I mentally figured the probability of making seven straight passes.

Back home there was a trace of pride in my voice as I let the spouse know how calmly I'd turned the boys down. And she matched me with a cool laugh for some silly hat designer that she wouldn't have to listen to at the Women's Club's special luncheon, Sunday.

Somehow we both felt like eating out Thursday evening, but it was a pretty quiet affair. "I bought the sugar today," the wife finally ventured.

"Huh? What sugar?"

"For the fudge," she said. "Don't you remember?"

"Oh, the fudge. Sure." I pensively stirred my coffee for a minute. "You . . . a . . . don't think it might come out sugary?"

"Well . . . a . . . we never were very good at fudge . . ."

It wasn't too easy fixing it up with Sharon Gibbs at the last minute; and I had to bring my own fifth to the stag—but we had no trouble at all brushing the little document into the dresser drawer. After all, it'll be there when we want it, and week end after this we'll definitely need the rest—unless something really important comes up. ▲▲▲

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the barber and the banker agree:

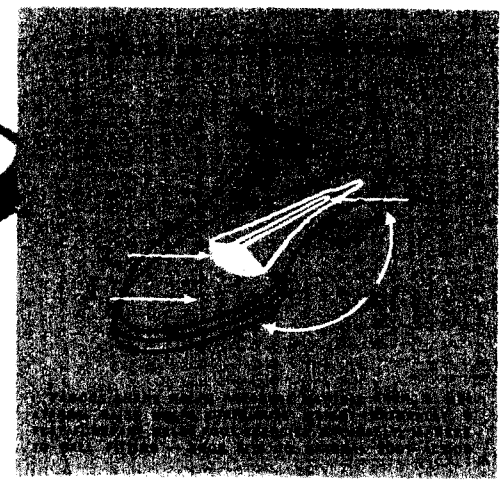
"it's wright for me!"

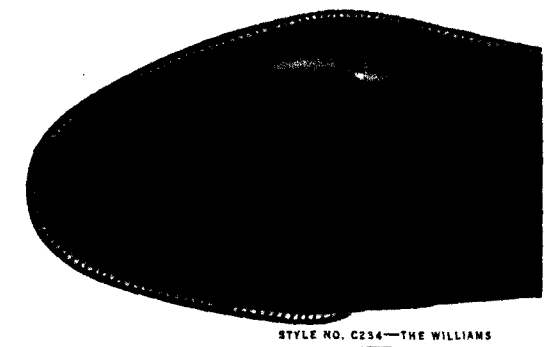
The banker: *"Tough job, standing on your feet all day. Why don't you try Wright Arch Preservers?"*

The barber: *"Try them! I don't wear anything else! They're the only shoes for me!"*

The banker: *"That makes two of us. Good thing we found the* right *shoes, isn't it."*

People are finding out that, deep inside each smartly styled pair of Wright Arch Preservers, there are *hidden construction features no other fine shoe can have.* Patented features that make these the *easiest walking, most comfortable shoes imaginable!* Once you try Wright Arch Preservers you'll see why they are fast becoming the favorites of *men in all walks of life.* Your nearest Wright Arch Preserver shoe store is listed in the classified telephone book. E. T. Wright & Co., Inc., Rockland, Massachusetts.





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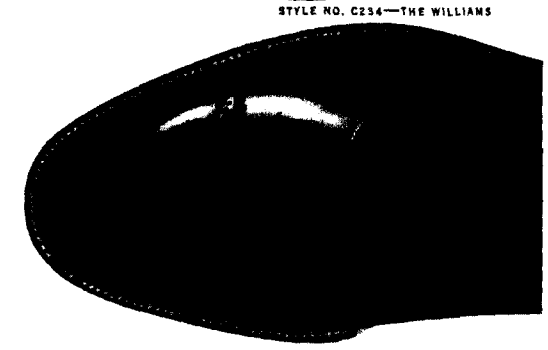

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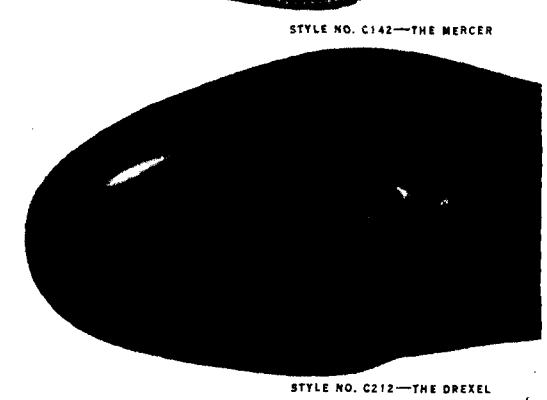

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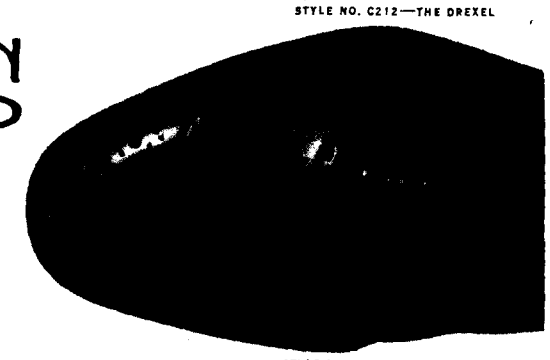

STYLE NO. C352—THE HAMPDEN

FOR WOMEN, SELBY SHOE CO. FOR BOYS, GERBERICH-PAYNE. FOR MEN. IN CANADA, SCOTT-MC HALE

wright arch preserver shoes

9 out of 10— buy them again!

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THE ARBITRATOR

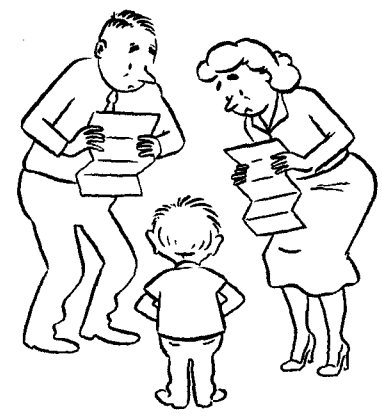
By RAY HELLE

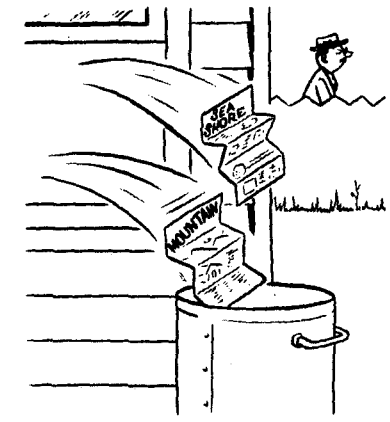
"We're spending this vacation in the mountains!"

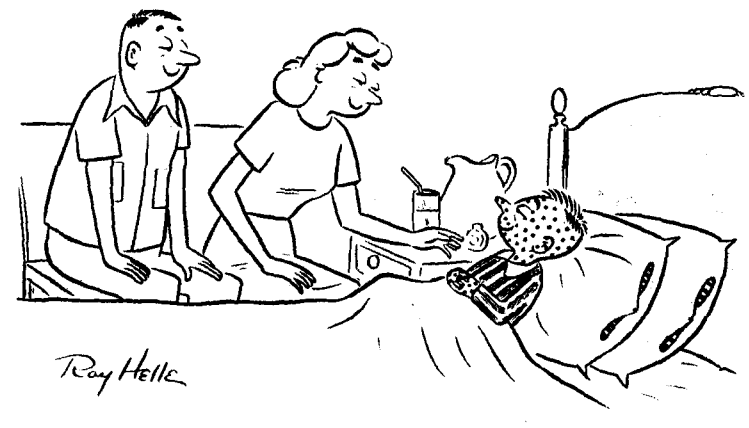
"We're going to the seashore!"

"The mountains!"
"The seashore!"
"Mountains!"
"Seashore!"

"Let's let Junior decide."







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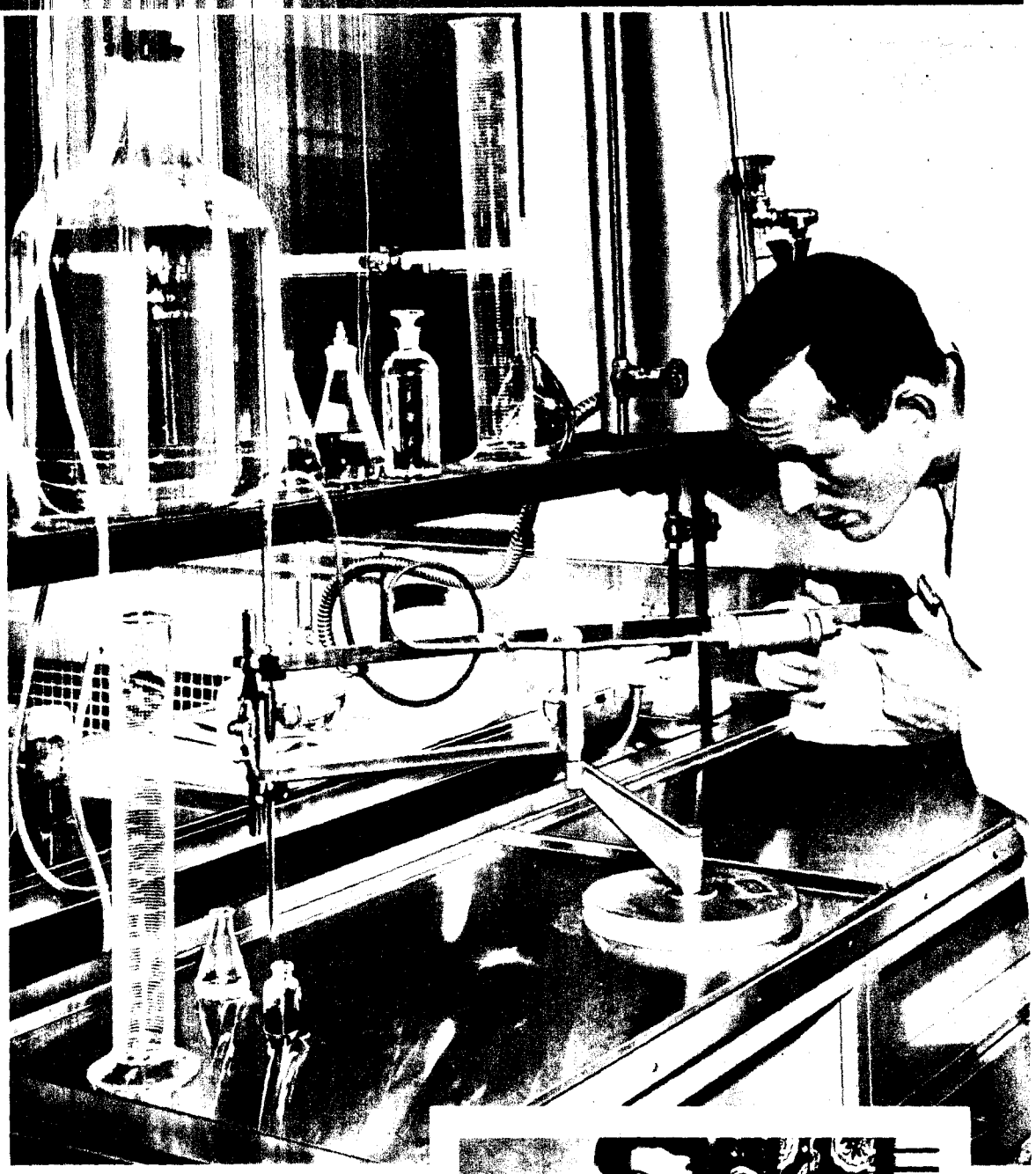
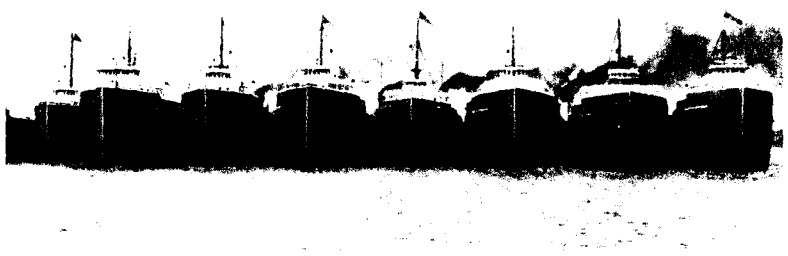
Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

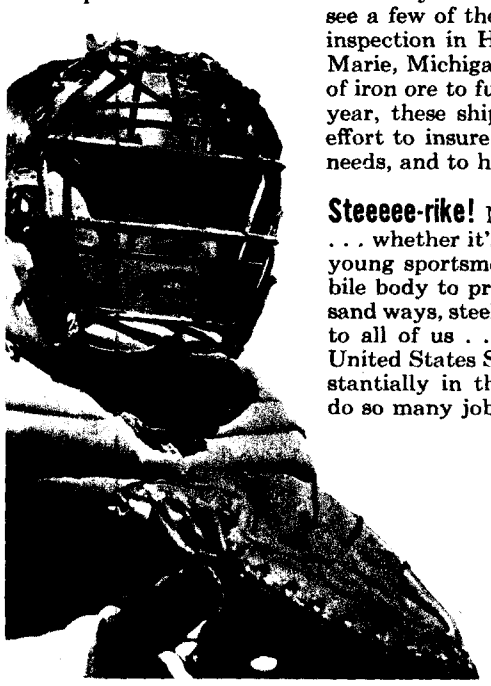
A "Green Thumb", they say, helps a lot in making a successful garden. But so do the right tools for the job. And to thousands of gardeners, the "right" tools are Boyco Tools . . . made by U. S. Steel. They're handsome, sturdy, 100% functional, with distinctive, easy-to-grip handles. And the famous Boyco Poppy wheelbarrow is a streamlined, perfectly-balanced, light-as-a-feather beauty.



Radioactive Material is reduced to doses for individual patients in this Radio Isotope Unit of the Veteran's Hospital, Seattle, Washington. Here, a prescribed dose is being measured out, with distillation apparatus on the shelf above. The laboratory tabletops are of sanitary, easy-to-clean U·S·S Stainless Steel, and are removable for discard when they become too "hot" because of penetration of radioactive rays.



Largest Inland Fleet in The World is the fleet of 65 ore-carriers operated on the Great Lakes by United States Steel. Here you see a few of the giant carriers waiting for inspection in Hay Lake below Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan. Hauling millions of tons of iron ore to furnaces and stockpiles each year, these ships are part of U.S. Steel's effort to insure plenty of steel for defense needs, and to help build a better America.



Steeeee-rike! Nothing protects like steel . . . whether it's a steel catcher's mask for young sportsmen, or an all-steel automobile body to protect motorists. In a thousand ways, steel has brought greater safety to all of us . . . and the steels made by United States Steel have contributed substantially in this respect. Only steel can do so many jobs so well.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

Which Costs The Most... a pound of flour or a pound of steel? You may be surprised to learn that steel, on the average, costs less than *half* as much as flour per pound. Steel also costs considerably less than sugar, lumber, hamburger steak, fibers and yarns for clothing, newsprint. And it is cheaper, by far, than any other metal in the world.

UNITED STATES STEEL

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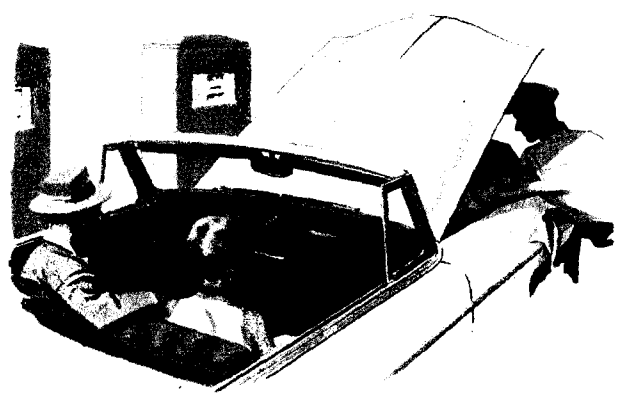
"Don't underestimate the importance of good spark plugs for enjoyable summer driving!"

—says WILBUR SHAW, President, Indianapolis Motor Speedway and 3-Time Winner of the Indianapolis 500-Mile Race



"Practically all of my life I've been a keen student of automobile engine performance.

"One thing I learned very early is this—you can't have good engine performance without the best of spark plugs, and spark plugs that are maintained in top notch condition.

"I've been a Champion fan since the earliest days of my racing career right down to the present, for the simple reason that I've never found their equal.

"The poster at the right identifies your friendly Champion dealer. It is a sound reminder to the car owner who values good performance coupled with economy to get rid of those winter-weary spark plugs now. Install a new set of dependable Champions and you, too, will be —Set For Summer Driving."

CHAMPION SPARK PLUG COMPANY
TOLEDO 1, OHIO

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View from an aerial tanker as it refuels a Stratojet in flight: V-shaped "ruddevators" shown on telescopic refueling boom help tanker crew make contact with nose of the B-47 bomber

BOEING AIRPLANE CO. PHOTO

"WE BOMBED AMERICA"

A B-47 Stratojet, the world's fastest bomber, streaks halfway across the continent on a practice hit-run raid. It already has theoretically destroyed key industrial targets

By BILL STAPLETON

OUR mission is a practice hit-run raid in the world's fastest, highest-flying bomber. We have orders to fly a six-jet Boeing B-47 Stratojet halfway across the United States to the Florida coast at a speed of 600 miles an hour, drop a full load of bombs from an altitude of 7½ miles, and return to base.

It is a chill 2:30 A.M. as we drive out to the flight line in Wichita, Kansas. We have just had an intensive weather briefing. As in wartime, our target is circled in red on our maps. Our bombs are loaded.

We are ready to begin our B-47's 120th practice combat test—another in a series of dress rehearsals for the retaliatory air assaults that will be unleashed if the United States is ever attacked. Our $2,000,000 plane—an ultrastreamlined medium bomber—is a frightening prototype of the warplanes of the future, the most efficient aircraft yet designed to deliver the atomic bomb or the hydrogen bomb anywhere in the world.

The combatlike tests were requested by the U.S. Air Force last year to demonstrate the B-47's deadly capabilities quickly and beyond doubt. Major General Clarence S. Irvine, deputy commander for production at Air Matériel Command Headquarters at Wright-Patterson Air Force Base in Ohio, asked the Boeing people to take a new bomber straight from their plane-a-day production line at Wichita and give it the works for more than 1,000 hours. They wanted pilots to fly it under simulated combat conditions. Bomb with it. Shoot its guns. Pile up flying time.

In the last nine months, our B-47—the bomber chosen for the tests—has flown more than 430,000 statute miles over 39 states, the equivalent of 18 times around the world, without leaving the country. And its crewmen can certainly say, "We

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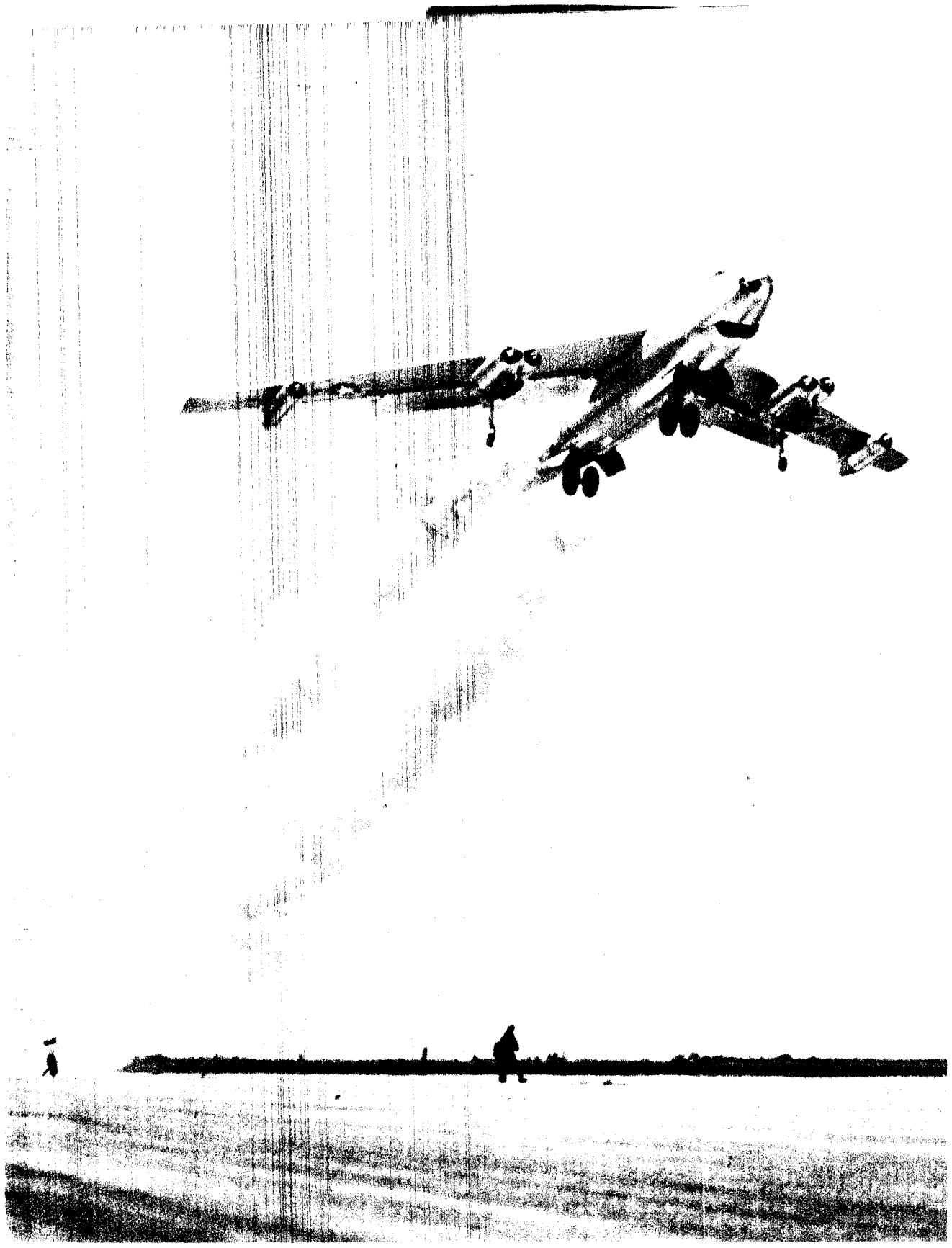

BOEING PHOTO

B-47 medium bomber takes off with powerful boost from eighteen rockets. Each rocket adds 1,000 pounds of thrust to plane's six jet engines. Its top air speed is over 600 mph

'bombed' America." In simulated bombing runs, this one plane has theoretically obliterated important American strategic targets, blasted large sections of our industrial centers into rubble—and killed millions of unsuspecting Americans. Its bombs are aimed by an amazingly accurate $250,000 electronic mastermind called the K system.

Of course no bombs are actually dropped on American cities. Results of raids on populated areas are assessed from photographs taken during simulated bomb runs over the target areas. Bombs are dropped only when the target—as in today's mission—is in an Air Force bombing range.

On 69 of its missions the B-47 has been refueled in flight by a flying tanker, greatly extending the bomber's more than 3,000-mile range. Many of the refuelings have been at night. It's an exciting operation to watch, but routine now to the sky tanker and bomber crews.

As we prepare to board the swept-wing bomber for its 120th test, the big, slow-talking pilot, Edwin G. Bracher, thirty-nine, who hails from Houston, Texas, strides over to give me some last-minute instructions. I'm to be just a passenger on the flight, the fourth man in a three-man plane.

"We'll be ready to take off in just a minute," Bracher shouts over the whine of a bitter wind. "You've got all the places marked on your map. Your intercom phone is okay for listening, but you can't say anything. You're tied in to Ed in the copilot's position."

Ed is good-humored Edward F. Hartz, thirty-eight, of Wichita. Both he and Bracher have more than 1,000 flying hours in B-47s and they often take turns sitting in the plane commander's seat. There's plenty to do in both the pilot's and copilot's positions. The pilot must watch more than 150 dials and controls. The copilot serves as radio operator, keeper of the flight log and gunner when he's not flying the plane.

Gerald F. (Si) Simons, thirty, of St. James, Minnesota, the K-system man and only other member of this savvy crew, emerges from the blackness of the bomb bay and walks up to us.

"All set in the bomb department," he reports. "We've got a good load and every one of those babies is full of plaster of Paris. It'll give the fish a treat."

Si fastens his $225 crash helmet (tailor-made, as most of them are) and climbs into the airplane. The helmet is painted green with the symbol for the Greek letter psi, for his nickname, lettered in gold on the front. Before joining Boeing, Si had little to do with airplanes. But an electrical engineer of his skill is indispensable in modern military aviation. He tends 125 instruments in the B-47 for as long as 14 hours at a stretch.

Bracher and Hartz, who have been conferring with the ground crew and peeking into the jet engines, rejoin us.

"Let's get in," Bracher says. "We're all set."

A Passenger's Disturbing Thoughts

As I climb aboard, I keep thinking that we'll soon be at 40,000 feet, where I'll lose consciousness in seven seconds if our oxygen equipment should conk out. I keep remembering that if I bail out, I'll have to fall to 15,000 feet or lower to recover from the effects of weather and pressure before I can open my parachute.

None of these queasy thoughts of survival seem to bother the three complacent old hands buckling themselves into seats around me. Bracher and Hartz are behind and above. Whenever I turn my head, the side of Bracher's giant left shoe and his rudder pedal are in my face. Si Simons is in the nose, in front and below me. I sit on the floor lashed into a tiny jump seat which must have been stolen from a kindergarten. There's no room to spare in a B-47.

Bracher and Hartz are busy checking a hundred and more items preliminary to the take-off. The pilot alone must check 69 items before even starting the engines. The intercom crackles with complex and professional conversation.

One after another, the six jet engines flame into life. Then comes Bracher's voice: "Ed, call the tower. Tell 'em we're ready to take her off."

The tower booms in with taxi instructions and our 92½-ton monster moves off smoothly to the edge of the runway. Bracher taps me on the helmet, then grabs the control column firmly, and slowly moves the throttles forward.

The whine of the engines outside crescendos and I am pushed back in my seat as we thunder down the runway and off the ground. Each rugged J-47 turbojet engine develops 5,800 pounds of thrust. Their screaming voices deepen into a roar as we pull for the stars. I feel as if I'm riding a skyrocket. The altimeter hands chase each other around the clock face. In less time than it takes to say, "Oh, my aching oxygen mask," we are at 5,000 feet. Then it's 30,000 feet, and we level off.

Bracher gets on the intercom.

"We'll go to Tulsa, Oklahoma, first, stooge around there for a while, drive over to Amarillo, Texas, Roswell, New Mexico, east to San Antonio, Texas, then along the coast to Florida, drop our bombs and return home."

Si leans back from his cubicle in the nose, a glory hole of electronic fantasy. He opens the food box and carefully arranges sandwiches wrapped in aluminum foil on top of a bank of amplifiers right next to me.

"They'll get nice and hot," he says.

"So will my left leg," I tell him. "It's jammed up against this stuff."

"Won't get that hot," he says cheerfully.

The darkened interior of the cockpit resembles a devil's clock shop. Row upon row of meters, dials and indicators, tachometers, compasses, gauges and chronometers stare with a subdued red brilliance. Slightly larger red bulbs dimly illuminate the tiny passageway where I am sitting. We probably would glow like a ruby to a passing bird, but no birds fly this high. The stars seem very close.

"How far can you see?" I write on my pad and pass it up to Bracher.

"About 150 miles in every direction," he says over the interphone. "It's beautiful at night. The cities look like necklaces or clusters of jewels around the horizon. From where we are, I can see the lights of Tulsa, Oklahoma, Salina, Kansas,

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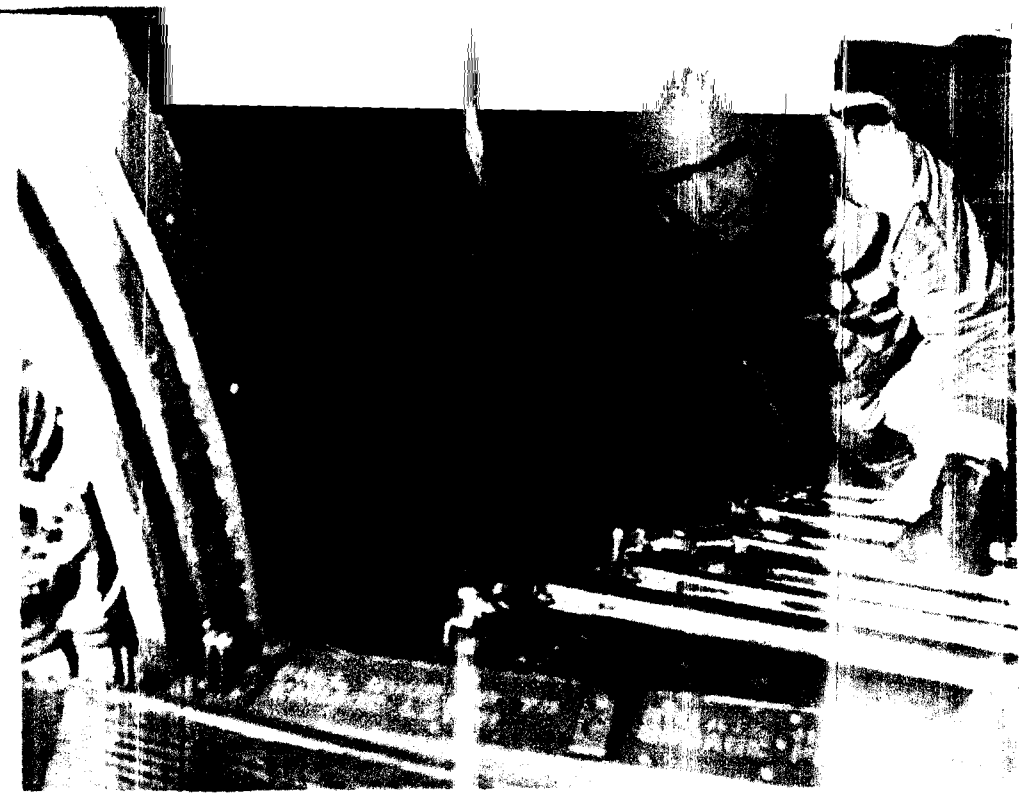
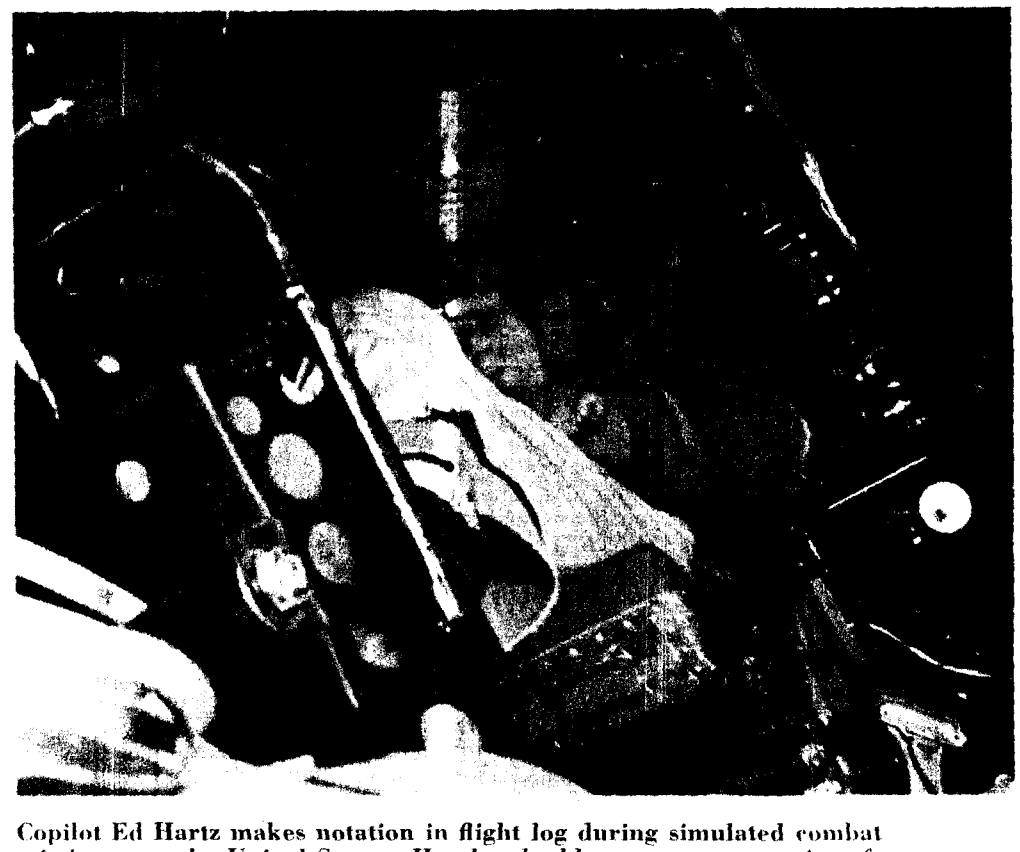
Flight line mechanics Charles West (l.) and George Hicks attach fins to 1,000-pound bomb. B-47 can carry 20 such bombs on a single raid



Ed Bracher, plane commander, boards B-47 for practice raid on Florida coast. This mission was 120th in series to determine plane's capabilities

Si Simons operates the B-47's $250,000 electronic bombsight, known as K system. His outsize paunch is caused by bunched-up flight gear



Copilot Ed Hartz makes notation in flight log during simulated combat mission over the United States. He also doubles as gunner on aircraft

Kansas City and the little town of Pratt, Kansas, without any trouble."

"Do you think we'll be intercepted by fighters tonight?" I scribble.

"No, but you never can tell. We got a couple up after us the last time we were down in Florida, but they stayed behind us riding our tail."

The jet bomber has never taken part in a civil-defense problem or air-raid drill during its simulated bombing tests. The occasional jet fighters that have climbed to investigate the B-47 have done so on their own initiative, although the bomber may have been tied into some fighter-interceptor exercise without the crew's knowledge. The B-47's flight plan is sent to fighter bases along the way before each mission.

Hartz comes in on the intercom: "You should have seen the character that got after us between New York and Chicago last fall. This joker in a Sabre jet made a couple of runs toward us, then stunted opposite us and finally dived down past us with a big grin on his face and his hands in the air. Just like he was saying, 'Hey, look, no hands!' "

Bracher's voice comes in again: "We have to watch out for the hot zones around the country, the Air Defense Identification zones where the people stay pretty much on the alert. Last summer we were flying along the side of the ADI zone near Hanford, Washington, where there's an A-bomb plant like the one at Oak Ridge, Tennessee. We got a call from the Seattle Control Center telling us that we were over the zone border and ordering us to change course immediately. According to our instruments, we weren't over the zone, but we changed anyway. I suppose they had been tracking us by radar."

"What happens if you don't change course?"

"Well, you can be fined $500 and you have to write a couple of long letters of explanation. If they didn't know you, there'd be a couple of fighters up to look you over and maybe shoot you down."

"Which coast seems more alert, East or West?"

"The West Coast, but maybe that's because we go out that way so often. Could be that the people out there feel they are closer to Russia."

Near Tulsa, Si tells Bracher that it's about three miles to the first turn. Ed answers a moment later that he's turning. That gives some indication of our speed. The only figures that have been released on the B-47's speed above 600 miles an hour are those for an experimental flight four years ago. That B-47 flew across the continent from Moses Lake, Washington, to Andrews Air Force Base, Maryland, in three hours and 46 minutes. Its average speed was 607.8 miles an hour.

Bracher identifies us to the Amarillo radio, then to the omnidirectional range station at Roswell on the edge of the Albuquerque ADI zone. Soon we turn left over the Pecos River for San Antonio.

"Okay to smoke?" asks Si.

"Yeah, cabin pressure is about 8,000 feet," Bracher says. "Only trouble is that Hartz has probably brought along some of those horrible cigars. You must admit they're pretty awful, Ed."

"Gosh-awful," Hartz agrees, lighting up.

There's a moment for relaxation as the plane zooms along on course with the automatic pilot doing most of the work. I ask the men about their

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

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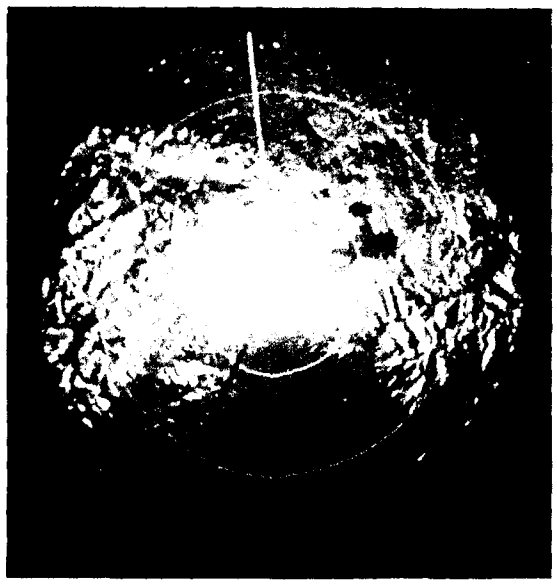

BOEING PHOTO

Here's how Stratojet's radar screen pictures Yellowstone National Park from 30,000 feet

life. Although they're in a dangerous profession, they have no more fever of excitement about their jobs than an office worker with a stack of papers to file. All are married and all have children, but they haven't seen much of their families since the accelerated service tests began. Bracher figures he spends about 80 hours a week flying the plane or checking with flight engineers and mechanics.

Both Bracher and Hartz say they hope to rack up another 1,000 hours-plus flying the huge eight-jet Boeing B-52, as soon as possible. This spectacular heavy bomber, capable of carrying more bombs farther than any other long-range jet bomber, is now in production at Seattle, Washington. That is, Hartz will fly the B-52 if his lucky hat holds out.

The Hartz headgear for all-weather flying is a scraggly, disreputable, tattered, dirty remnant of a baseball cap, and it is always under his expensive crash helmet. No hat, no fly. Everybody makes sure he has it before take-off.

Flight business intrudes again. We identify ourselves to Galveston, Texas, and move up to 35,000 feet, then 40,000 feet. The intercom buzzes with a challenge from a CAA Airways Communications station, which asks our position south of Lake Charles, Louisiana. Bracher answers and mentions the loneliness of some radio operators who man the more isolated posts of the airways net.

"About the loneliest guy we know is the operator at Hanksville, Utah, who is surrounded by high mountains and not much else," Bracher says. "We suggested once on the radio that he must be pretty lonesome. There was a pause and then the voice from away down there replied: 'I sure am.'

"The chattiest guy we talk to is a joker in Trinidad, Colorado, who comes on the air with a 'Good evening, boys, nice to see you. Have a good trip and good luck. Now I got a little weather here that you might be interested in.' Then he gives us a briefing for the next leg."

Hartz chimes in: "Last August, the operator in Crescent City, California, called us. He sounded pretty excited. 'Say, did you just fly over Ukiah a little while ago?' he asked. 'They just called up from the sheriff's office there. Everybody is running around saying there's a saucer over the town, but I think it's your vapor trails.' We checked our course and found we'd passed over the town. Our contrails were forming rings something like a saucer, some distance back. It was at sunset and the atmosphere was just right for trick condensation."

The B-47 crew regards the Crescent City operator as an old friend. "Don't know his name," Hartz says, "but we go there so often to bomb him we feel like old friends."

For the record, the three "most-bombed" targets in the United States are Crescent City, California, a tiny coastal town picked because of its fine radar picture and radio beam; Klamath Falls, Oregon, another excellent check-point whose 15,000 citizens do not suspect they have been theoretically wiped out to the last man, and Toledo, Ohio.

New York City has never been "bombed," but it has been photographed frequently. The pilots use Manhattan as a turn point for bombing runs on Pittsburgh, Toledo and Chicago. The Navy pier at Chicago is a favorite bombing target.

Over New Orleans, a woman's voice with a Southern accent thanks us for a position report. Hartz warns me to keep my oxygen mask on for a while. Our cabin pressure is up to 12,000 feet, and without a mask, even stretching my arms is an effort. I buckle the mask firmly into place. It is getting light outside and the temperature beyond the shiny canopy is 67° below zero. We are approaching Valparaiso, Florida, and we contact Eglin Field Air Force Base.

"AF 2137 from Wichita with salvo bomb load aboard requesting permission to enter Area 36," Bracher says.

The Air Force voice sounds a little breathless as it asks us to identify again. Hartz does so. There is a moment of silence, then the Air Force voice comes on again: "Negative on Area 36. Go to Area 37 for the completion of your mission." The voice is a little more composed.

"Roger," Bracher answers. We swing right over the blue waters of the Gulf. Sunlight filters into the airplane. Voices are muffled in our oxygen masks. We have been at maximum altitude for half an hour. Just ahead is the pay-off for the mission, the bomb run over the target.

Bracher to Simons: "Are you ready to take over the ship? We are approaching the target area."

"Roger—ready, and will you come four degrees left."

"Roger."

"Okay, I have it now. We have 90 seconds . . . 60 seconds . . . 30 seconds . . . bomb doors open . . . bombs away."

There's silence then in the big warplane as it lifts slightly from the release of tons of bombs. The plaster-filled missiles drop 7½ miles and hit the sea far behind us.

Bracher takes over control of the plane again and sets a course for New Orleans. As we step down to 35,000 feet, I write on my pad: "How does the Air Force take to a big complex bird like this?"

"Like a duck to water," Bracher says through the intercom. "They like it fine. They feel like we do, that we're on the threshold of a new age in aviation with this airplane. I've made two trips to MacDill Field to see the gang down there and to hash over the latest dope."

Sentries at MacDill Take No Chances

MacDill Air Force Base, at Tampa, Florida, is the home of the 306th Bombardment Wing, the first Strategic Air Command unit to get delivery of B-47s. More than 400 already have been produced for the Air Force. Bracher continues, "I was really impressed by the men they have flying the planes down there. Real pilots. And is their security good! I took our B-47 down there once. When it came time to leave, I had to have a 'secret' pass to get out to the flight line, then another to get back in the airplane. The sentries that challenge you, particularly at night, make you raise both hands and stand on one foot while you answer their challenge. Everybody carries a side arm and they stay on a 24-hour alert, ready to move out anytime."

"How about some breakfast?" Si interjects.

"An excellent suggestion, my friend," Ed Hartz replies. He opens a thermos bottle of icy-cold tomato juice and we unwrap the sandwiches, which turn out to be turkey—toasted turkey, since the heat from the amplifiers has done a good job. Si makes coffee in a handy plug-in soup warmer.

Back over Houston, the plane just skips the top of a large cloud formation. The sunlight is bright outside.

About 40 miles from Wichita, we begin to descend from 30,000 feet. It's a screaming dive through the clouds. I keep yawning, blowing my nose, pinching my nostrils to equalize some of the pressure. My right eardrum pops satisfactorily but my left aches with a dull pain. (I had a cold and the pain didn't go until I'd been on the ground for several hours.) As we slip into a long curve or bank, I get a brief glimpse of the ground through a nose port.

Suddenly I hear "Here we go" on the intercom—and we touch down at more than 100 miles an hour on the same runway we had left just nine hours and 20 minutes ago. Bracher grabs the drag-parachute release lever.

"Hey, there's the truck, watch him!" Hartz yells. There's the slightest of jars as the big chute helps brake us to a stop. The pilots have a contest on to see who can release the landing chute closest to the recovery truck's open back doors. So far, Hartz is ahead.

We climb down from the cockpit and mechanics swarm over the big silver airplane. We have completed another high-altitude bombing mission across half a continent.

"Ed, how far did we go today?" I ask as we walk away.

"More than 3,000 miles, of course, but let's call it a military secret."

From the Wichita training base to Berlin, it's 5,400 miles by commercial airline computation. From Wichita to Vladivostok, it's 6,900 miles. From Wichita to Leningrad, it's 6,700 miles. Refueling along the way, the B-47 could reach all of them. ▲▲▲

BOEING PHOTO

B-47's crew compares flight notes with Collier's Bill Stapleton after completing Florida bombing mission. Left to right: Copilot Hartz, Pilot Bracher, K-man Simons, Stapleton

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How Good Are The Miracle Fibers?

By EDMUND L. VAN DEUSEN

They can bring you benefits not even dreamed of a generation ago, but they have their limitations, too. Here's all the information you need to get the most out of the new synthetic fiber materials

THE portly, respectable-looking man at the home-furnishings exhibit puffed meditatively on a cigar. His attention had been caught by a display of plaid drapes made of a new miracle fiber. Suddenly he took the cigar from his mouth and pressed it against the loosely hanging drapery. There was a sizzle, a puff of smoke, and an ugly brown hole appeared in the fabric.

Astonished, he turned to a salesman. "Can't see anything wonderful about this stuff," he said. "It *burns!*"

The incident dramatizes the confusion which exists over synthetic fibers. These fibers are called miracle fibers with reason. Most wash and dry easily and resist wear, fading, mildew and moths. Some hold creases even under water. But only one type—glass fibers—is fireproof.

In fact, there is no single fiber that will perform all the miracles you have read about. Each has some shortcomings as well as many outstanding qualities. If you know both the advantages and the faults of each, you can shop wisely and avoid a lot of headaches.

The people who make nylon, Dacron, Fiberglas and other synthetic fibers want you to have this information. Collier's has prepared a chart which lists everything you need to know about eight of the miracle fibers that will be the biggest sellers this year. The chart appears on the following two pages. Rayon and acetate products are not included because people have used them for decades.

Shoppers need information about the newer synthetics now more than ever. Man-made fibers no longer are just a vague promise for the future. They have moved into your neighborhood stores; some may be hanging in your clothes closet right now. Sales are climbing at a phenomenal rate and production this year of all the newer fibers will be up 10 times over that of just two years ago. By December, there will be at least 24 different synthetic fibers on the market.

Some—such as Orlon, Dacron, dynel and Acrilan—may sound familiar. But others, less heralded, may come as complete surprises. Cetalon, for example, may be found in scarves and ties. But you'd better not mention to your friends that you're wearing a Cetalon tie unless you are prepared to risk a ribbing about draping your neck with shark fins—chemically adjusted though the fins may be.

You'll also be vulnerable to wiseacres if you're wearing Merinova, made from milk; Ardil, made from peanuts; or Vicara, derived from corn. And although it is highly unlikely that you'll ever be able to grow a suit of clothing, some of the same chemicals which help your garden to sprout are fine for synthetic clothes, too.

Acrylonitrile, a compound you may have sprinkled on the ground last summer as a soil conditioner, is used in making acrylic fibers—Orlon, dynel and Acrilan. Companies like Du Pont liquefy the chemical and force it through tiny holes drilled in a metal disk. The result: strong filaments which can be woven or knitted into synthetic textiles.

Not all of the confusion over synthetic fibers stems from the newer filaments, however. Some of the most familiar fibers will appear soon in new guises. Nylon from Germany will be sold in the American market as Perlon. Japan's version is Niplon. Fiber E, Celaperm and Chromspun are

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variations and improvements on those oldest of man-made threads: rayon and acetate. Some wool merchants are even kidding the trend by calling their ancient product Fiber W.

Then, too, saran is moving into the house. Best known for its use in automobile seat covers, a new type of saran filament is appearing for the first time in rugs and drapes. Also for the first time, Fiberglas curtains will be available in colors that won't wash or wear off.

In fact, 1953 well may go down in fabric history as "The Year of the Miracle Fibers"—the year in which the big switch was made to synthetic or partly synthetic fabrics. And the switch-over is certain to continue.

Francis W. White, president of the American Woolen Company, predicts that by 1960 all men's summer suits will be made of synthetic fibers and 45 per cent of all woolen and worsted fabrics will include blends of such fibers.

Funnymen Use Dacron for Laughs

One major maker of men's summer suits already has swung 80 per cent of his spring production to cloth made from Dacron. Soon no swimming pool in the country will be safe from the life-of-the-party chap who startles the ladies by jumping into the water with all his clothes on—then clambers out, soaking wet, but without a wrinkle or lost crease in his sharply cut Dacron suit.

Yet if you questioned the man in the Dacron suit closely, chances are that he would admit it has some drawbacks. In cold, dry weather it picks up some dust, lint and hairs because of static electricity in the cloth. And if it gets careless ironing at too high temperatures the fabric may become glazed or even melt.

Faults also could be listed for each of the other synthetic fibers. Despite all the fanfare, none is the proverbial "perfect fiber." To win this designation, a fiber would have to be strong as steel wire, warm as wool, washable as cotton, rugged as burlap, and completely impervious to moths, mildew, wrinkling, sunlight and fire.

If you put your money on the counter expecting all of these miracles in a single fiber, you are likely to buy a double dose of costly disappointment.

First, there's the initial bitterness when a garment—improperly selected or improperly cared for—fails to live up to expectations. Second, and more important, is the chance that you'll decide not to have any more truck with these newfangled fibers. Like the folks who refused to give up the horse and buggy because the automobile made so much noise, you would be denying yourself the actual miracles which you can buy.

This possibility is particularly disturbing to the fiber makers. More than anything else, they want satisfied customers. They are sure that when all the facts are known, the scales of public opinion will tip in their direction.

But just knowing the facts about fibers isn't enough. It's still necessary to shop carefully—from reliable concerns. As many as six companies, for example, may have had a hand in creating the pair of dynel socks featured by your haberdasher.

The fiber itself was made by the Union Carbide & Carbon Corporation, a giant organization which wouldn't risk its reputation by shipping any dynel that was below standards. But when the dynel left Union Carbide's plant, it was just a bulky 500-pound bale of short fibers which look like absorbent cotton.

It takes the combined efforts of the other five companies to spin this staple into yarn, dunk it in dyes, subject it to chemical baths, and finally to knit the yarn into warm, long-wearing socks. Sloppy or penny-pinching workmanship at any point could destroy all of dynel's benefits.

You should also remember that the fibers shown on the chart will rarely be found alone. They'll usually be mixed—or blended—with wool, cotton, silk, or another synthetic. The most important reason is that it helps your pocketbook.

All of the new fibers cost more than cotton; some are more expensive than wool. But fortunately it's not necessary to have a 100-per-cent synthetic fabric to obtain most of the man-made fibers' advantages. By mixing or blending them with cheaper natural fibers, textile men produce a miracle fabric at the least possible cost.

You needn't feel that you are being cheated when you buy such a fabric—so long as the facts are on the label and the synthetic content is above the minimums shown on our chart. The experts in the textile mills do the same sort of calculation that a housewife does when she selects a roast at the meat counter. To get the most for her money, she considers both the price per pound and the proportion of fat and bone. Fabric weavers keep one eye on the price and the other on the use of the garment.

What does a man really want when he buys a suit made of Acrilan and wool? Wouldn't he be satisfied if the creases held their shape through a month or two of sweaty summer weather and an occasional rainstorm? Before then, he would have sent the suit off to be cleaned anyway.

To perform such limited service, a 35 per cent blend of Acrilan with wool is ample.

But a girl who has bought a pleat-skirted swimming suit made out of the same two fibers—Acrilan and wool—wouldn't be happy with a 35 per cent blend. She wants those pleats to stay put—no *matter how many times she dives off the board.* To keep her satisfied, the manufacturer will have to increase the Acrilan content to as much as 50 per cent—usually with a corresponding increase in price.

Still another reason for blending is to combine the individual strong points of the various fibers. One manufacturer is adding nylon and Vicara to his wool sweaters. The nylon provides extra strength, and Vicara provides extra warmth and luxurious softness.

But the shopper must be wary in buying mixtures or blends. Unscrupulous weavers may take advantage of the wide publicity given synthetic fibers to put out shoddy products that contain far too small a percentage of such fibers to do any good. Watch out for articles that boast of their synthetic content—yet don't reveal the percentage. And even if the percentage is shown, don't expect

These Fibers:	*Made from:*	*Made by:*
*** ACRILAN**	Coal, limestone, petroleum, natural gas, water and air.	The Chemstrand Corp.
*** DACRON**	Petroleum, natural gas, air and water.	Du Pont Co.
DYNEL	Natural gas, salt, air, water and limestone.	Union Carbide & Carbon Corp.
FIBER GLASS	Sand, lime, borax and clay.	Owens-Corning Fiberglas Corp. Pittsburgh Plate Glass Co. Libbey-Owens-Ford Glass Co. Glass Fibers, Inc.
NYLON	Coal, air, water, petroleum, corncobs, cotton-seed hulls and natural gas.	Du Pont Co. *The Chemstrand Corp. *Allied Chemical & Dye Corp. *American Euka Corp.
*** ORLON**	Coal, limestone, petroleum, natural gas, water and air.	Du Pont Co.
SARAN	Petroleum and salt.	The Saran Yarns Co.
*** VICARA**	Corn.	Virginia Carolina Chemical Corp.

* TRADE-MARK REGISTERED

* NOT YET IN PRODUCTION

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Made into:	*Provide these miracles:*	*But have these limitations:*	*Watch for these minimums*:*
Suits, dresses, socks, playsuits, sport shirts, infants' wear, blankets and fur-like linings for coats.	Holds creases and pleats; washes easily and dries quickly; resists wrinkling, sunlight, moths and mildew; provides bulk without weight; is strong; feels warm.	Burns like cotton; is weakened by too hot an iron; comes in limited range of colors and is not available in chalk white; builds up static electricity unless specially treated.	35%—woven fabrics 75%—knitted goods
Suits, dresses, shirts, ties, lingerie, sweaters, socks and upholstery.	Holds creases and pleats; washes easily and dries quickly; resists wrinkling, moths and mildew; is strong; feels crisp; is available in chalk white.	Melts at high temperatures; should not be washed in hot water; is weakened by too hot an iron; is very susceptible to static electricity unless treated; doesn't absorb perspiration.	35%—woven fabrics 75%—knitted goods
Suits, dresses, socks, underwear, blankets and pile fabrics.	Holds pleats and creases; resists shrinkage, fire, wear, moths and mildew; is strong; provides warmth and bulk without weight.	Unless blended with natural fibers or rayon is very susceptible to heat and static; is not available in white; should be washed and ironed only at low temperatures.	25%
Curtains, draperies, shower curtains and casement cloths.	Completely fireproof; washes easily and dries instantly; doesn't need ironing; now is available in lasting colors; is unaffected by sunlight, moths or mildew.	Doesn't stretch or absorb moisture; therefore cannot be made into clothing or dyed at home.	100%
Hosiery, lingerie, sport clothes, socks, dresses, summer suits, curtains, sweaters, draperies, upholstery and floor coverings.	Holds factory-set pleats; washes easily and dries quickly; is very strong, flexible and elastic; resists fire, moths, mildew, wear and perspiration.	Weakens and discolors in sunlight; feels cold and is nonabsorbent; should be washed and ironed only at moderate temperatures.	15% for strength 40% for other values
Overcoats, suits, dresses, sweaters, shirts, blouses, socks, curtains and draperies.	Holds creases and pleats; washes easily and dries quickly; resists sunlight, moths and mildew; feels warm; provides bulk without weight.	Burns like cotton; weakened by too hot an iron; builds up static electricity unless treated; should not be washed in hot water; is not available in chalk white.	35%—woven fabrics 75%—knitted goods
Carpets, draperies, curtains and upholstery fabrics.	Practically stainproof; washes easily and dries quickly; resists fire; is long-wearing and moth- and mildewproof.	Melts at high temperatures; feels cool and is nonabsorbent; comes in only a limited number of colors; is not yet suitable for clothing.	100%
Overcoats, suits, dresses, sport shirts, sweaters, scarves, socks, underclothes and blankets.	Feels warm and soft; resists shrinkage and moths; has good absorption; reduces static from other synthetics with which it is blended; is comparatively inexpensive.	It burns like wool; is neither as strong nor as wear-resistant as other synthetics.	25%

* MINIMUM PERCENTAGES OF SYNTHETIC FIBERS WHICH SHOULD BE INCORPORATED IN ANY BLENDED OR MIXED FABRIC TO ASSURE BUYER ALL THE LISTED ADVANTAGES

to buy all of the miracles if the figure is lower than those shown on our chart.

Why can't modern science come up with something really close to the perfect fiber—something that works all the miracles while eliminating all the faults? Why, for example, must all fabrics that are wrinkleproof be so sensitive to hot irons and hot water?

Actually their sensitivity to heat explains why there will never be a perfect fiber. Paradoxically, the miracles are usually caused by the faults. The fibers are wrinkleproof *because* they are sensitive to heat. They hold sharp creases and pleats *because* they wilt under a hot iron.

Take a pair of wool Orlon slacks. When they are pressed with a moderately hot iron, the Orlon threads soften slightly. In that pliable state, they are easily molded into the desired shape. Those fibers along the crease are folded sharply back. The rest are flattened into a wrinkle-free surface.

The moment the iron is lifted, the Orlon threads cool and harden. They hold the new shape. The slacks can be worn indefinitely without a wrinkle showing. They can be scrubbed in the washing machine without losing their creases. The Orlon holds its shape—until it is again exposed to wilting heat.

The labels on garments made from all of these wrinkleproof synthetics say, "Wash with warm water." Too hot suds might soften the man-made fibers and remove the crease. Moreover, because the fibers have a smooth, hard surface, they needn't be washed as long or as vigorously as cotton. The dirt just rinses off like crumbs being brushed off a plastic-top table.

Special Heat Controls for Synthetics

For these reasons, the fiber makers are urging the manufacturers of automatic washers and hot-air driers to redesign their machines. They'd like special short-wash, lukewarm controls clearly marked, "For Synthetics."

When it comes to routine pressing, a safe rule is always to use the lowest temperature on the iron.

Even more important, don't be misled by the words "Resistant to Fire" or "Will Not Support Flames" on the labels of synthetic garments. These phrases do not mean fireproof. Only glass fibers can claim that distinction.

All other synthetic fibers can be destroyed by fire. The glowing tip of a carelessly held cigarette can permanently damage a dynel overcoat. And a saran carpet is defenseless against an ember popping out of the living-room fireplace.

What, then, is meant by these "fire-resistant" phrases? The answer is that such fibers will burn—or shrivel and char—only while they are actually subjected to the heat of the flame. Take the flame away, and fire-resistant fibers will stop burning. Furnishings made from them will not survive a disastrous home fire—but neither will they act as kindling for such a catastrophe.

In this sense, at least, the fibers do indeed provide a miracle—the miracle of safety from accidental fires starting in clothing or draperies. And for the harried housewife or traveling businessman, they can also provide the miracles of easy washing, quick drying and unmatched resistance to moths, mildew, sunlight and water.

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A Doctor In the House

He had nice eyes and a white suit. But he had no name. Or at least he hadn't told it to her. How was Idy to find him? Dozens of men in the hospital had nice eyes and white suits

By MARGARET CHASE

IN THE sunny spring morning, the nurses at County Hospital were carrying breakfast trays to the bedside tables of the patients. There was a pleasant fragrance of coffee and tea and buttered toast coming up from the portable warming ovens that stood in the wide halls. Up on Third Floor Main, Idy Fane had just finished distributing her allotted trays, when the elevator girl brought her a note:

Miss Irene Fane, student nurse, please report immediately to the Nursing Office. It was signed, *Miss Blanqui, Supervisor Third Floor.*

Oh, oh. When we are so busy. That's bad. Wonder what I did now, thought Idy.

She hurried down the hall to the room next to the elevators and knocked on a frosted-glass door with a lettered sign, *Nursing Office.* Idy would not have minded waiting if she had not had to stay in public view, sitting white-faced and apprehensive outside the office, pretending to be unconcerned as other nurses walked smugly past.

Miss Fane's full, starched uniform and apron made her girlish thinness look mature. Her soft, light hair was precisely rippled, and confined by the heavy hairnet and cap required of student nurses at County. Only her friendly, tilted, brown eyes and delicate, rosy mouth looked young and vulnerable.

A stocky young intern came breezing along with a stethoscope sticking out of one pocket of his white coat, and the Racing Form standing up in the other. His calm, competent eyes took in Idy's state of nerves.

"My dear child!" he said. The fatherly address revealed that he did not know her name. There were hundreds of nurses in training in the five huge buildings of County. "Are you court-martialed? Can I help you?"

"I guess not, Doctor; I make plenty of mistakes. I only hope my father and mother don't find out. They think a great deal of me on the farm."

Idy felt carefully of her hair. She put her feet close together and folded her hands like a good child in school. Suddenly she had to sniff hard, and she took a handkerchief out of her apron pocket and wiped her overflowing brown eyes and blew her small nose.

"Excuse me," she whispered. "At my age. Twenty."

The stocky intern put a sympathetic hand on her shoulder, a strong, scrubbed hand smelling of soap. "Don't panic! Work in a hospital is no time to lose heart during. Though I admit Miss Blanqui throws a wet blanket second to none. That woman's reproachful stare always makes me feel as if I were at a funeral, prancing in cap and bells with my eyes crossed." He searched his mind for something reassuring. "Maybe they are going to strike a medal for the prettiest nurse." Idy smiled weakly. "What did you get in Pharmacology?"

"I was lucky. An A."

"And in Nursing Arts?"

"An A. I worked like a dog. But I rated only Average in Diet Kitchen. Wish I were home on the farm. Wonder what I did?"

"You may have committed one of the real crimes, that Miss Blanqui cares about most. Do you make them keep their feet carefully under the sheets? Bare feet sticking out coarsely into the open air bring out the sleeping tiger in Miss Blanqui. And do you always face the open ends of pillowcases away from the doors? That's vital."

Idy laughed irrepressibly. "I may have slipped. Which service are you on, Doctor?" She was maneuvering to find out which one, among the two hundred interns, this was.

"I finish Medical Service tonight at six. Tomorrow I go to Obstetrics in the OB building across the river. I have a rotating internship, three months Surgical, three months Medical, three months Obstetrical, and repeat. I just came from Ward Three East, took care of two asthmatics who are wheezing. Some chump brought a parakeet to one of the new patients, not realizing that some people are allergic to feathers."

"That must be what I did wrong! It's a blue parakeet. I am the chump that brought it to Mr. McClorty."

"You could never be a chump. Not with those eyes." The admiring intern offered her a cigarette, a stick of gum, a candy mint, and an aspirin, all of which she declined, except the last. "I'm always there with the nickel treats. If you brought in a parakeet, you had a sufficient reason."

"My intentions were all right. Do you know old Mr. McClorty, by the window in Three East? He came in day before yesterday. He broke a hip falling in the bathtub, which gives him a chance to tell a lot of corny jokes. Mr. McClorty believes himself to be a great comedian."

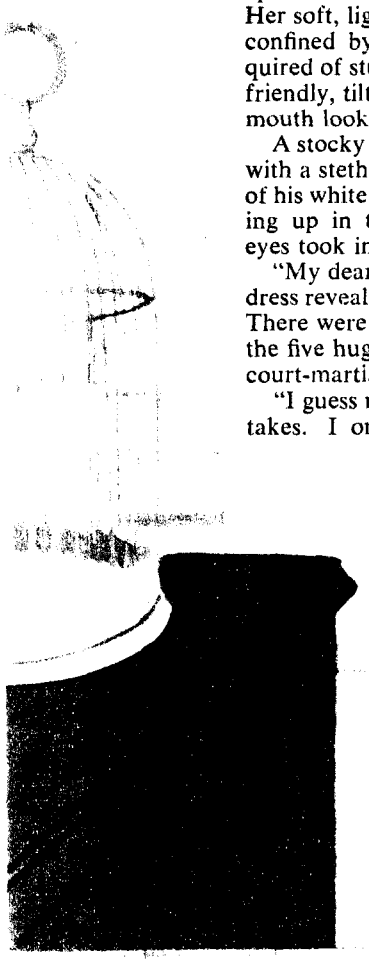
"Oh, sure. Runs a little bar and grill on First Avenue."

"He does. This blue parakeet, which he calls Lil Bitters, is the chief ornament of his bar and the joy of his life. He kept worrying that his partner or one of the customers would tease it or feed it something unsuitable, so I offered to fetch it to him here. I took a cab down there last night, and the partner gave me Lil Bitters, and I put it on Mr. McClorty's bedside table. The bird is a wonderful talker."

"What does it say?"

"Oh, it says, *(Continued on page 66)*

"I can't look!" he moaned. "Five straight chairs in the room, and she chooses to stand on a stool on a rocker." "Will you help me down?" Idy said. "Don't panic"



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DEPRESSION—
Not in Your Lifetime

Everyone hopes we can soon stop heavy spending for war and defense. But many fear the economic consequences when that time comes. An authority—a man who helped chart the New Deal—says there will be no real crisis, because business knows how to preserve our prosperity indefinitely

By THURMAN ARNOLD

I AM a firm believer in the healthful effects of public discussion. Therefore, I am going to bring right out into the open a question that many Americans are asking one another in almost whispered conversations: Are we heading into a depression?

Every one of us who has any sense wants an honorable, durable end to the hot war in Korea, and the cold war everywhere; but many at the same time are contemplating fearfully the economic consequences of a sharp falling off in war and defense expenditures.

I am an old New Dealer who lived through the depression of the 1930s, took a small part in the efforts to get the American productive machine going again, participated in some errors but gained a lot of experience, and came through it all with faith in America's productive capacity and dedicated to the free-competitive-enterprise system.

My experience and faith convince me we will not have another great depression. We do not have to relive that experience. We know enough not to.

Neither you nor your children need fear that you will ever have to stand in bread lines, or sell apples —as tens of thousands did during the great depression of the thirties. If Americans will learn to understand the economic revolution which has come about in this country during the last few years, and if they will heed the lessons that it so clearly teaches, we can continue as a prosperous land, with an ever-increasing standard of living.

The vast economic pressure generated by our tremendous and accelerating production will force open new markets at home and abroad. We now know better than to shut off production in an effort to get our plants going again. We know better now than to deny credit when it is most needed, and to those who must have it if they are to remain assets to our economic system.

What I am saying is not intended as a commentary on any administration, present or past. I am talking about a thesis more fundamental than the policy of any political administration—the American economic ideal; and I am also talking about the vitality of the American economic system of free, competitive enterprise. This system is our distinctiveness and our strength. Neither socialism nor cartels has a place in it.

Why did we find ourselves during the depression of the thirties without any market for our goods? Why did we first seek to cure this evil by cutting down production? Why was our economy unable to get on its feet without the stimulus of enormous war expenditures?

The answer lies, I think, in the fact that nineteenth-century industrial expansion had depended largely on the development of the frontiers of the Western Hemisphere. America needed labor to develop those frontiers, and we absorbed a torrent of immigrants from Europe. America needed goods to supply those frontiers, and first English industry and later American industry expanded to meet the demand.

Thurman Wesley Arnold became nationally known as a New Dealer in the depression of the '30s. From early 1938 to 1943, he served as an assistant attorney general of the U.S. Earlier, he had practiced law in Chicago and his native Laramie, Wyo., and had taught law at the University of Wyoming, West Virginia University and Yale. He is the author of six books, and is now a partner in a Washington law firm

Not until the momentum of the twenties had abated did we feel the painful backlash of the disappearance of our Western land frontier. Our productive capacity after the crash was as great as before. We had goods to sell, but where had the buyers gone? Shackled by the old Western frontier mentality, we thought that the economy of the world had become static, and that the only way to keep production going was through government spending. Free competition on depression markets appeared capable only of creating ruinous overproduction.

Measures Taken Under Pressure

As a result of that depression psychology—which continues even to this day—the New Deal passed many so-called recovery measures which, when considered without knowledge of the pressures which caused them, seem pure economic idiocy. We were hell-bent on choking off the vast production that glutted our markets. We approved codes requiring businessmen to limit production. We slaughtered pigs and used the pork to make fertilizer. We bought potatoes from overproducing farms and dyed them blue so that consumers would not buy them. When I was head of the Antitrust Division of the Department of Justice, I protested to the Department of Agriculture against the destruction of lemons in California. The learned specialists buzzing in that great agrarian beehive informed me that the British needed more lemons. The only way to get farmers to grow more was by raising the price of lemons. The only way to raise the price of lemons was by destroying lemons. Agricultural economists argued that their policy was sound.

The rest of the recovery measures, aside from money spent on direct relief, were designed to prime the pump by controlled inflation. Liberals hoped we could restore our old markets by stimulating business through government aid. Conservatives thought inflation, once started, was like the drug habit. They thought inflation could only end in the destruction of all capital values. Neither was right. The inflation, so direfully predicted, did not occur. But neither did this priming start our financial pump to working in the automatic way it was supposed to. It was the spending of World War II and the ensuing cold war that produced our present high level of national income.

We needed a market for our vast production and the war gave us one. Our economic plant expanded to a new high of more than $336,000,000,000 in 1952 (in 1951 dollars). We swallowed the cold war in one gulp, and are now pouring out more civilian goods than ever before.

What will happen when the war market is gone? Must we abandon the competitive ideal of the free-enterprise system? Must we again run our industrial plant at half speed to avoid overproduction? Must the government continue spending to keep men employed? What is going to take the place of the Western frontier? The answer to all these questions is that America has before it other frontiers whose markets have no foreseeable limits.

After all, what is it that creates the frontiers which the world has grown rich in exploiting? Certainly not the mere existence of undeveloped countries. New frontiers slowly emerge from great and unpredicted supplies of goods and labor at home, not from vacant spaces abroad. Sooner or later, the pressures of our expanding production will burst the narrow confines of old markets that have grown too small. The West was not developed because some commission of economists studied the purchasing power of the Indian tribes and decided they needed a Point Four program. The emptiness of our Western plains was not of major importance. The fact that we had the surplus goods and labor to exploit them was. By that standard, America's new frontiers are inexhaustible.

New frontiers are not developed because men willingly leave home, or because they would rather sell goods abroad than at home. Men or goods which cannot find a home market are pushed out to the frontier. The English colonization of America came in great part as a result of a combination of poverty at home and the ability of seventeenth-

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Expressed preference. There is a new reason why millions are expressing a preference for Four Roses over any other brand of whiskey. The Four Roses that is being bottled today is the *finest*, the most *distinctive* in the long and honorable history of this famous brand.

Wouldn't you rather drink

Four Roses

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York. Blended whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

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We have learned, says Thurman Arnold, that pump-priming will not end a depression

century England to export capital and get people started abroad. England in the nineteenth century exported capital to nearly every country in the world. But it did so only after it had gone through the painful depression experience of the hungry 1840s, when people starved in England partly because of constant so-called overproduction of goods for which there was no market at home. British bankers finally learned to finance the frontier countries so they could pay for those goods. They were faced with the absolute necessity of either stopping production, or of supplying credit. After 1850, they gained the confidence that made England the banker of the world.

First Results of New Wealth

The period which preceded that great accomplishment, as always in such times, was one of painful adjustment. When the world has been confronted with new wealth, the first result has been misery and unemployment. When the merchant capitalists in fifteenth-century England farmed out the manufacture of goods to peasants, there was unemployment among the guilds which were the centers of industrial life in the cities. When England introduced a more efficient agriculture by enclosing lands which formerly had been common property, there was misery among the smaller farmers who were left with no land at all. When power looms threatened to destroy the weavers' trade in England, the weavers fought this more efficient system of production. When typesetting machines were introduced in this country, many printers struck.

Sudden industrial advances always shake existing economic institutions to their foundations, as they did after the eighteenth-century industrial revolution and have done in our own times. And the first impulse is to shut down the new source of wealth that is glutting the old markets. From the viewpoint of history, the New Deal's National Recovery Administration and the slaughter of the pigs were phases we had to go through.

Whenever there are surplus goods and labor, there follows the cry for socialist planning of production and distribution. But in the long run, man is as incapable of planning a perfect system of production and distribution of goods as he would be of planning his digestion. If a mental process were necessary for each step in the digestion of food, it would take a genius just to keep alive. No people can know complete peace or security until their economic institutions become a matter of habit, until they respect them as an organic function of their culture, until they no longer appear as the planning and direction of some individuals.

Free markets may not be the system that will work for all peoples. It may be that Russia will settle down to a more benevolent despotism, accepted by its people as something holy, and no longer requiring terror to maintain it.

I say only that state planning is impossible in America. For us, the mechanism of free markets and competitive incentives is the only system that will give us security and confidence. And yearly, as production increases, the economic pressure to create free markets in the new frontiers of the world becomes greater. The economic contradictions of today—restrictions of production, the lack of confidence of American private industry to create the credits which finance exports, the fear of surpluses which prevent imports—seem a shaky foundation to one who refuses to sell America short.

But our new frontiers will not be opened up by individual merchants or adventurers as they were in the nineteenth century. A hundred years ago, the gold rush could build a new California. But the economic pioneer in the frontiers of the twentieth century will be its great business organization.

The reason is that twentieth-century business organization is the real wealth of nations today. In the nineteenth century, so-called capital goods—machinery, ships, railroads—were the principal assets of a nation. They no longer are. Our vast productive capacity comes primarily not from material things but rather from the modern art of industrial organization. That art is America's distinctive contribution to the twentieth-century industrial revolution.

The great American business enterprise is a revolutionary new technique of co-ordinating men, materials, machinery, science and psychology. This mighty complex of conditioned reflexes, once perfected, rolls along independently of personalities, functioning almost automatically. Great business organization has acquired the enduring character and the respect which has been heretofore commanded by such institutions as universities. The modern American business institution has contributed to the dynamic progress and revolutionary character of the twentieth century.

The great American business enterprise of today is as different from its nineteenth-century prototype as disciplined soldiers are different from a neighborhood gang. The successors to the old robber barons have built organisms of men, materials, engineering and scientific research which approximate the automatic precision of a machine. Chance and accident have been almost entirely eliminated from industrial progress. Invention no longer requires a flash of genius. We are able to profit from the abilities of ordinary individuals, bound together by the new art of industrial management. We have learned that the psychology of advertising on a colossal scale can sweep aside the resistance of established custom and change the habits and wants of an entire population. Science and industry create new products. Men and materials are co-ordinated to produce and distribute them. Psychology and publicity create a demand for them.

This twentieth-century wonder, the big-business enterprise, is uniquely different from the nineteenth-century "trusts." Where many large businesses were formerly owned and controlled by a few men, the modern industrial giant, managed by professionals, is not owned in any real sense by anybody. Its stockholders are as diverse as the community itself. Housewives, universities, charitable foundations, small businessmen—in fact almost everybody—own these enterprises.

Since the depression, American business management has been changing its pattern of behavior. Before that, the expansion of modern corporate enterprise had not been so much in the direction of building up independent markets for their goods. Markets were taken for granted. Great businesses used their power to acquire local businesses which processed or distributed their product. They created a system of absentee ownership of local enterprises which often drained capital away from outlying areas instead of creating new independent purchasing power there.

It was a policy of selling much and buying little, like the eighteenth-century English business policy that contributed to the loss of the American colonies. Too many Eastern corporations regarded local businesses, which sold or processed their goods in the West and South, as a loss of opportunity for profits to which the home corporation was legitimately entitled. And abroad, American business joined international cartels rather than try to meet foreign competition by superior efficiency.

But today most American businessmen realize that postwar productive capacity has exceeded the saturation point of prewar markets. They realize that they must reverse the self-defeating tactics of depression times and export capital rather than drain it off. They know now that they cannot sell without buying. The adoption of the Marshall Plan with scarcely any dissent was a revolution in American business thinking. It recognized the need to bulwark foreign markets and to gear the economy of America with that of Western Europe.

Big business must inevitably supplant the government in the export of American capital. We may look at just one great American enterprise as an illustration of this dynamic process at work.

"I've looked forward to meeting you, my dear. My husband has told me so very little about you"

COLLIER'S — JOHN RUGE

A Challenge from Businessmen

When, as head of the Antitrust Division, I tried to explain to businessmen the competitive economic ideal of the Sherman Antitrust Act, they challenged me to name one big American business that violated neither the letter nor the spirit of our antitrust laws. It was a fair question. I answered by describing The Coca-Cola Company. Since then, I have learned more about Coca-Cola because I have become one of the company's many lawyers, and I am convinced that this organization represents the emerging pattern of our future free-market economy.

Coca-Cola is the most widely advertised and distributed single product that the world has ever known. When you don't see a Coca-Cola sign, you have passed the borders of civilization. It is in the best hotels as well as in the mines, in the factories, in every size and kind of community. It is constantly invading new markets, crossing international trade barriers. No Marshall Plan was necessary to get it to Europe. It creates simultaneously capital abroad and profits at home. It builds business ties, profitable commercial relationships and friendships for America all over the world. People will pay a nickel for a Coke long after they have stopped buying some necessities.

After more than 50 years, you can still buy Coca-Cola at the greatest number of retail outlets for a nickel. The cost of all its ingredients—sugar, machinery, transportation, labor, advertising, selling—has doubled and trebled, but the price of the end product has somehow remained the same.

Coca-Cola might increase its short-run profits by raising the price. But Coca-Cola realizes that it is operating a

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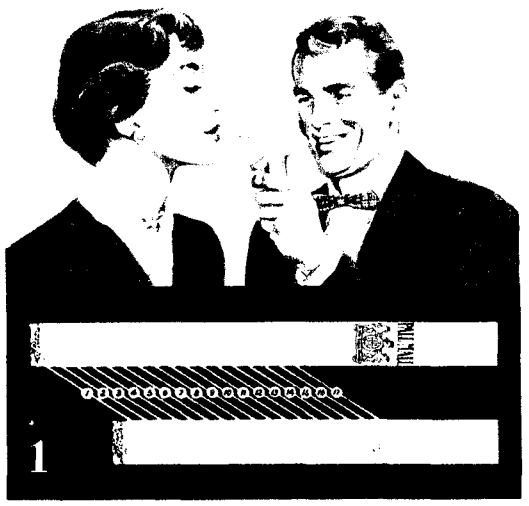
Throat-Scratch

Finest of fine tobaccos

the finest quality money can buy!

Here's How You Can Measure

See how PALL MALL's greater length of fine tobaccos filters the smoke on the way to your throat



Light a PALL MALL and notice how mild PALL MALL's smoke becomes as it is filtered further through PALL MALL's traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos.

At the very first puff of your PALL MALL you will enjoy PALL MALL's cooler, sweeter smoking. And your enjoyment of PALL MALL doesn't stop there. After 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10—

or 17—your own eyes can measure PALL MALL's extra length for extra mildness.

Pall Mall's greater length of fine tobaccos travels the smoke further on the way to your throat — filters the smoke and makes it mild.

PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette offers you.

Outstanding ...and they are mild!

Wherever you go notice how many people have changed to PALL MALL in the distinguished red package

THE FINEST QUALITY MONEY CAN BUY

Copr. 1953, American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

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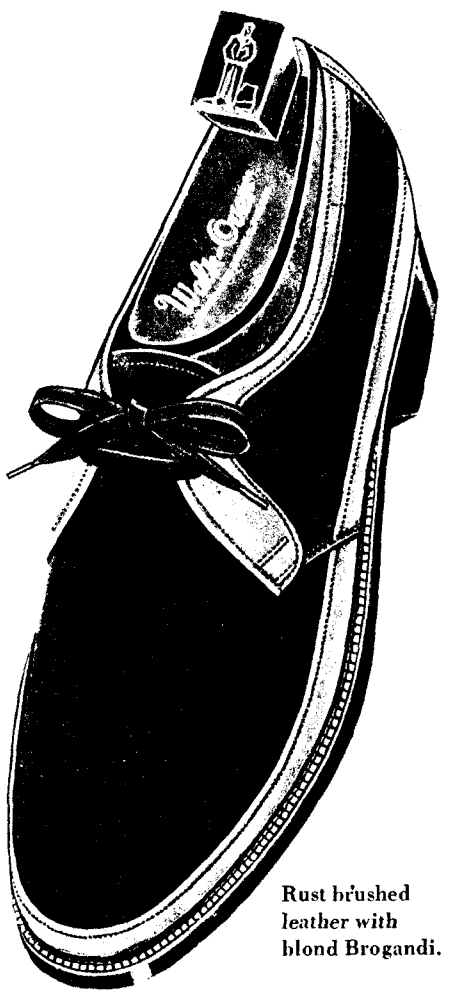
NEW... SOFT LIFE

Lido

styled in Italy
fit and craftsmanship by

WALK-OVER



Rust brushed leather with blond Brogandi.

From the gay LIDO of Venice—world's most romantic resort, comes this wonderful WALK-OVER style.

Soft as a signorina's smile . . . glove-leather lined . . . weighs way, *way* less than anything you've worn.

Feels like a slipper yet it's a real *sewn* shoe—of finest Walk-Over fit and craftsmanship.

See the LIDO at your Walk-Over dealer's, now. Available in a variety of colorful combinations.

Walk-Over prices from $14.95. Higher West.
Geo. E. Keith Company, Brockton 63, Mass.

Few businessmen now fear overproduction, Arnold declares

mature business and not a hit-and-run enterprise. It is not like an individual trying to get enough to retire. It is interested in the future of its great world-wide enterprise. The market which Coca-Cola created by lavishing money and energy for over half a century is its most valuable property. Therefore, though Coca-Cola does not fix prices (a first-class hotel can get 50 cents for a drink if it wants), it nevertheless keeps that market alive and expanding by seeing to it that the corner drugstore can make money selling it at a nickel.

Coca-Cola builds up its own markets by leaving the profits of bottling and selling its product to local enterprise. This is a most important factor in the strength of Coca-Cola at home and abroad. For example, French wine merchants, afraid of Coca-Cola's competitive power, and Communists, who feared its American free-enterprise propaganda value, united a few years ago to urge the National Assembly to ban its sale in France. Their success was brief. A bill giving the Minister of Health power to ban certain manufactured drinks was passed but the ban was never applied, chiefly because local French business made money out of Coca-Cola. It was not a case of absentee ownership. The local bottling and distributing businesses were owned and controlled by French concerns and abandonment would represent a loss to the French economy.

Coca-Cola is creating prosperous local businesses abroad and in every state of the Union, and these businesses could not prosper without the markets which Coca-Cola has developed, and without its low-cost mass production of goods which supply those markets.

Suppliers Reap Rich Profits

Coca-Cola represents the twentieth-century way of exporting capital and spreading purchasing power at home and abroad. It is the largest user of sugar in the world. It owns neither refineries nor sugar plantations. It is the largest purchaser of bottles and vending machines in the world. It has no invested interest in either industry. Thus the vast markets Coca-Cola has developed become outlets for the people who do grow and refine sugar and make bottles and machinery. Thus Coca-Cola enriches every independent industry on which it depends for its materials.

Though Coca-Cola sells more soft drinks than any other company in the world, it is also serving its competitors. They benefit from Coca-Cola advertising because that advertising creates a greater demand for all soft drinks. As Coca-Cola's sales increase, the sales of its competitors increase also.

The Coca-Cola story gives a vivid preview of how we may expect the corporate growth of the twentieth century to export capital and develop the markets of the new frontier. The true capital of the twentieth century is its industrial potential constructively directed and dynamically inspired by private industry. This capital is the aggregate growth of the decades since Henry Ford's first assembly line, and it has organized and incorporated the know-how of the world into a human machine which is capable of producing faster than wars destroy.

The old nineteenth-century trust was a kind of combination to control principally through stock manipulation, rather than through competitive expansion, vast areas of our economy.

England, before World War II, through international cartel agreements, divided world markets, and her industry became soft and obsolete because it was protected against vigorous competition. It is easier to buy up your competitor's business than to beat him by making your business more efficient. It is easier still to divide the market between yourself and your competitor and to use your combined power to keep others out. That is the way of stagnation. American industry has generally rejected that way.

My optimism for America's economic future is based on the outstanding fact that our national production is increasing by leaps and bounds in spite of the fact that we do not clearly see how that production can be sold when war spending ends. This attitude is the opposite of our former depression psychology, which led us to shut down production to avoid a so-called ruinous surplus in terms of anticipated markets. American businessmen now realize that the standard of living is rising, that the luxuries of yesterday have become the necessities of today, and that the new markets at home and abroad are without limits.

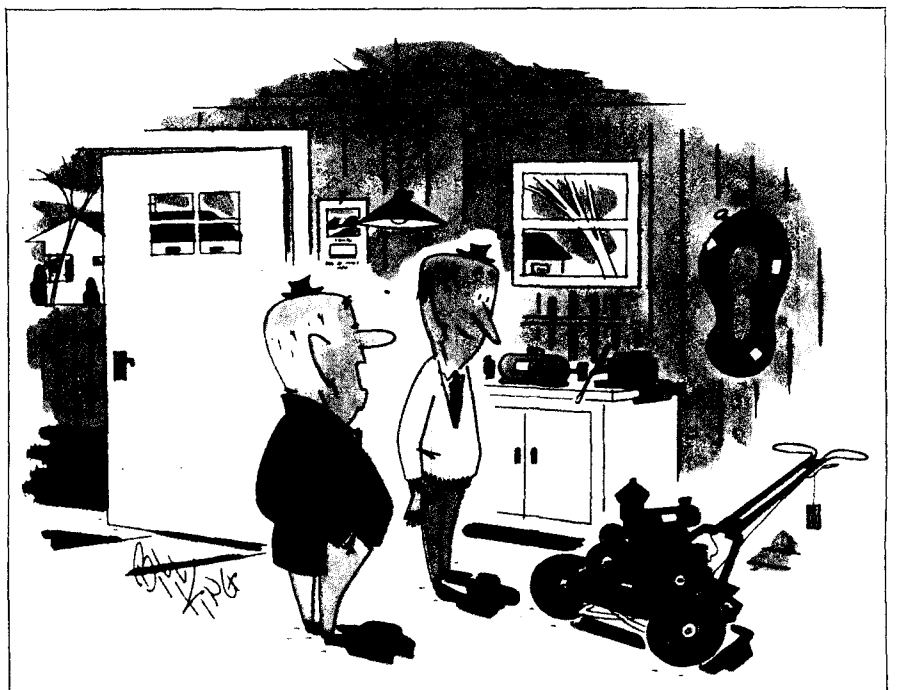
The phase that we passed through during the depression when we thought that economic recovery could come by preventing so-called overproduction was probably inevitable. In every industrial revolution when the world was faced with revolutionary expansion of production, the first reaction has always been to shut off expansion in order to prevent new and more efficient methods from disturbing the financial stability of older organizations. These measures always fail, and finally there comes a time when plants begin to run at top speed regardless of consequences. From then on, standards of living rise; businessmen, compelled to sell more goods at lower prices on their own initiative, develop the credits, finance and purchasing power to create these new markets. That is the stage I think we have reached today.

What happens when production goes ahead regardless of the supply of goods on the market is illustrated by the development of the automobile industry—one of the few that kept on producing during the depression, and one of the few that developed its own markets in those dark times without government aid. When the automobile first appeared, Woodrow Wilson thought it a threat to democracy because here was a product which only the rich could ever afford to buy. The industry did exhaust the purchasing power of the existing cash market.

Auto Financing Vindicated

It immediately adopted a policy of financing purchases—a policy which seemed fantastic to "sound" economists of those days. Workmen were going in debt for something they could not afford and it was predicted that such unsound automobile financing would cause a depression. But when the depression came, this supposedly shaky automobile financing proved to be sounder than farm mortgages. The Grapes of Wrath gave a pathetic picture of a starving family driving across the country in an automobile. They got that automobile because the industry, which kept pouring out new cars, had to devise means of financing the removal of old cars from the market to make a place for the new. The result may be expressed in the paradoxical statement that most Americans could not afford to buy automobiles until there had been produced enough automobiles for most Americans.

America's genius for production and for selling are bound to remain expanding partners. No one knows for sure, and in detail, what is over the horizon, but we do know we are opening the door that leads to use of atomic energy, we know that populations are increasing almost everywhere, and it always will be true that the new luxuries of today become, or can be made to become, the necessities of tomorrow—not only in the countries in which those luxuries originate, but everywhere that trade routes can reach. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

"Got it for my birthday, thanks to Edna's generous heart and my good credit rating"

BILL KING

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Fifty Years Forward on the American Road

You "belong" in a '53 FORD

And, with its 41 "worth more" features, you'll find it is worth more when you buy it . . . worth more when you sell it!

One of the nicest things about owning a Ford is that it is accepted *everywhere!* Likewise, Ford owners are known and respected for their good taste and sound business judgment for selecting the car that is not only beautifully built and finished but one that returns more of its initial cost when sold!

Of course, this is perfectly natural when you realize what a '53 Ford *really* is and *does.*

Consider the Crestmark Body, for example. Only a few short years ago it would have been difficult to produce a body like it for a car selling at such a low price. The tools, the methods, the materials simply weren't that far advanced. Think of that when you feel the elegant softness of any Ford seat cushion. (It comes from a new use of springing plus a thick pad of foam rubber.) Think of it again when you realize that Ford upholstery materials and exterior finishes are the most beautiful money can buy. Then open a door—it stays open in your choice of two positions. Now, slam the door—notice the solid "snick" of the latch—like closing the breech of a shotgun. Here's quality—Ford quality that tips its hat to no one!

Finally, remember these bodies are "hull-tight" to seal out weather and dust!

But Ford Crestmark bodies are not the whole story by a long shot. There are, by actual count, 41 "Worth More" features—all the way from your choice of high-compression Strato-Star V-8 or Mileage Maker Six engines to a ride that reduces front-end road shock up to 80%, a ride that's a perfect wonder in smoothness and stability.

Why not let your Ford Dealer give you a complete fill-in? He wants you to see—to value check—to test drive the '53 Ford.

FORD...worth more when you buy it... when you sell it, too!

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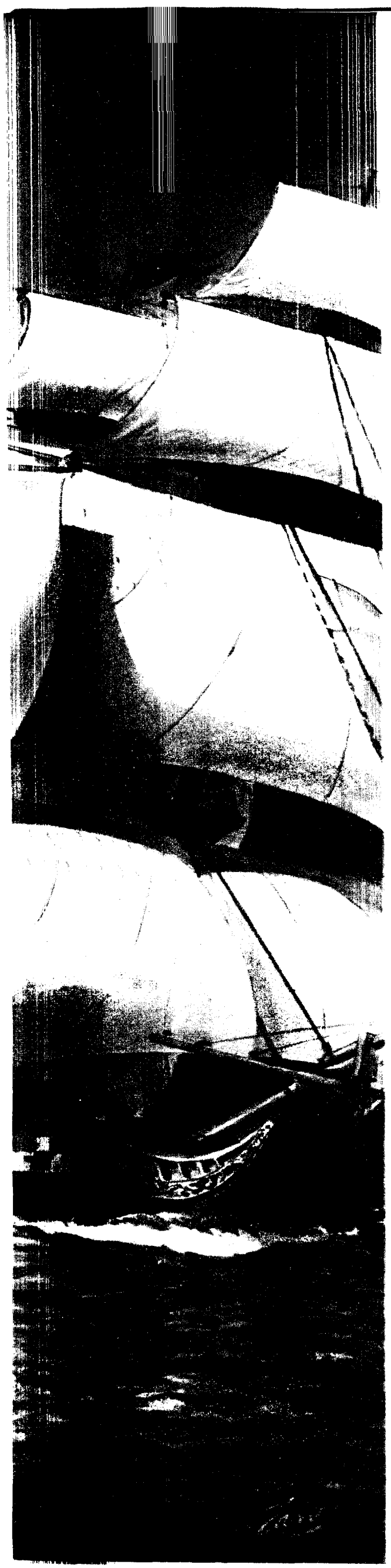

First Command

By EUGENE BURDICK

With sails spread, the enemy frigate bore down. Around young Captain Blunt stood his crew, surly and hostile. They would judge him for all time on what he did now

IT WAS 1813, and the town of Newport had never seen a worse summer. Each morning, the sun came up hot and brassy and burned the surface of Narragansett Bay into a thin, humid mist. A dozen times that miserable summer, mad dogs raced down out of the town into the dock area, their red eyes bulging, their teeth clicking frantically, gobbets of foam dripping from their mouths. Each time, the women and sailors and drunks poured joyously out of the saloons and pounded the dogs to death with beer bottles, heavy boot heels, rocks and bare fists. Then they went back to their irritable, fretful drinking.

The U.S. frigate Eagle was tied up at Brown's Wharf. In the captain's cabin, Captain Isaiah Blunt, only forty-five days a commissioned officer, was stretched out in his hammock. Sweat ran from his forehead and dropped from the sharp line of his jaw onto the pillow.

It's the war, Isaiah thought. It must be. Nothing else could make people so foul-tempered and evil. This crew is as disreputable as a gang of criminals.

There was a roar from the saloon at the end of Brown's Wharf, the crash of a breaking bottle, the sound of shoving bodies. Another fight, Isaiah thought. He walked to the porthole of his cabin.

A disorderly mass of people boiled out of the saloon door. It was made up mostly of sailors and coarse women and a few farm boys in town for a holiday. The women blinked their eyes at the sun and moved their hands over their dresses to reduce the long sweep of white flesh from their shoulders to their breasts. The crowd formed a circle and squatted on their heels and began to cheer a long, lean man who started to dance in the middle of the circle. He wore a sailor's uniform and his hobnailed boots beat on the dock with a hollow thump.

"It's Sparrow, that Tennessee mountain man, doing the Bear Hug-tug," a voice said just outside Isaiah's port. Standing at the rail were a group of petty officers, watching the man dancing. "He's imitating a bear chasing a man," one of the petty officers said.

"Now I call that mighty damned good jigging, indeed I do," Benson, the ship's clerk, said. He was a thin, scrawny man. "The captain won't like it though—him being one of them religious whalers from Mystic." Benson laughed high and nasal, and the other men joined him.

Inside the cabin Isaiah felt his face flushing. For a moment, memories of Mystic and his whaling ship washed over him. His life there had been possessed of a gray, even calmness and an austerity that he had found very satisfying. All of the people that went to sea with him on the yearlong whaling cruises had been friends from his church. They had all been raised in Mystic and, like Isaiah, had never seen a saloon or a man drunk. It had been a good, well-ordered life, and Isaiah had prospered in it. He had been a whaling skipper at twenty-three and was respected for his whaling knowledge and ship-handling ability.

The Eagle strained into the wind again and made a flat reach for the next ship in the English line, the guns roared, and the English ship shook. A mast shivered and dropped

Looking back it seemed to Isaiah that he had been gone from the good calm life of Mystic for years instead of only a few weeks. It seemed an eternity since he had eagerly accepted his commission, purchased a new uniform, and left for Newport to take command of the Eagle.

It would be all right, Isaiah thought savagely, if only this crew were worth anything. If they showed any spark of desire to run a taut ship, of wanting to accept discipline. Instead, the petty officers stand around and let the men drink, carouse, and make fools of themselves.

Isaiah stuck his head out of the port. "Where is the bosun's mate?" he shouted harshly.

"Here, sir," a man said, and stepped forward. His name was Pembroke, and he was a squat, powerfully built man with a quiet, deliberate manner.

"Isn't that dancing man one of our crew?"

"Yes, sir." Pembroke said. Behind him the line of petty officers smiled.

"Well, tell him to stop making a fool of himself and get back aboard ship," Isaiah said.

"Aboard ship?" Pembroke asked. "He's on liberty, Captain. First liberty in two months."

"He is also a sailor in the United States Navy, and he is disgracing his uniform," Isaiah said. "Get him back aboard ship—at once."

"Yes, sir," Pembroke said. He saluted and stepped toward the rail. The faces of the other petty officers had gone flat and expressionless. They seemed to be gazing at objects far away; Isaiah could sense their passive, mute antagonism.

SPARROW was stomping and shuffling, flapping his long, muscular arms in a weird rhythm. He staggered and reeled, and in an incredibly clever way he imitated a bear who had received the shock of his first bullet. His hands rose and pawed the air, and then he stalked and slunk and then rose to paw the air again as imaginary bullets slammed into his body. The gaping crowd roared approval.

"Sparrow, stop making a damned fool of yourself," Pembroke shouted. His voice was flat and merciless, and Sparrow stopped in a frozen position, then spun around and faced up at the rail. The crowd raised an angry shout of protest.

"I'm on liberty, Boats," Sparrow said. He narrowed his eyes and pounded the dock with his feet a few times. "I can do whatever I want on liberty."

"I said get back aboard this ship," Pembroke said again.

"I ain't comin'," Sparrow said stubbornly. "On liberty a man's time is—"

"Shut your mouth, Sparrow," Pembroke cut in; his voice was devoid of emotion, dead-flat with authority. "See this thumb," he asked, and raised up his right hand with his thumb sticking straight up. The thumb was short and thick, ending in a spatulate thumbnail. Sparrow and the crowd all stared in a hushed silence.

"In thirty seconds I'm coming down off the ship for you," Pembroke went on. "I'm coming down that dock, and I'll jab this thumb into your left kid-

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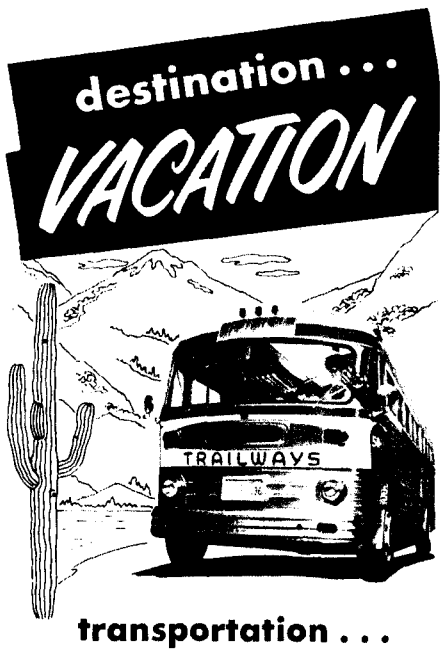

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ney—just once. It will hurt so bad that you'll wish you were dead, but then in a few minutes the pain will go away. But in two days you will start to pass blood. Lots of it."

Sparrow looked hard at the extended thumb. Sweat ran down his face, and his tongue came out and licked at his lips. His face tightened, then relaxed into a grin. "I'm coming, Boats," he yelled. "I think I could take you in a fight, but it wouldn't look good to have a seaman beating up the bosun's mate."

Sparrow turned and trotted back down the dock toward the gangplank leading to the ship. The crowd wandered back into the saloon; the group of petty officers dispersed.

In a few moments Pembroke knocked at Isaiah's cabin door. "Sparrow has reported back aboard, Captain," he said. He hesitated a moment and then went on. "Pardon me, sir, but don't be taking the crew's behavior too seriously. They may look awful, and they sure act awful when they are on the beach, but they are a good crew. Most of them fought on the Chesapeake and the President last year. They've seen a lot of action, and all of them were in the action when the Eagle lost her mast and captain. When they get on the beach they go a bit wild, but they'll be all right at sea."

"Thanks, Pembroke," Isaiah said. "No amount of skill, however, should permit a crew to act like criminals. I won't stand for—"

"Captain Blunt, the signal tower on Beavertail is streaming a signal," the signalman shouted from the quarterdeck. From the sound of his voice both Isaiah and Pembroke could tell it was urgent. They turned and ran up the ladder. When they came out on the quarter-deck, the signalman was watching with the telescope as the tiny distant flags began to flutter. As he called the flags off, another signalman read off their meaning. Days before, Isaiah had made arrangements with the Beavertail signal tower to stream a signal on information they obtained from passing merchant ships.

As quickly as the crude, homemade flags appeared on the distant halyard, the signalman read off their meaning, "Passing merchant ship reports sighting thirty-two-gun enemy frigate ten miles off Block Island, heading south. End of message, Captain." The signalman slammed the book shut and looked up at Isaiah.

"Stand by to make ready for sea," Isaiah said, and, turning on his heel, walked to the end of the bridge.

Behind him Pembroke began to pipe a signal. There was a sudden hush all over the ship and then the rush of feet, the clanking of lines and halyards, the grinding noise of the capstan. In the confusion of the preparations for sea, Isaiah was able to forget temporarily that there was not a man aboard the ship who had the slightest respect or liking for him.

TWO days later, the Eagle was off the New Jersey coast with a fresh wind carrying her swiftly along. Her sails were bellied out, and their clean whiteness made the water seem even bluer than it was. The taut lines were black across the soft curves of the sails. Looking up, Isaiah could see the topsailsmen crawling along the spars, moving like huge flies, high above the deck. Other men were crouched over the guns, practicing at running them in, driving the elevating quoins under them, and then running them out for swabbing down and reloading. Above each gun was a highly polished brass plate carrying the gun crew's nickname for the gun. Isaiah had never gotten used to the crude names: "Bessie's Blast," "Murder Fulfilled," "Jumping Billy," and "Bloody Boomer" were the most modest.

Despite Pembroke's words, Isaiah had never seen so wild and improbable a crew. There were blacksmiths who came from towns like Deer Lick and Cloven Hoof, whose hands were still cracked and black after a year in the Navy. There were white-skinned clerks from New York with hands so tender that they still blistered when they had to grab the snapping edge of a sail in a high breeze. There were several half-breed Indians who moved through the rigging like cats. There was a one-eared convict from Pennsylvania, a boxer from nowhere who had a battered and bruised face and very strong shoulders, and a whisky distiller from Virginia. There was a massive, quiet Negro from New Orleans. There were rivermen from the Mississippi and other men who had trapped fur for a living. All of them had flocked to the Atlantic seaboard when the war with the British started.

A hard, suspicious lot, Isaiah thought. Maybe they have seen combat, but they seem incapable of real discipline.

"Ship ahoy, three points on the port bow," a lookout in the rigging shouted.

Isaiah ran a few yards up the rigging, swung his arm around a halyard and swept the horizon with his glass. It was the British frigate they had been chasing for two days, only now it had its sails spread, had reversed its course and was bearing straight down on them.

As Isaiah put his glass down and swung around, he realized that the Eagle was very quiet. The crew was watching him with questioning eyes: the gun crews stood motionless with sweat dripping from their foreheads; the potbellied cook in the galley door stood with a spoon in his hand, braced against the whiteness of a mizzen sail; the Indians hung quietly in the rigging. There was a quick moment of calculation, of inspection, of decision. Isaiah knew that the crew would forever judge him on the words he uttered in the next moments.

"It's a thirty-two-gun British frigate," Isaiah said casually, and then he added, almost as if it were an afterthought, "Clear for action."

There was a moment when Isaiah could see a sort of savage approval flash across the faces that watched him; then with a rush the entire crew went into motion. The cook's spoon went over the side, and he tore down the deck and began to heave on a gun tackle. The Indians came swinging down out of the sails. Figures blurred across the deck, moved in a colorful, noisy disorder that was really a ballet of efficiency.

IN HALF an hour they could see the frigate clearly. It was full rigged, its guns run out, and it was bowling toward the Eagle. Isaiah could see the red coats of the Royal Marines, hanging in the rigging. Isaiah wanted to lick his lips, but did not. Sweat had broken out along his neck, but he stood stiffly, unwilling to let the crew think he was nervous. His eyes watched every flutter of sail on the British ship, studied the condition of the wind. His body tensed as he waited for some advantage. With every second, the British frigate grew larger.

Then, when the ships were only a half mile apart, the British frigate did a strange thing. The ship heeled over, settled down on a starboard reach, and started to run from the Eagle. The British had decided not to engage.

Isaiah waited a split second, then put his own helm over and began to chase the other ship. A roar of satisfaction went up from his crew, and they swarmed up the sails to reset for maximum speed. Studding sails broke at the yardarms, fluttered, then billowed full.

The frigate was obviously heading for the protection of Cape May, and the Eagle could only gain slightly. It was late in the afternoon when the British ship reached the headland, rounded it, and disappeared. The Eagle came sailing swiftly up, rounded the Cape, and saw, all at once, its mistake.

It was a trap. Spread out behind the

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"I've never gone the full 18 holes—it always gets dark before I can finish"

KATE OSANN

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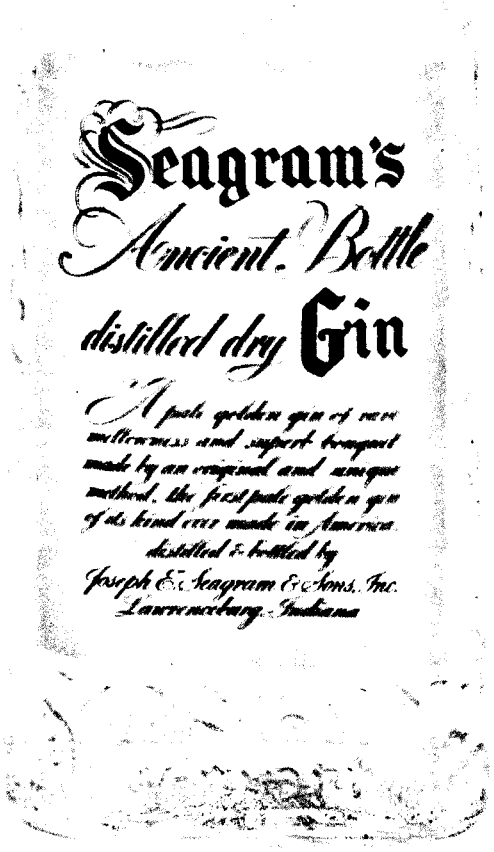
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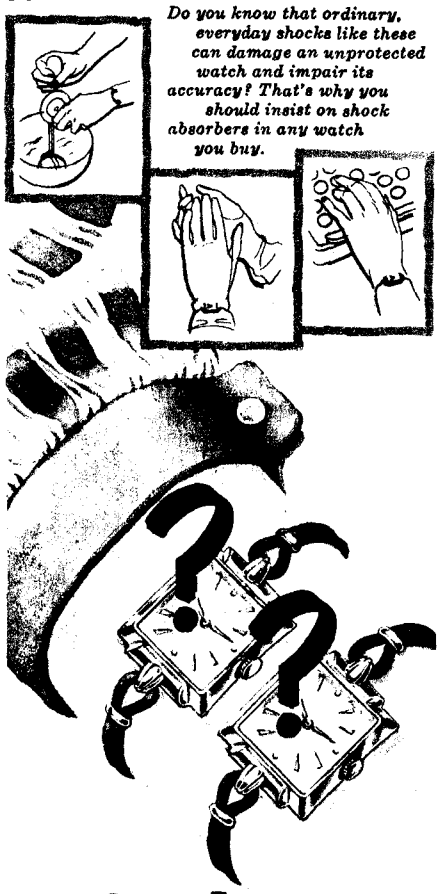
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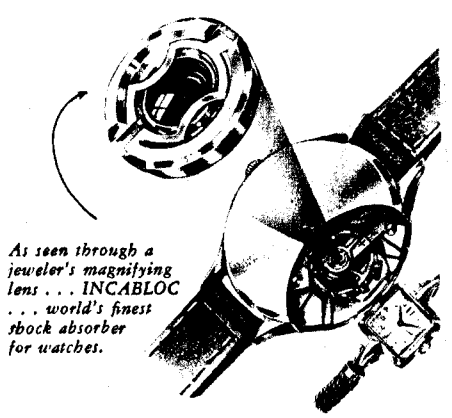

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Cape were five British ships, four of them frigates and one a ship of the line. They were spread in an ominous crescent. And the crescent was bearing rapidly down on the Eagle.

There was a moment of chilled silence aboard the Eagle. Once more, even in the midst of his churning thoughts, Isaiah was aware that the whole crew had turned its eyes from the enemy to him. It was as if they all held their breaths, suspended judgment, stood still in expectation.

Isaiah knew that all he could do was bring the ship about and try to escape. His voice broke the silence, and he was astounded at how cool it sounded. "Back all stays, bend on all sail, unfurl all topsails. All gun crews lend a hand with sail-handling. Sail chiefs pass the word when they are ready to come about."

The crew swooped on the ship like hawks on a huge carcass. Before the Eagle could come about, hundreds of lines must be loosened, others must be tightened, new sails must be set. The guns were abandoned as every man turned to setting sail. In the silence there was nothing but the sound of fingers scratching at knots, the purr of line running across line, the small slap of loosened sails, the sudden intake of breath from men who were working hard.

Deliberately Isaiah kept his eyes away from the men trimming sail and watched the distance diminish between the Eagle and the English line. He could see the hundreds of enemy gun barrels adjust slightly, shortening the range. He knew that once they came within range, the enormous superiority in numbers of English guns would assure that the Eagle would be ripped to pieces.

Finally there was only a thousand yards of water between the Eagle and the English crescent. At seven hundred yards the enemy ships could begin to fire, and if they closed to five hundred yards, the Eagle would be finished. It seemed to Isaiah that the ships were rushing toward one another and still the word had not come from the sail chiefs that the Eagle was ready to put about.

It is too much to ask, Isaiah thought. No crew could reset sails fast enough. His mind was working keenly and precisely, and although he was certain he would be dead in five minutes, he felt not the slightest despair.

THEN, incredibly, gratefully, he heard the voices of the sail chiefs calling to Pembroke. Then Pembroke spoke quickly. The distance was eight hundred yards. "Ready to come about, Captain," Pembroke said.

"Rudder hard alee," Isaiah said.

The great, high-reaching masts of the Eagle lurched as the helm came over, then began to perform a huge swinging circle in the sky. The sails came slack, luffing for a moment, and then with a loud cracking, like a volley of rifles, snapped full with a jar that shook the entire ship. The deck suddenly heeled over at a steep angle. A loose powder keg rolled across the deck and smashed against the railing.

Then there was silence again, broken only by the sound of the wind. From the crow's-nest of the Eagle, a seaman looked calmly back at the English ships, spat casually in their direction, and then made a classical obscene gesture at the pursuing ships.

"And now that we've decided on all the things we'll have to do without, let us talk about all the things that we're going to have to get"

COLLIER'S — DAVID HUFFINE

Isaiah smiled, fought down an impulse to laugh, and then turned to his ship. The chase was on, he knew, and if the Eagle fell behind at all, she would be finished. Most of the guns on all these ships were arranged to fire broadside. A few of the English guns could fire forward, but none of the Eagle's guns could fire aft. If the English crescent were able to close up around the Eagle, the cross fire would be merciless.

The sun fell away into the sea, and the moon came up, huge and yellow, and sent a broad, glittering, golden path across the water. The dark hulls of the enemy ships faded into the water, but their sails glowed whitely in the moonlight and seemed spread like enormous, ghostly bat wings.

Then the unexpected happened. The wind died completely. The ocean was suddenly stilled. It became hot and oppressive. All that moved were long, slow ground swells, which lifted the oily surface of the water and then fell away. Sails flapped disconsolately, and it was so still that they could hear voices from the enemy ships. On all the ships men wet their lips, gazed across the bright moonlit water, and swore with impatience.

ISAIAH stood on the quarterdeck, watching the English ships, thinking of ways to escape the danger into which he'd put his ship. At the edge of his memory an episode almost took form and then escaped from him. Then suddenly he remembered it. It had occurred during a whaling cruise when his ship had been becalmed while they were pursuing a school of whales. Keeping their ship within sight of the whales was a matter of financial success or ruin. And they had done it.

"Pembroke, put two boats over the side, fasten them with forty fathoms of line to the anchor chains, and we'll pull the Eagle out of this calm," Isaiah said. "Eight men in each boat."

The word sped through the crew, and in a few moments there was a crush of men around the boats, volunteering to do the rowing. In the back of the crowd, Sparrow cursed because he could not get through, pulled out a knife, and covering most of the blade so it would not gleam in the moonlight, stuck the tip of it in Pembroke's ribs.

"Look 'ere, bosun, you get me in a boat," he whispered. "These damned silly, white-faced, pimply city boys can't row. Let a country man show them how."

"Take that knife out of my ribs, or I'll carve your heart out and fry it for breakfast," Pembroke said to him in a

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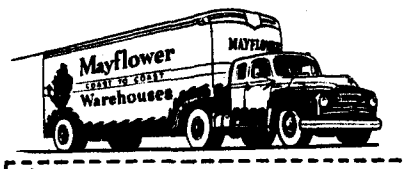

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low voice. "And get in that first boat. I hope you sweat your guts out."

The two boats slid silently out in front of the Eagle. Gradually they took up the slack, and the lines drew tight. The men rowed strongly, but it was incredibly hard work. With the line behind them taut, the water seemed as hard and unyielding as sand. The men clawed the water with the oars, lifted them clear, and clawed again. The towering shape of the Eagle remained impassive for several minutes, and then with a slight, thrilling movement the rowers could feel it start to make way. The sweat broke out on their foreheads; blisters rose on their hands. But gradually the Eagle widened the gap between itself and the crescent of British ships.

IT WAS midnight before the British noticed that the Eagle had gained. Then there was a great clamor and clashing aboard the British ships, and lights flashed in the rigging as men went aloft to observe the actions of the Eagle. Isaiah knew that they could see the two small boats clearly in the yellow path of the moon.

In another hour each of the British ships had not two, but four boats in towing position. In addition, they were able to replace their men more often at the backbreaking labor. By daybreak the English ships were slowly overcoming the advantage that the Eagle had gained. And the sea was still flat and calm, without a breath of air.

As the sun came up it became hotter, and the crews that came back to the Eagle from the small boats were white-faced with fatigue. As the men who were relieved in the boats staggered up onto the deck for their rest period, they collapsed quietly to the deck with exhaustion. As they jerked in their sleep, their hands fell to their sides, and Isaiah could see the mangled palms, covered with clotted blood. But when they woke up to take their turn at rowing again, they merely swathed their hands in old rags and doggedly went back to the small boats.

By midmorning the superiority in man power of the English ships was beginning to tell. The English ships were creeping up on the beams of the Eagle. Isaiah knew that in a few more hours the English would be broad his beam and could open fire. And now his men were tiring fast. Each boat crew that returned had one or two men whose eyes rolled up in their heads and who fainted on the deck when they came off the Jacob's ladder. Isaiah stood quietly on his quarter-deck, but the back of his mouth already had the acid taste of defeat in it.

He watched as another boatload returned for a rest. This time, however, Sparrow, the Tennessee mountain man, came bounding up the ladder, his eyes burning with strange excitement. He ran across the deck and without saluting began to talk to Isaiah.

"Captain, I've got a way to get their boats out of the water," he said quickly. "Back in Tennessee I used to hunt ducks with a rifle, and when the ducks would land in the water way out of range. I'd hunker down by the edge of the water, and when the ball would hit the water, it would just skedaddle along the top of the water until it reached the ducks. Water has to be dead-flat and calm, but that's just what we got here."

Isaiah stared at Sparrow for a moment. What the man was proposing was to ricochet a cannon ball across the water and sink the small boats.

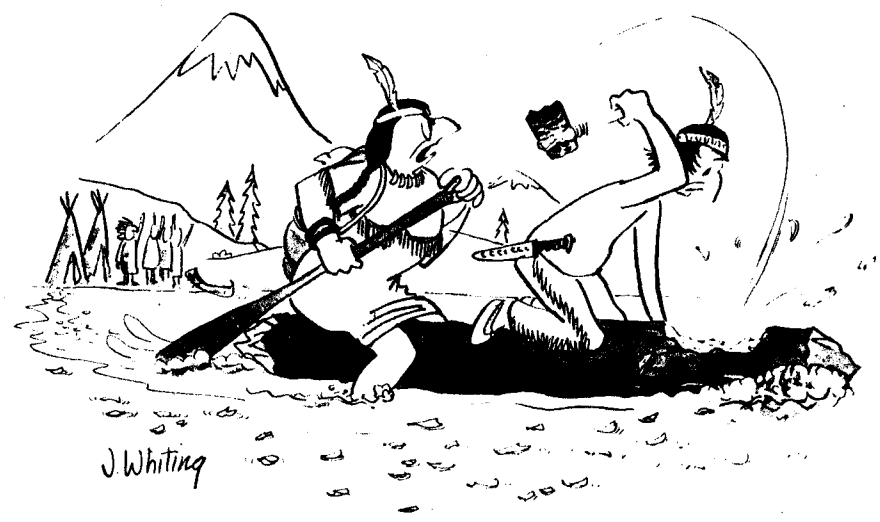
"You're part right, Sparrow," Isaiah replied slowly. "If we could shoot a cannon ball anywhere close to those boats, it would probably sink them. They're just made out of thin planks. But none of our guns are close enough to the water to really get a ricochet."

"Well, take one down close to the water, Captain," Sparrow said quickly. "If you could get the barrel of your gun just above the surface of the water, the balls would skim another couple hundred yards, just enough to bring them damned boats into range."

"How can we get a cannon that low to the water?" Isaiah asked.

"Chop a hole in the stern cabin, Captain. It's just at the water line. Then manhandle a gun down there and blast away." Sparrow stood expectantly now, balancing forward on his toes, ready to begin.

On the deck several of the resting men had raised themselves to their elbows and were listening to Sparrow and Isaiah. "All right, we'll give it a try," Isaiah said.



COLLIER'S "Why do you always have to wait 'til the last minute to do everything!" JAMES WHITING

With a shout Sparrow turned to the crew and began to issue orders. Four of the men—the Negro, the convict and two Indians—ran by Isaiah with hatchets in their hands and a glint of respect in their eyes as they nodded at the captain.

Isaiah went to the gun deck and directed the unslinging of a long-gun. A long-gun weighs forty-five hundred pounds and is a clumsy, ungainly object. In a few minutes the men were pushing the gun down the deck, the cords standing out on their necks, sweat dripping to the deck. The men fought and twisted the gun down narrow passages. They squashed their fingers black and blue and rubbed skin off their backs. Once, the gun fell six inches onto a man's toes, but he only grimaced sourly and went on with his work, with blood sloshing inside his boot. Below, they could hear the tearing sound of hatchets at work. It took them a desperate, incredible half hour to get the gun down to the stern cabin. There they pushed the barrel out through a ragged hole chopped through the bulkhead of the cabin.

Sparrow directed the tying down of the gun. He patted it lovingly, laid his eye along the sights, and chuckled to himself. While the other men watched he carefully drove the quoins under the gun, again checked the sights, and then drove the quoins out a bit. On the surface of the becalmed sea, the barrel of the gun was absolutely motionless.

Glancing over Sparrow's shoulder, Isaiah could see that the gun was trained squarely on one of the English boats towing a frigate. The boat looked tiny and very far away.

"Stand back, men," Sparrow shouted. "I'm ready to load."

Seven pounds of powder were poured into the gun and then an extra half pound for added range. The wadding and cannon ball were rammed home. Sparrow aimed once more, fussed for a few moments, and then stood back. His face was slightly pale as he lighted the priming quill.

There was a shattering roar, and the cabin was instantly full of choking smoke. It cleared in time for Isaiah to see the cannon ball hit the water five hundred yards from the ship, lift itself lightly into the air again, and then, in a series of spinning bounces, head straight for the English boat. The men in the boat looked up in astonishment. Two of them saw what was happening and jumped into the sea. Then the ball hit the boat. There was a crash of splinters, a rending crash of wood. Then the silence was broken only by the shouts of the men in the water and the cheers from the Eagle.

With a mad scramble, the English sailors in the other boats cut their towing cables and began to row for the safety of their ships. The officers in the boats swore and ranted, but the sailors ignored them.

In the stern cabin, Sparrow was doing a loose-limbed dance and shaking his fist at the English ships. In five minutes the ocean was empty of English boats.

NOW the Eagle began to pull slowly ahead, and when she was well out of range of the English guns, Isaiah had the whaleboats piped back and the entire crew rested. Then for two hours the ships stood motionless, their sails dead, the ocean steaming in the heat, nothing moving.

Then, quite suddenly, the wind returned. It came in the form of a summer thunderstorm, like those Isaiah was used to in New England waters. The horizon turned black, and a bank of clouds rolled down on the stranded ships. Isaiah knew that it looked more dangerous than it actually was, for he had sailed through many a similar squall. It would blow very hard for a few minutes, then the wind would shift, and the calm would be broken by strong but manageable winds.

Glancing at the English ships, Isaiah could see at once that they were not familiar with this type of squall. The

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mouths of the cannon ports began to snap shut; men rushed into the rigging to shorten sail. They were preparing for a blow.

Isaiah stood for a moment, judging the time it would take for the squall to reach them, judging his distance from the English ships. Then he turned to his crew. "Stuff a mattress in the hole in the stern cabin. Prepare to fire guns on the starboard side," he shouted.

The crew looked up, startled, and then sped to their battle stations. As the English ships took in sail, the Eagle bent more on.

At the lip of the squall the spoondrift was piled high and the wind kicked up whitecaps. They could hear the rumble of thunder from the black interior of the squall. And then the squall hit the Eagle.

The royals snapped full, then the topsails, and finally even the studding sails were taut and rigid with wind. The ship heeled over and over, and then even farther over. The port side was buried in the white foaming water, while the starboard side rode high in the air. From the corner of his eye Isaiah could see that the English ships were pointed into the wind and had luffed dead in the water.

"Rudder hard alee," Isaiah shouted. "Stand by to fire starboard guns."

With a gigantic creaking sweep the Eagle came round, her port rail disappeared completely in the water, while the men on the starboard side clung desperately to their guns. Twice men slid across the deck and then, using their toes and fingers, came clawing back up to their guns.

From a dead standstill the Eagle was suddenly careening down on the English ships, a bone in her teeth, her sails bellied full out.

In a few seconds the Eagle was abeam of the first English ship, and startled English faces looked over the side into the guns of the Eagle. Isaiah dropped his hand, a boatswain's whistle piped, and with a shattering roar the Eagle's guns went off. The rail of the British ship disappeared in a cloud of splinters that flew back into the faces of the crew. Four holes were punched into the water line of the ship, and at once it began to take water and list.

"Ease your helm," Isaiah shouted. "Reload all starboard guns."

The Eagle strained into the wind again and made a flat reach for the next ship in the English line. By the time they came up to it, the guns were reloaded. Again the guns roared, and the English ship shook; a mast shivered and then dropped to the deck; a fire started on the forecastle.

Now Isaiah came full about and uncovered his port guns. As he came down on the third British ship, he could see that he English were trying to get their guns back through the portholes. But their captain was not used to the rough water and high winds, and at the critical moment, sea water poured down the muzzles of the guns, dampening the powder and ruining their fire. The Eagle left the ship a hulk.

Then Isaiah felt the wind slacken, and he knew that in a few minutes the squall would pass and he would be again exposed to the English ships. Coming about, the Eagle began to run before the wind, keeping squarely in the middle of the black squall.

In a few moments the English ships vanished and the Eagle was out of their reach.

TWO hours later the Eagle was running free before the wind. The New Jersey coast line was barely visible in the distance, and the ocean was clear. Isaiah stood on the quarter-deck, watching the crew go about their tasks of restoring the ship. Carpenters' hammers sounded from the aft cabin; an Indian swung through the rigging to tighten a loose line; a gunner's mate swore at a gang of laughing seamen who were working on one of the cannons. All about the ship there was a quiet, deliberate behavior.

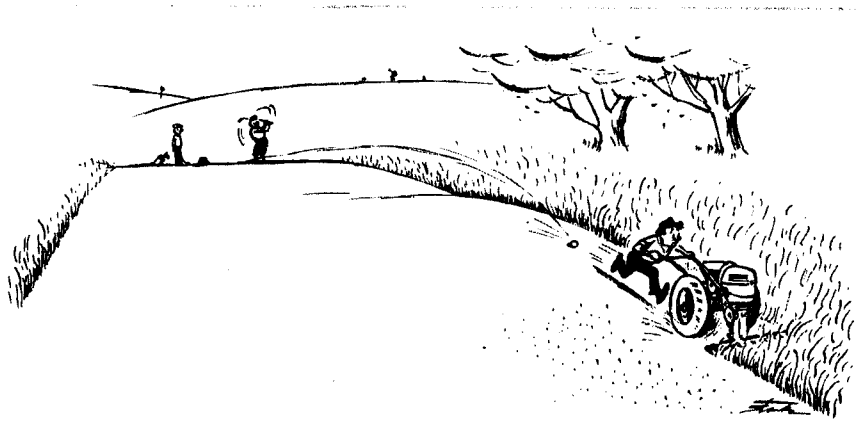
Pembroke walked up and stood a respectful two yards to one side of Isaiah. Isaiah turned and looked at the boatswain.

"Captain, when we were in Newport you were mentioning that the crew was a bit—er—unbalanced," Pembroke said. "I was wondering if you'd like to give me a list of those men that you would like replaced when we return to port. I'm sure we can get replacements in New York, for the ones you don't like. They've got a receiving ship there. Might be able to get some real New England sailors out of there."

"Replacements?" Isaiah asked. He turned and glanced about the deck. They were still the same crew, still ragtag and bobtail, still noisy and chaotic, still laughing and still vaguely alien. But when they caught Isaiah's eye their hands instinctively went to their caps in a small gesture of respect, and Isaiah felt a stab of pride.

"We don't need any replacements, Pembroke," Isaiah said in a loud, clear voice. "Whatever gave you that idea? We'll do very well with the men we've got. Very well indeed."

Pembroke and Isaiah looked at each other for a moment. Then the older man put his hand to his cap, smiled broadly at Isaiah and, turning on his heel, walked away. Isaiah looked after him with a smile, and then folding his hands behind his back, he leaned forward, as the Eagle plowed into the slow, long swells of the Atlantic. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S "Well, anyway, I did manage to keep out of the rough this time" LESLIE STARKE

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The problem of satisfactorily fitting the *mobile* foot caused Nunn-Bush to develop Ankle-Fashioning. Ankle-Fashioning not only provides a superior fit . . . but, because it reduces buckling and gapping it has the happy result of *making new shoe smartness last longer.* Buy Nunn-Bush shoes for many extra satisfying miles.

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Collier's COLOR CAMERA

New Top Lady of the

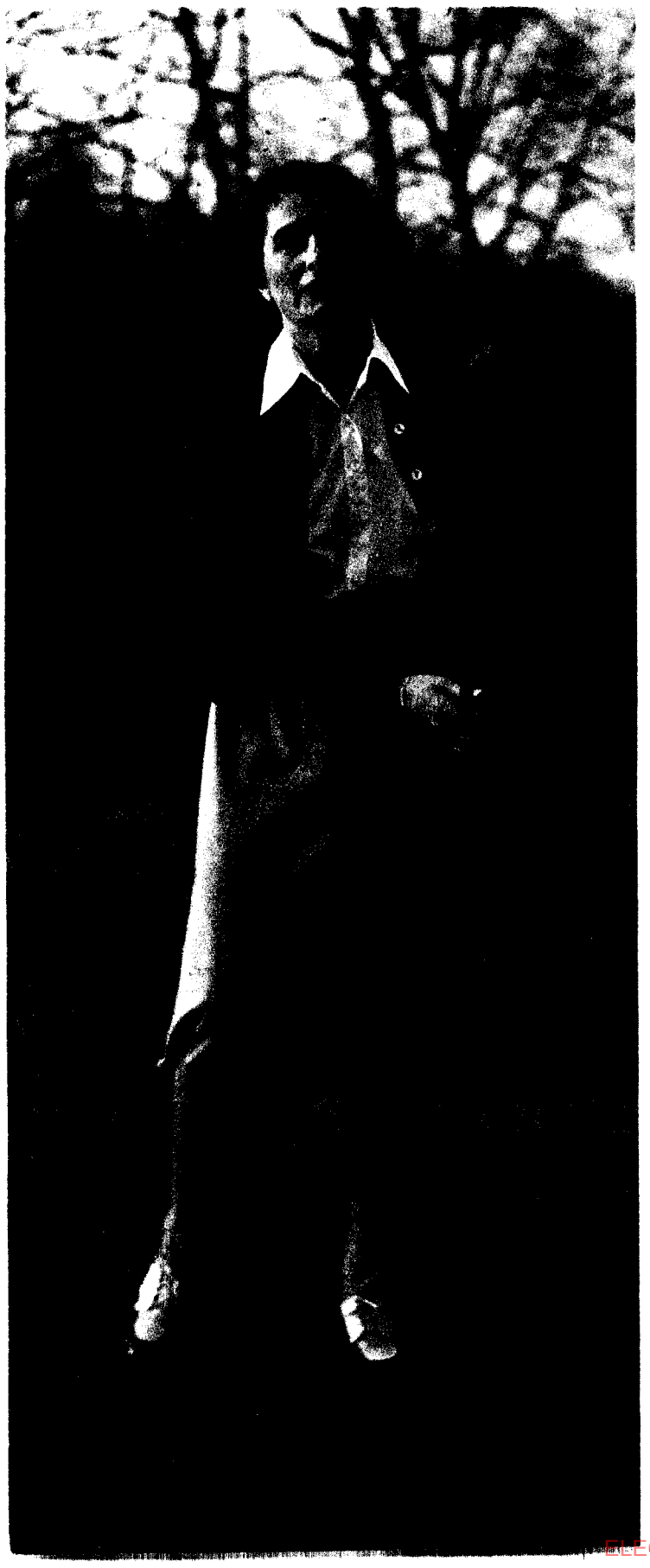
The Corps has many things to be proud of, and next month it will add to its honors

JULIA E. HAMBLET is a Marine Corps lieutenant colonel. She is also a lady. The combination is almost pure sugar and spice. In uniform she is briskly efficient, meticulously pressed, tough as any drill sergeant. Out of uniform, in sweater and skirt, she is a tall (five-foot-ten) fresh-faced outdoor girl who looks as good on a sunlit golf course as she does by candlelight.

Next month, after 10 years with the Marine Corps, Lieutenant Colonel Hamblet, currently in charge of the Women Officers Training Detachment at the Marine Corps Schools in Quantico, Virginia, will be made a full colonel and given the top job of Director of Women Marines. Her eagles will fit her as neatly as nylons. She has earned them.

Julia (Judy) Hamblet, a native of Winchester, Mass., was one of the first officers in the Woman Reserve Marines. She got her first lieutenant's commission on May 4, 1943, and was at once assigned to the boot camp at New York's Hunter College, as adjutant to Katherine A. Towle, the colonel she will soon replace. By the end of World War II, she was a major, and in 1949 was promoted to lieutenant colonel as a "regular" (nonreserve) Marine.

On May 1st, thirty-six-year-old Julia Hamblet will become the youngest woman ever to command any of the U.S. women's services. Will she stay with it? "Right now," she says, "I'm a Marine with a job. I'm not thinking of anything beyond that." Or, in other words, Semper Fidelis. ▲▲▲



Inspecting the ranks at Quantico, Va., the 36-year-old director-designate reflects the pride she takes in the Marines and in her career. She claims "lucky breaks" earned her top spot

Winding up duties at officers' school, the colonel emphasizes a point for one of her last classes. In the picture at left, she practices golf. She loves all forms of outdoor sports

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RUTH ORKIN

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Marines

the prettiest colonel in a U. S. uniform

Lt. Col. Julia E. (Judy) Hamblet is a real spit-and-polish Marine —bright, efficient and brisk. She has been with Corps since 1943

Off duty, the Marines' prettiest brass hat wears civilian clothes. She is dining here with a good friend, Marine Lt. Col. Howard York

Collier's for April 25, 1953

Love Your Family?

These are the brakes for you!

They're Super Safe!

Your family rides in *super*-safety when you install Grizzly SILVERTIP Brake Lining! For SILVERTIP is *different* —it has a reinforcing wire back that permits the lining compound to be moulded into a much *denser* structure. And that's why SILVERTIP has so much greater stopping power, why it's so remarkably free from fading, why it hardly ever needs adjustment. And since it costs so little more than ordinary linings, SILVERTIP is truly a bargain in safety! So ask your service man for SILVERTIP. And remember, the service man who installs SILVERTIP is a man you can depend upon for the *finest* brake service!

Grizzly Manufacturing Company, Paulding, Ohio.

BEAR IN MIND . . . ASK FOR

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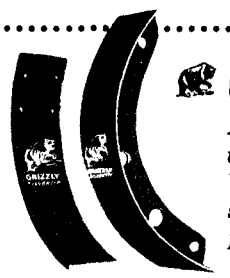
BRAKE LINING



LOOK FOR THE GRIZZLY BEAR!

Look for the famous Grizzly Bear trade-mark, which identifies GENUINE *Grizzly Brake Lining. Whether boxed, or bonded or riveted to the brake shoe, Grizzly Brake Lining is always branded to protect you and your service man.*

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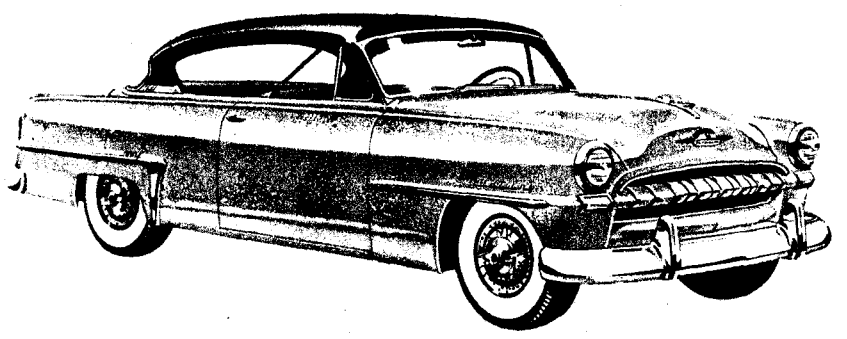
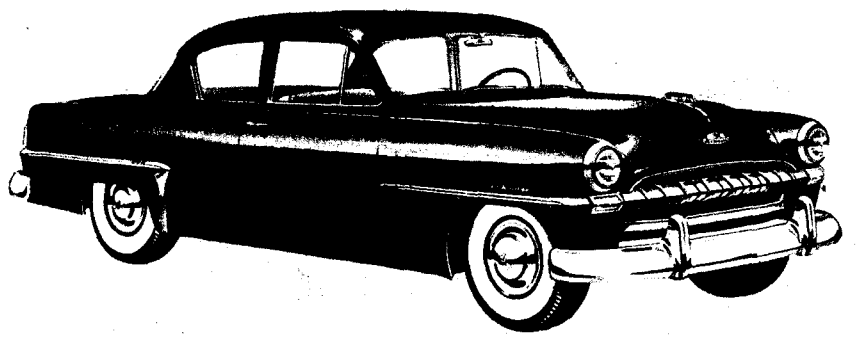
there's a NEW '53 PLYMOUTH

John and Rosemary like good things. They wear smart clothes, select fine foods, enjoy a night at the Opera or an afternoon at the Art Museum. They also take great pride in the automobile they drive. At their Plymouth dealer's, they're just naturally attracted to these three sleek body types.



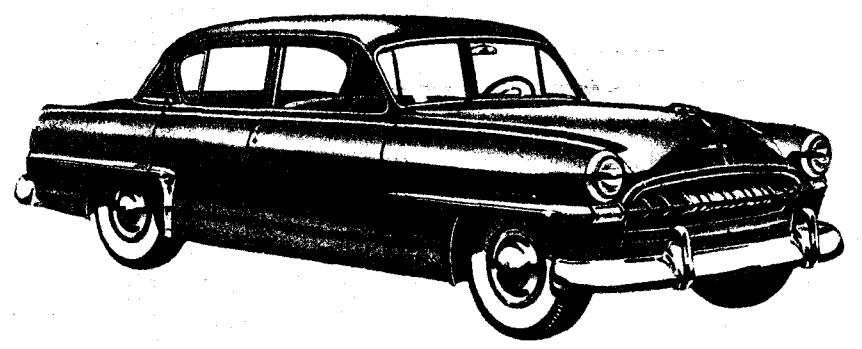
Cranbrook *Belvedere.* John likes the solid top and the wide open spaces with the windows down. Rosemary likes the smart styling, wants to drive this number to Country Club luncheons. Looks of a convertible, comfort of a sedan. 24 body finishes, 15 harmonizing interiors. Chrome wire wheels at extra cost.

Bob and Edna don't see too much of each other during the week. Bob's on the road, selling. A car, to him, is a daily necessity. That's why this couple takes the practical approach. They want *dependable* transportation. At their Plymouth dealer's, they carefully consider these three economical cars.



Cambridge *Business Coupe.* A removable back seat is available here to please both Bob and Edna. Bob takes the seat out during the week to make room for his sample cases. Then, on week ends, the seat is put back and Edna has herself a family car. For still more space, the huge trunk compartment is ⅓ larger.

Bert and Emily have three youngsters, a dog and a mortgage. While these people have to keep a careful eye on their budget, they also proudly maintain certain living standards. At their Plymouth dealer's, they find both the value and quality they desire when they look at these three beautiful family cars.



Cranbrook *Four Door.* Parents like its many safety features. Greater glass area affords better visibility. Electric windshield wipers don't slow down when you step on the gas. Big Safe-Guard Hydraulic Brakes mean surer stopping. In case of blowout, famous Safety-Rim Wheels let you slow to a controlled, safe stop.

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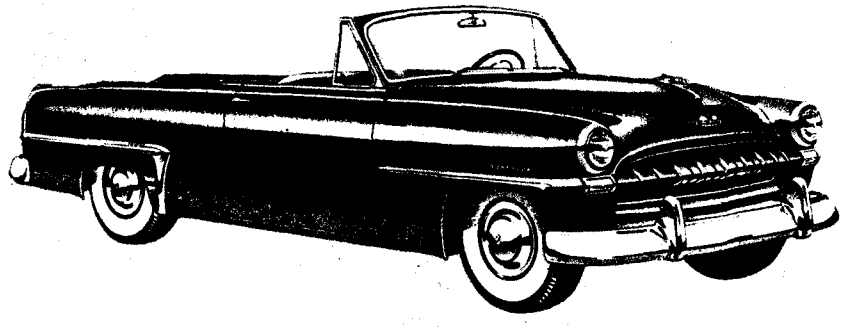
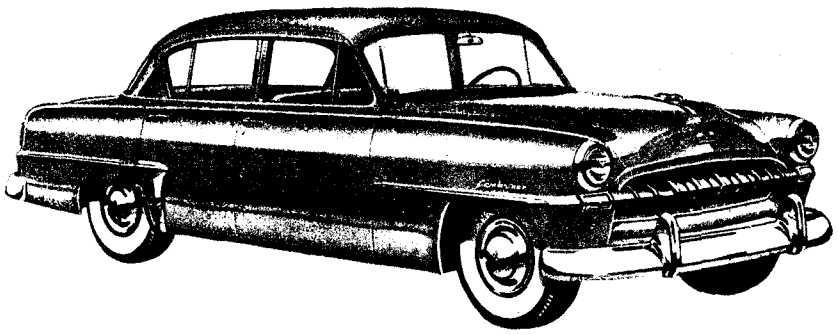
for every taste, every need, every pocketbook

PLYMOUTH Division of CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit 31, Michigan

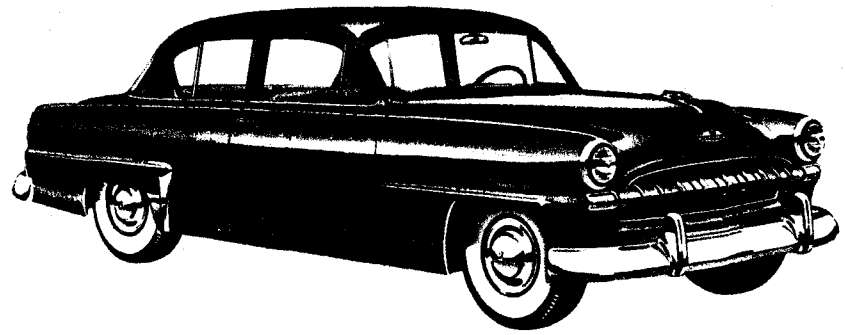
Cranbrook *Savoy.* Goes for gala social events in a big way. Also, mighty handy to have around when you're thinking of golfing, fishing, camping, gardening and the like. Carries six in comfort and style. Or fold away the back seat and drop the tail gate to get almost eight long feet of level load space.



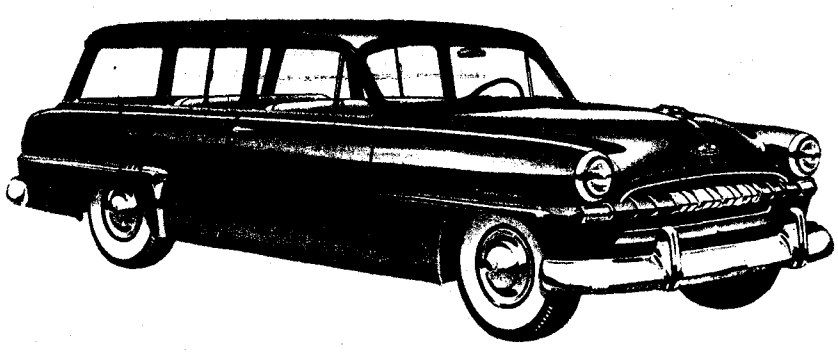
Cranbrook *Convertible.* Something to see—and be seen in—with the top up or down. Turns on the sun, shuts off the rain, automatically. Full-width rear window made of clear, pliable plastic; folds with the top itself. And, of course, this snappy performer has Plymouth's famous balanced ride.



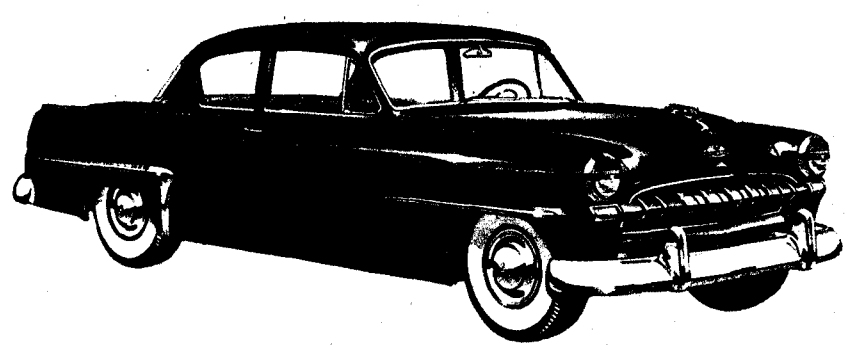
Cambridge *Four Door.* The more you drive, the better you'll like it. And thousands of miles from now, those full-depth cushions will be just as comfortable. The engine, with its increased horsepower and higher compression, will be just as responsive and trouble-free. Almost any cab driver will tell you that.



Cambridge *Club Sedan.* Newest addition to Plymouth family. Bob likes its sedan roominess. Edna likes its two-door compactness, especially when the children are in the back seat. And, as in all two-door models, the ⅓-⅔ front seat division lets back seat passengers enter without disturbing those up front.



Cambridge *Suburban.* The sturdy, versatile car with 101 family uses. It's the school bus, the vacation special, the station taxi. Bert likes all that cargo space when rear seat folds into floor. Emily likes the attractive plastic upholstery that's so quickly and easily cleaned with soap and water.



Cranbrook *Club Coupe.* Emily is working for the day when she can have one of these for her very own car. As in all new Plymouths, glove compartment is located in the center of the instrument panel, easily accessible to both driver and passengers. Ignition key starting with automatic choke.

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Brodie had to stop the diabolic ritual at once. He lurched forward, livid with anger. "Break it up, you fool!" he yelled at Sekundi

The Throwing of the Bones

By LARRY FINN

Brodie was appalled by the sorcerer's unmasking of the thief. He had wanted only to watch the man's witchcraft, and his curiosity had, with awful swiftness, brought terror to the village

AS THEY stood on the British side of the Sabi River, in Africa, knee-deep in reeds, Corporal McTaggert pointed to several dugout canoes that were moored to the Portuguese side.

"That's how he got away," he told Trooper Brodie. "I tell you it never fails. Runaways, tax dodgers—all kinds of criminals—make for the river and disappear into Portuguese territory, just like that. Honestly, you wonder why they don't keep a check on their boys over there, if only to give themselves some peace of mind. The place must be getting like a regular Robbers' Republic." He spoke bitterly, thinking of the number of wanted men he had lost over the years on account of this mere three-hundred-yard stretch of sluggish, muddy water called the Sabi.

"But are we sure he got to the other side?" Brodie said. He was new to the police, and this was his first assignment; he was thankful to be sharing it with a more experienced superior. "After all, we have no description of the man. He could be anywhere on this side, couldn't he?"

"Not a chance. You heard what the Tonga headman just said about those canoes coming and going twice in the past eight hours? Well, our man was bound to be in one of them. Otherwise he would have given himself away by now, and the headman would be holding him."

Trooper Brodie nodded thoughtfully, knowing the corporal was right. Few Kaffirs could resist boasting about their wealth, even when it was ill-gotten; they invariably gave themselves away by showing it around. Only a cunning, habitual criminal would overcome the temptation to impress people with stolen money, and would either exchange it or hide it in the ground; and the man they were after now was something of a simpleton, they knew. He had stolen about forty pounds, mostly in silver, from a Greek trader who had only caught a glimpse of the thief as he was running away through the bush, and therefore was unable to give the police a description of him. But the

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Vaughn Killam, on the job in Alberta, Canada. Photograph by Anthony Linck.

"No, I'm Not A Saboteur!"

By VAUGHN KILLAM

as told to **GRANTLAND RICE,** *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

WHAT'S MY JOB? Well I'm not a saboteur, though I sure look like I've sneaked behind enemy lines to blow up a bridge!

I work in Alberta, Canada, where a midwinter temperature of ten degrees below zero is a heat wave.

I tramp through the snow till I find a piece of red paper hung on a twig.

Then I set off a charge of dynamite. Why?

To make contact with what's left—buried far down there under the earth—of billion-year-old flying lizards, the great-great-great-grand-daddies of the sparrows and robins of today.

An odd way to earn a living! Highly important, though—when you stop to consider that these lizard leftovers, plus the remnants of billion-year-old fish, are called *petroleum*.

They call me a *seis-mol'o-gist* . . . a man who looks for oil by making test-holes . . . sending sound-waves down in the ground in search of oil-bearing strata.

Not to pat myself on the back too much, I want to put in a plug here on the importance of what I do. In the past five years, we Cities Service seismologists have found millions of barrels of much-needed new oil, from Canada to the Gulf of Mexico.

No, I'm not a saboteur. The way I feel about it, my job helps to provide ammunition as important as T.N.T. in blowing enemy installations off the map in Korea!

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thief had left an unmistakable trail in the form of one-pound and ten-shilling notes which he had scattered on the ground as he went along, rejecting the paper money because, like many Kaffirs, he believed it to be either worthless or of less value than coin.

"Well, what do we do now, Corporal?" Brodie asked, looking a trifle apologetic, even guilty.

"Do?" McTaggert retorted fiercely. "Why, we return to base, report our failure and write a nice, polite letter to the Portuguese commandant asking him to look out for a Kaffir flashing silver coins around."

"It's not much to work on," Brodie admitted ruefully.

"It would be more helpful if the commandant could read English," the corporal said sarcastically, moving away from the bank. "Come on, let's get back to the kraal. You can wait there while I ride farther up the river and take a look around, though I don't expect to find anything." He was sure he would be searching for something that did not exist. He was quite satisfied in his own mind about where the fellow was, but an account of a further check along the river would have to appear in detail in his official report, nevertheless.

THEIR two horses were tethered to a post in the center of the nearby village, which was simply a small group of conically shaped huts in a forest clearing. There was no chief there, just a headman in charge of thirty-odd Tonga villagers who formed a fishing community which stayed only while the river was high. In the dry season they went elsewhere, bartering their supplies of dried fish for money and other foods.

Corporal McTaggert regarded the scene with distaste. "It's time the Sabi flooded its banks and swept this lot away," he said, reaching for the reins. The village smelled vilely of fish, apart from its being the scene of so many of his failures.

"Hello, what's this?" Brodie said suddenly. "I think there's someone to see you, Corporal."

An old man had approached unnoticed, and was now standing at a respectful distance, smiling with toothless gums as he raised his right hand in salute. He was tall and thin and wore little, apart from a loincloth and a soiled leopard skin which covered his narrow shoulders. A skin bag dangled from his waist, and he carried a long stick in his left hand.

"Well, well," Corporal McTaggert said. "If it isn't old Sekundi! I haven't seen him for years, Brodie, ever since I got him on a *takati* charge. That's witchcraft, to you." He grinned at the old fellow. "Haven't they buried you yet, you old sorcerer?"

Sekundi shook his head vigorously and chuckled. He was pleased that the Corporal *baas* had recognized him and greeted him in a friendly manner, despite the past.

He came a step nearer to them. *"Baas,* I will throw the bones for you. Sekundi will find the bad man. He will tell you where he is." He grimaced pitifully, his eyes pleading for gifts—a few coins to see him on his way.

"What!" McTaggert pretended to be annoyed and started to bait him. "You still *umtakati,* you rascal? How many you 'smell out' this year? Tell me."

At the mention of *umtakati,* Sekundi's eyes began to roll nervously. "No, *baas,* I am not witch doctor. I throw the bones, *baas,* that is all. I am a poor, weak man," he said, smiling ingratiatingly. He knew as well as anyone that witch doctors were illegal in British territories, and he tried to explain that he wasn't even a practicing amateur, which was also forbidden. Just a reader of the bones, *baas.* Did not all black men dabble a little in that pastime?

"Who is this odd character, Corporal?" Brodie asked interestedly.

"Oh, he's just an old bone fancier," McTaggert told him, turning to his horse. "I ran him in once because he was involved in a sorcery charge, but he was finally proved innocent. He's not a witch doctor, of course, any more than you are, but he always had a weakness for the bones. It's all Mumbo Jumbo and old Mother Riley." McTaggert had a profound contempt for Kaffir witchcraft, which seemed to him nothing more than an undue respect for coincidence, or at the most the influence of a clever man on the minds of superstitious and ignorant natives.

Sekundi, thinking they were leaving him, glanced imploringly at Brodie, and rattled the bag at his side.

"Couldn't we let him do his stuff this once, Corporal?" Brodie said. "I mean, I've never seen anyone throw the bones, as you call it. I don't even know what it means."

CORPORAL McTAGGERT gave a harsh laugh. "Do you know what would happen if the word got around that we'd consulted a bone-thrower? We'd be the laughingstock of the colony, and we'd lose our jobs besides. You ought to have more sense, Trooper Brodie."

"I don't mean that we take it seriously, Corporal. What do you think I am? It's just that I feel it would be an interesting experience for a policeman to have, being new and all that." If the request were put that way, he didn't see how the other could refuse.

"Not a chance," McTaggert said firmly. Then, turning to Sekundi, he ordered him away. *"Hamba!* Go on, you old scrounger, get away!"

Sekundi hastily shuffled away, afraid of getting a playful kick from this Corporal *baas* with a heart of stone. But he didn't go far, and when he thought he was out of reach of blows and insults, he squatted down in the sand and watched them.

"There's another reason, too, Brodie," McTaggert said, wanting to be fair with his disappointed young aide. "If you let him throw the bones, he'll want to bring the villagers into it, and that's bad. He has to have an audience, if possible, do you see? It means prestige. It would help to make his reputation. And don't think he'd tell you that the man we're after is in Portuguese East, oh, no. He knows we're already aware of that and that he wouldn't get a cent out of us. To earn something, he would have to say the fellow's still on this side, thinking we'd be silly enough to pay him for that interesting bit of information." He paused, frowning. "He might even do worse. All Kaffirs are scared stiff of *takati,* and Sekundi might decide to 'smell one out.' You know, pick on the jumpiest member of his audience and accuse him."

Brodie grinned.

"Oh, don't laugh, my lad, it can happen," McTaggert said, swinging into the saddle. "You don't know these fellows like I do. And the poor mutt he accused would be too darned scared to protest. It's all suggestion, see?"

"I expect you're right, Corporal. When will you be back?"

Corporal McTaggert consulted his wrist watch. "Meet me outside the village in an hour. We should reach base before sundown. And while you're here, by the way, don't go to sleep. It looks bad for a policeman on duty."

Brodie watched him disappear through the trees, riding comfortably with a slack rein, his smart khaki uniform now very creased and showing patches of sweat around the shoulders.

Left alone, Trooper Brodie debated whether he should have a chat with the headman and improve his knowledge of the patois spoken in those parts, or whether he should take his rifle and search the riverbank for crocodiles. Undecided, he lighted a cigarette and strolled about the compound with his hands in his pockets. Sekundi, who was watching him with great interest, caught his eye and smiled. Brodie looked away. Sekundi got to his feet and cautiously approached. Brodie stopped, and even as he stared into that black, wrinkled face, he knew that he wasn't going to waste any time pretending; he definitely wanted to see the throwing of the bones. "Yes," he said to the old man, and nodded.

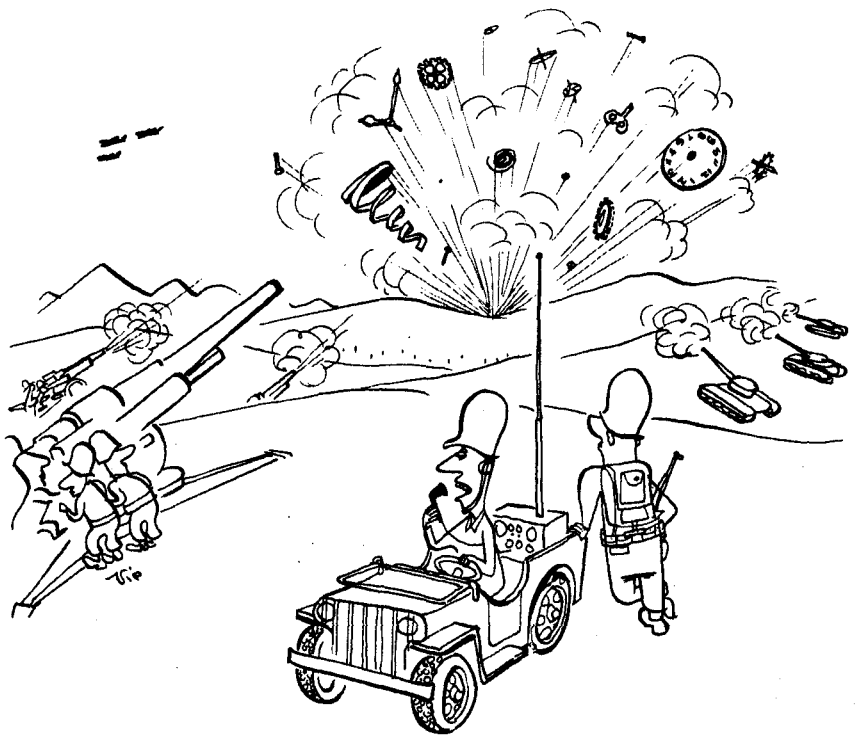
"Mushi, baas," Sekundi said delightedly, salaaming, and immediately he began to round up the villagers with shrill cries, commanding them to gather around him. They came fearfully, keeping their distance, and finally squatted reluctantly in a semicircle, nudging one another and rolling their eyes. Two or three men in the background tried to glide away among the huts, but the old man saw them and gave a shrill cry of displeasure. Obediently, they returned and sat down with the rest.

BRODIE, who was impressed with this show of power, already felt uncomfortable in spite of his eagerness to see what was coming next, but he stood behind the old man and tried to appear unconcerned. Somehow the business had got out of hand in its first stage; the mere fact that no one seemed to bother about his presence implied that the minor drama about to be enacted was outside his influence. Normally, the Tongas would have greeted a white man and shown self-consciousness in their demeanor, but for all the attention he got from them, he might as well not have been there. It was a strange sensation.

There was hardly a sound in the clearing as Sekundi, preparing for the first throw, emptied his bag on the ground with a flourish, rocking and crooning with pleasure as he sat cross-legged and poked among the fragments with a gnarled, bony finger. There were about forty or fifty small pieces—bone splinters, polished stones of the kind taken from crocodiles' stomachs, claws, teeth and beads, all commonplace and unimpressive. Brodie was disappointed with the "bones," for he had been expecting a human assortment, but he might have been more interested if he had known that, to Sekundi and the Tongas, each piece was endowed with a sex, and represented persons and things. Reading the meaning of the bones was an ancient institution and was the favorite method of locating lost persons or property, as well as exposing the guilty. Its main advantage was that few dared dispute its verdict. If Brodie had been aware of that, he might have taken McTaggert's theory about "suggestion" less lightly and not involved himself in something that was beyond his understanding.

To the perturbed villagers, who believed implicitly in the power of the bones, the atmosphere was one of mounting horror as they watched Sekundi prepare for the first throw. Each was uncertain whether at some time or other he or she had offended him in some way, in which case there was double cause for alarm at the outcome of the ceremony. Revenge by witchcraft was common among all tribes, although in order for it to be effective, the invoker had to be something of a professional sorcerer. No one knew for sure whether Sekundi was that or not—that would partly depend on the case they were about to witness—but many of them had heard strange tales about this old man and his successes in Portu-

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S **"Yes, Chief, everything's going off like clockwork"** VIRGIL PARTCH

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guese Africa, and only an expert would dare read the bones in public.

It was time for the first throw, and Brodie awaited it impatiently. Apart from worrying about Corporal McTaggert, who might return sooner than he was expected, there was the discomfort of the sun and glare. As he stood perspiring in that shadeless clearing, he bitterly regretted that he had not gone shooting crocodiles instead.

Sekundi had scooped up the bones; he breathed on them and shook them. After staring intently at the people about him, he flung the pieces to the ground with an abrupt movement and bent over them, prodding each one with his stick. He shrugged several times and finally came to one that seemed to interest him deeply. Pursing his lips, he studied it in its relationship to the others and seemed to come to a conclusion, for his taut body relaxed, and his eyes closed in contemplation. Then: "I see him!" he shouted suddenly, opening his eyes, and there was a moan of fear from the assembled villagers.

"Yes, I see him plainly," he added, his eyes glazed and his body tense with concentration as he tapped the bone of guilt. The unmistakable note of genuine triumph in his voice made Brodie's throat go suddenly dry. He swallowed hard, trying not to let his imagination run away with him.

The Tongas waited with bated breath, morbid with fascination. Sekundi's *takati* seemed strong at this moment, his power unquestionable. He was sure to get his man.

More mutterings came from Sekundi, followed by another announcement. "I see a river."

As the Tongas grasped the import of this, they shuddered. A few women quickly hid their faces in their hands.

"And I see a kraal," Sekundi said. As if to make his meaning clear, he looked around at them with narrowed eyes.

SEVERAL of the onlookers were seized with violent fits of trembling; their eyes rolled, and their mouths gaped. Fear worried each of them as they waited for the "smelling out."

"I see the river, the kraal and the man," Sekundi said in measured tones, and a woman let out an abrupt, stifled squeal.

Brodie started involuntarily, a chill running up his spine. The woman had sounded hardly human, more like some wild beast who is trapped, its life's blood running out. He stood petrified for a moment, unable to move or speak, and then there gradually crept over him the terrible realization that he also was afraid and unable to cope with the situation. He was like a man who had playfully kicked a boulder on a precipice, only to see it move, overbalance and fall with gathering speed to the road below.

"Yes, I see him plainly now," Sekundi went on, "and he is afraid. His hand trembles as it clutches his mouth." A few villagers instinctively put a hand to their mouths in horror, and the old man glanced at them and nodded with satisfaction. He was beginning to "smell out" the guilty one.

Brodie suddenly recalled, with sickening revulsion, Corporal McTaggert's words about the accused—"and the poor mutt would be too darned scared to protest." They hit him now with all the force of an explosive as he watched Sekundi begin to concentrate on one man, one of several who had clutched their mouths, but one who appeared even more frightened than the rest. McTaggert had been right; the throwing of the bones was a bad business. It was a cruel, merciless ordeal, calculated to shatter the nerves of a defenseless people, the weakest of whom were bound to break under the strain of it, whether or not they were guilty of a crime.

"He is wearing a green coat . . . It is a ragged coat, broken at the sleeve . . ."

SEKUNDI'S utterances reached Brodie only faintly, as though he were miles away. The thought of McTaggert had diverted his attention, and feverishly he looked at his watch and saw that almost three quarters of an hour had passed. The corporal would be coming back soon; he might even ride into the village and find the trooper witnessing the diabolical ritual which he had condemned and forbidden. Brodie had to act quickly.

He lurched forward. "Sekundi, you must stop," he said weakly, but the old man either did not hear him or chose to ignore him.

". . . a green coat," Sekundi went on with relish, taking his time, for he knew he had his man.

"Listen to me!" Brodie yelled, in panic at the old man's disregard of him.

"And with the coat there is a belt, made from the skin of inyama. Yes, it is he. He wishes to run away but cannot. He is finished . . ."

A man with a green coat jumped up with a strangled cry and stood swaying with his head in his hands.

"There he is!" Sekundi shouted, pointing. "There is the guilty one!"

Even as the accused recoiled and fell back, Brodie went up to Sekundi and yelled at him, "Break it up, you fool! Get them away from here, do you hear me?" He was livid with anger, but he was mostly angry with himself at being responsible for this idiotic entertainment. All he wanted was to get away from the place as soon as possible.

Sekundi dismissed the assembly with a gesture and turned a pleading face to the police trooper. *"Baas—"*

"Shut up!" Brodie said. He reached hurriedly into his pocket. "Here, and forget this ever happened."

He threw a coin at the old man and walked away, hoping he would meet McTaggert before he came back into the village looking for him. As he mounted his horse he tried to compose his features and erase everything he had just witnessed from his mind, for he felt that his part in the episode was something he would be ashamed of to his dying day.

Sekundi watched him ride out, unable to understand the white man's anger, or why he should have deliberately refused to heed him. Was the man not a thief? Had he not seen the man creeping into the village that morning with a bag that had clinked suspiciously? True, he had used the thief for his own ends, but had he not shown the white man what a clever *umtakati* he was?

Ai-ee! These whites! Sekundi shook his head in perplexity and turned to the headman who had stayed when all the rest had scattered.

"I cannot understand," he said, "why the *polisi* did not take him to prison."

"Nor can I," the headman replied, "for you certainly told him the truth. Look!"

The headman pointed to where a man was running among the huts, heading frantically for the bush at the far end of the village. But Sekundi merely sighed. Even without looking he knew the man had on a green coat, and was grasping something heavy under it. ▲▲▲

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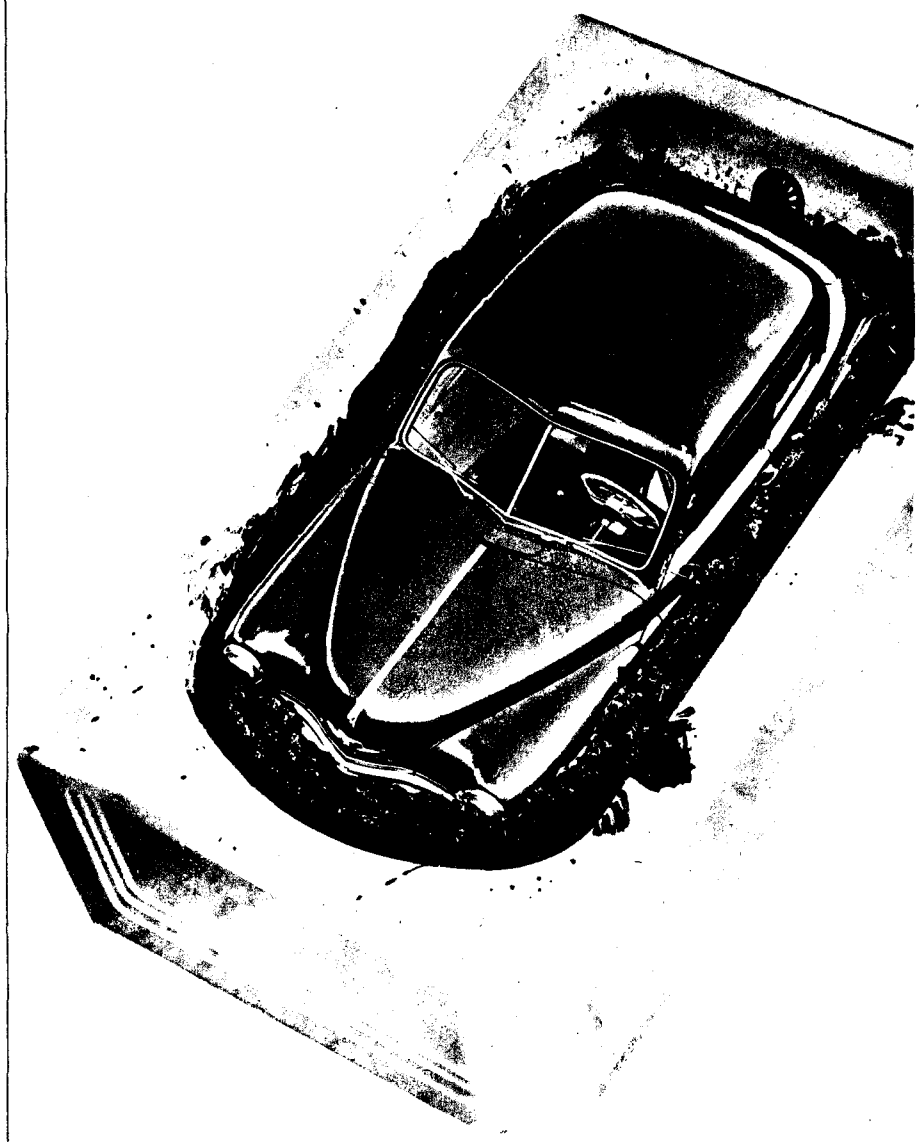

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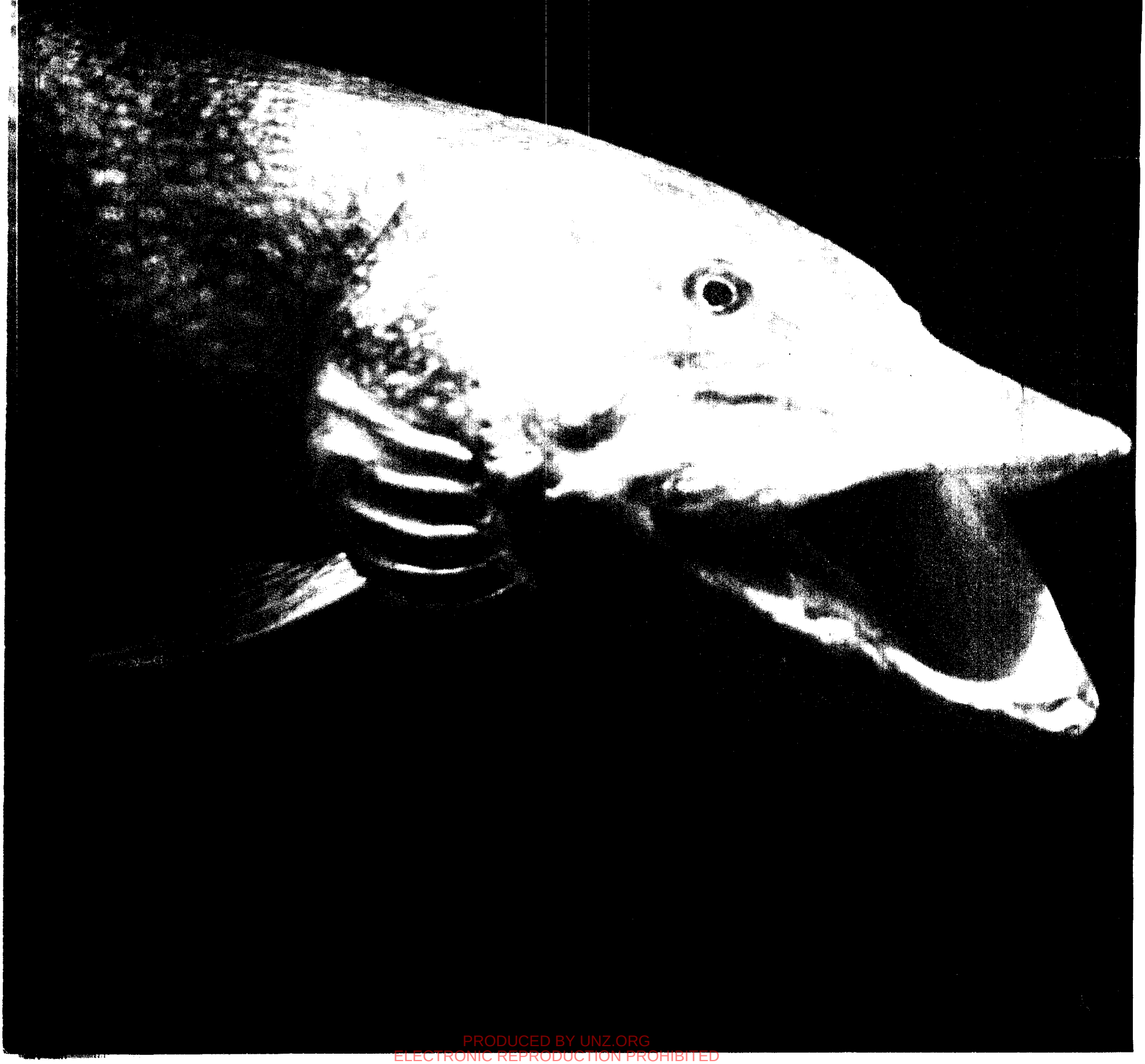
There's a "let's-go-fishin'" feeling in the air and 40,000,000 anglers are just



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itching for a . . . STRIKE!

THE strike is fishing's incomparable instant. For the confirmed angler, there is nothing else like it on earth. It comes as a walloping, unexpected, jolting impact that suddenly transforms his line from a limp piece of string into a vibrant, fighting, living thing.

It is the anticipation of a strike that annually lures some 40,000,000 fishermen to our oceans, lakes and rivers. Whether they're after bluegills or black marlin, each angler starts off with the hope that what you see happening in the exceptional photograph on these two pages will happen to himself: a king-size strike.

The big one shown here about to take the lure is a 14-pound northern pike, a native of one of Minnesota's sky-blue lakes where northerns probably are found in greater numbers than in any other state in the nation. To get him alive, Gopher State conservation authorities seined a lake, popped him (and five friends) into an aerated tank and shipped him with a caretaker in attendance at Collier's expense to Chicago's famed Shedd Aquarium. There countless lures were thrown at him to get this remarkable picture.

Go Fishing *with Collier's*

During the next several months, this scene will be repeated unobserved millions of times. And each time, no matter how experienced the angler, the thrill is the same. You can hear it now: "Got one!"

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE WOODBURY

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Go Fishing with Collier's

For those who go down to the sea to fish, the ocean readily yields her bounties to the

Big Fun With Small Fish

PARTY boats sailing daily from the seaports fringing our coasts make it possible for every man to go deep-sea fishing for from $4 to $10. Transportation to the fishing grounds is included; sometimes so is tackle, and the necessary bait—just about everything, in fact, except the fish. The angler still has to land his own.

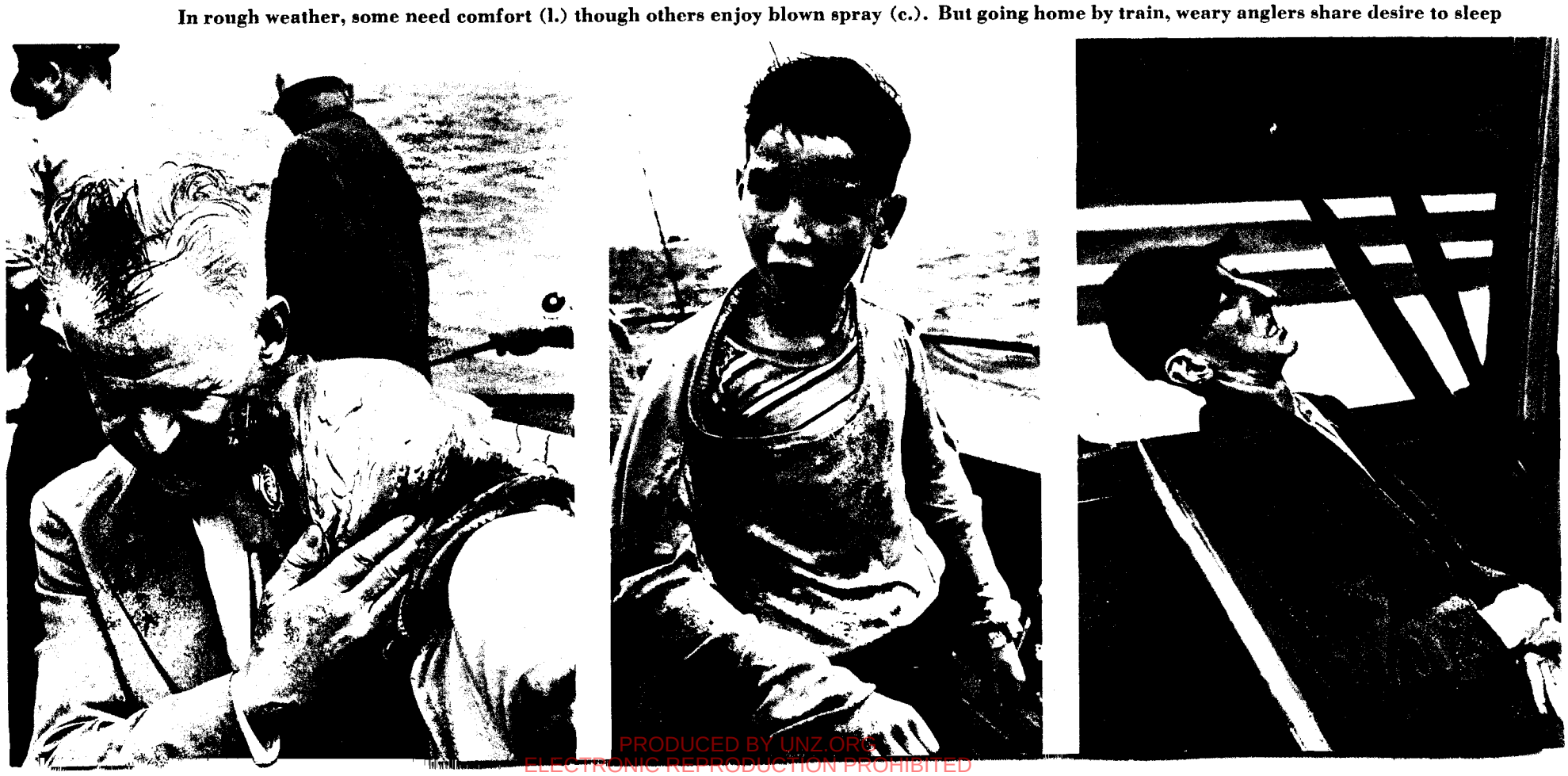
One of the country's best bases for party-boat operations is Montauk, New York, on the eastern tip of Long Island, where 75 boats are on the go almost every day of the season. Some are reserved for the sleepy-eyed New Yorkers who arrive aboard the Long Island Rail Road's "Fisherman's Special" which leaves Manhattan on week ends at 5 A.M. Once on the fishing grounds, the eager anglers gladly take potluck—whatever happens to be running: cod, pollack, sea bass, fluke, porgies, and, once in a great while, even the elite striped bass. They have as much fun as if they had fished from a $100-a-day charter boat.

The ride back is a quiet one. Sleep is irresistible. The city-bound sailors are home from the sea.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MARTIN IGER

Party-boat anglers off Montauk, Long Island, pay $5.00 for a day's deep-sea fishing, catch variety of fish—sea bass (l. and c.), fluke (r.)

In rough weather, some need comfort (l.) though others enjoy blown spray (c.). But going home by train, weary anglers share desire to sleep



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and-line angler and the rich sportsman alike. Who has more fun? No one can say

Landing "The Biggest One" Along Peru's Marlin Junction

By S. KIP FARRINGTON, JR.

FISHING has been my life. For 40-odd years—from Nova Scotia to New Zealand—I have fished for just about everything that swims. And I certainly have had my share of exciting experiences, even going after flounder on Long Island Sound; but in recent years I have concentrated more on big-game fishing.

I've found that it's a pleasure filled with heartbreak. You can travel enormous distances, put up with all sorts of inconveniences, even real hardship—and wind up with nothing. But the biggest risks most often pay the biggest dividends. There is always that tiny, remote, one-in-a-million chance you'll really connect.

I was lucky. I connected. I caught the world's record black marlin. Of all the marlin family, the black is the hardest to catch and by far the most coveted. Furthermore, next to sharks, he is the biggest game fish in the sea.

* * *

I sighted his tail at 3:50 P.M. September 28, 1952, and a moment later the lookouts up on the mast spotted it too.

"Grande! Grande! A giant!" they shouted.

He was at least a half mile away and even at that distance he was so large I thought at first he was a huge manta ray. We increased speed immediately, then came about and headed for him. His tail disappeared. It was a murky day with a strong wind out of the south and a good sea running, and the weather was making up. By the time we had closed to within 200 yards, all of us were drenched by the spray from the chilly waters of the Pacific's Humboldt Current, flowing off the westernmost tip of South America.

Everything was ready. When we crossed in front of the position where the fish had been sighted, we slowed until we were barely moving, then tossed the bait into the water. The line immediately paid out, and made a little singing noise as it stripped off the reel.

We maneuvered so as to put the mackerel bait right in front of the big fellow's nose. Then came the big question: Would he take it? Who could tell? You can put the bait in a fish's mouth, but you can't make him bite. All you can do is wait and hope, and we did both. I listened to the wind tuning up in the rigging, and the water in the bottom of the boat that made a whispered rushing noise as we rolled uncomfortably in the trough of the sea.

Then he hit. The reel screamed and he highballed off like a runaway express train at close to 60 miles an hour.

In less than a minute, he'd gone 500 feet. Just far enough.

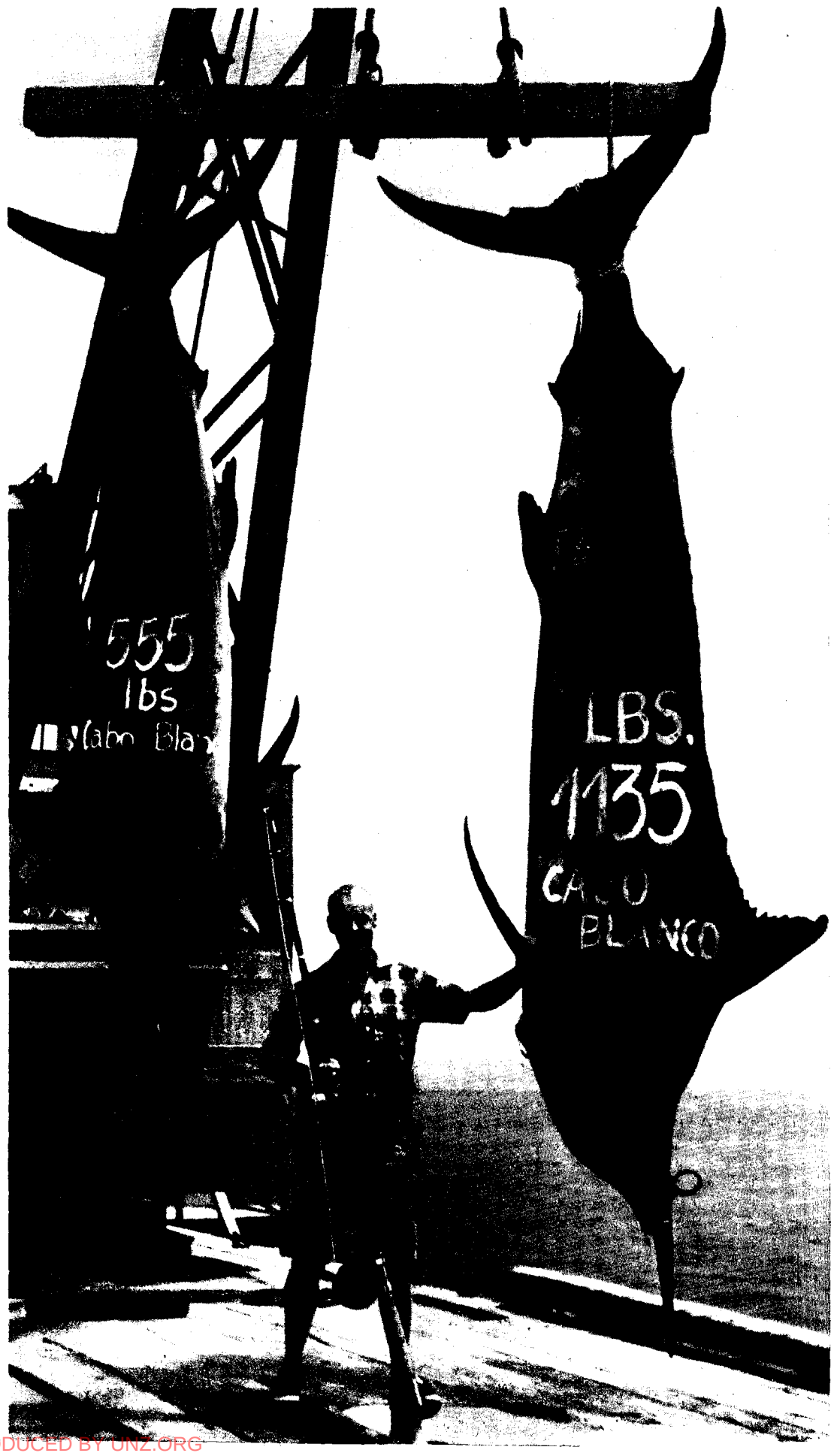
"Adelante!" I shouted. "Give her the gas!"

The boat leaped ahead. I braced my feet, threw the drag on the reel and jerked the rod upward. The hook bit home, and more important—it held.

I suddenly realized I was shaking. My shoulders trembled and so did my hands. Even my legs quivered. I felt as though I might get sick. Maybe it was setting the hook, or maybe it was just the excitement. It had happened so fast. And I could tell he was big, really big. Possibly even a half-tonner.

But then I recalled that this was "Marlin Junction," where half-tonners are almost commonplace. Marlin Junction's real name, of course, is Cabo Blanco—White Cape. Here, in the space of five months during 1952, the world's record for black marlin had been broken three times. Until 1952, the old record had stood unchallenged for 26 years: a 976-pound black marlin caught off New Zealand in 1926.

The discovery of Cabo Blanco and its apparent magnetic appeal for the largest fish in the world was a gradual process. Although it had long been known as an excellent spot for several big-game species, it wasn't until 1951 that several of the world's most devoted game fishermen really sampled its resources in large numbers and came away convinced that here was the end-all of big-game fishing grounds. These sportsmen and a few of their acquaintances, including myself, banded together to form the Cabo Blanco Fishing Club. The Lobitos Oil Company, owner of the land, graciously allotted us a small parcel at Cabo Blanco on which to build our clubhouse. The



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company also granted the use of their pier and agreed to train some of their employees to serve as crewmen on the fishing boats.

We were in business—and business turned out to be astoundingly good.

In April, 1952, the twenty-six-year-old record came tumbling down when Alfred C. Glassell, Jr., of Houston, Texas, boated a 1,025-pounder. Glassell held the crown until the 3rd of August when Tom Bates of Talara, Peru, caught a 1,060-pounder. But Bates had hardly got used to being champion when Glassell came home 17 days later with a black marlin that weighed in at 1,090 pounds.

To date there isn't any tested scientific explanation of Cabo Blanco's fascination for swordfish, all types of Pacific marlin, big-eyed tuna and other big-game fish. However, it is generally assumed that the peculiar combination of water currents and temperatures found there is responsible. Just off Cabo Blanco the cold Humboldt Current from the south—the current which the famed raft Kon-Tiki rode to the Polynesian Islands—suddenly swings westward and begins its journey across the Pacific. From the north comes the warm Equatorial or Ninon Current. A third current, unnamed, warm and often muddy, joins the others. It spills down from the Andes and into the sea through the Gulf of Guayaquil several miles to the north. Whatever the reason, big fish seem to find the area irresistible.

My shaky, desperate feeling didn't last long. The monster on the end of my line gave me so much to think about that there wasn't time for thoughts of anything else. The force of setting the hook had stopped him cold, but the pause only lasted a moment. He took control again and streaked off on a glorious run. The line raced through the water, trailing a hissing plume of spray behind it.

Then he jumped—and we saw him for the first time. He was about a thousand feet from the boat when the sea erupted and his huge bulk came roaring out of the water. What a sight he was, the gun-metal color of his body glistening with water. There was no doubt any more that he was big. But at that distance, it was impossible to tell how big.

Again and again he burst out of the water, greyhounding over the surface, walking on his tail or simply bounding into the air. I counted the jumps. In the first 35 minutes he leaped 23 times. Then he settled down and swam rapidly to the north.

Rough Weather and a New Menace

It had been an ugly sort of day from the start, and now the sea was making up more and more, and the day was running out. I glanced at the captain and I could see he was having an increasingly hard time handling the boat.

Just then a new menace came along. A second tail almost the same size as the first appeared alongside my fish. I knew that a fish as big as that might cut the line. For a half hour the two fish swam side by side while I hung on. There was nothing I could do to get rid of the second fish except to fight the one I'd hooked, and hope.

Almost abruptly I realized I was terribly thirsty, but I was afraid to take a drink. Food of any sort and most liquids simply don't mix with the physical and emotional strain of handling big-game fish.

At about 5:30 P.M., an hour and 20 minutes after I'd hooked my fish, the second tail disappeared. An instant later my fish slowed his northward voyage. I was afraid he'd head down. If he did, it meant real trouble. A desperate sounding fish will sometimes descend to such a depth that the water pressure kills him, just as it would kill a human being. After he does, it's almost useless to try to raise him. It's like trying to lift an anvil with a piece of thread.

Sure enough, my big fellow headed down. I had to stop him, so I braced my feet and pumped on the rod and reeled in. But I might have been a toddling child trying to hold back a great Dane. The bottom was 800 fathoms below and he was hell-bent right for it. He kept going down. At 200 feet, my arms started to quiver again, this time from fatigue.

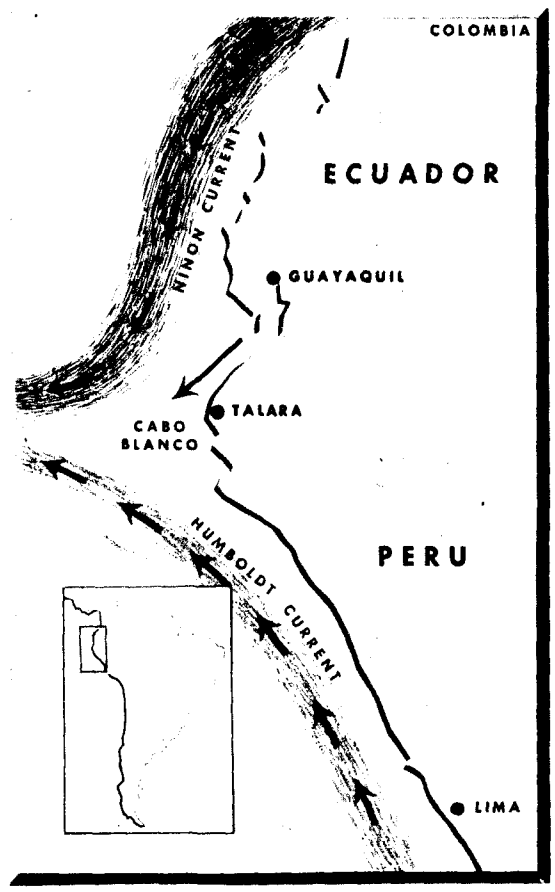
I gave it all I had. At 250 feet I was able to stop his downward run.

At 5:45 P.M., I couldn't stand my thirst any longer. I asked for something to drink and they brought me a bottle of pop. It tasted like nectar.

My real enemy now was time. The sun was almost down and less than an hour of daylight remained. While I had been fighting the fish, the wind had picked up immensely. The wind had increased to an angry shriek and the boat was rolling dangerously. I glanced at the faces of the crewmen and it was obvious we all shared the same worry: we had to get the fish alongside the boat within a half hour. Handling anything his size would be well-nigh impossible in the darkness. I had work to do—lots of it.

So I put added pressure on him. I reached down and increased the drag on the reel so that there was almost no slippage. That simple act lifted me right out of the chair and I hung there, suspended on one side by the pull of the fish and by the safety harness on the other.

In the hour and a half I had fought him, the fish had taken us about six miles north and about three miles closer to shore. The high Peruvian cliffs were black with the setting sun. Condors floated gracefully over them without moving their wings.



AL TARTER

Cabo Blanco (Marlin Junction) is where three currents (arrows) mingle, attracting big fish

Above the boat itself, man-of-war birds and booby gannets darted and circled as though curious. The wind was giving even them a bad time, but they were too fascinated by the proceedings below to leave.

For the next 20 minutes I worked the fish with all my might. I was tiring rapidly, but little by little I inched him closer to the boat. He was tiring, too. At the end of those aching 20 minutes the leader came out of the water. The fish was only 24 feet behind it.

The crewmen set up a clamor and scrambled to grab the leader.

"Leave it alone! Leave it alone!" I shouted.

The fish was nowhere near played out. If we had tried to boat him then, we probably would have lost him for good. Sheepishly, the crewmen backed away. And as they did, the fish broke for the open sea again. Once more the line paid out behind him. And again I began the tortuous job of bringing him back alongside.

A few moments later the leader reappeared and once more I ordered the crew to keep clear of it.

Two men stood by with gaffs, one on the port, one on the starboard side of the stern. A third crewman was assigned to the leader. This time they obeyed my orders and kept in the background. The fish turned and swam away again, but he was tiring too and his run was halfhearted.

He didn't go far and I had him back in less than five minutes. I nodded and the crewman alongside my chair reached out and seized the leader.

The crewman had a life-and-death hold on the leader. He had taken hold of it on one corner of the cockpit, but the fish gave a flip and the crewman was yanked to the opposite corner of the stern. The fish broke from the crewman's grasp and headed for deep water again. Five minutes later I had the leader out of the water for the fourth time and now I assigned two crewmen to it while the third stood by with the gaff.

The sea was rolling down on us. Almost every wave broke against the stern and poured over the backs of the men holding the leader. Nevertheless, they brought it up ever so slowly.

The higher they raised him, of course, the more difficult their job became. I glanced toward shore and wondered whether I should tell them to let him run. A slip on the deck or simply an awkward step and we could lose a man over the side.

Man on the Gaff Ignores Danger

But still they made headway. Tom Bates, who had held the record for black marlin so briefly only the month before, was on the gaff. He leaned over the stern, ignoring the water that burst over him as he waited for the precise instant.

We rode up on a swell, then dropped into the trough. The fish came just a bit higher and at that exact moment Bates struck. He had him.

We killed the motors immediately, and even before they quit, the block and tackle were being lowered from the gin pole. The rope was slipped over his tail, and it came time for the long pull.

Five of us took hold of the line and hauled away. The gin pole was 14 feet high, and even when the tackle was two-blocked all the way up, the fish was still partly in the water. He was losing some blood, but there was nothing we could do about that. However, we did reach down and tie his mouth shut so that anything left in his stomach would not slide out. We wanted to be sure to get full weight.

We kicked the motors on again and set a course for Cabo Blanco. It was slow going because of the sea. When we were on the proper heading toward the cape, all of us took hold of his head and yanked and pulled and sweated until we brought his head aboard. He slid on in and we got him straightened away. He just fitted in on one side of the cockpit.

Someone handed me a towel and, as I wiped myself dry, I looked at him. I shall never forget that wonderful tail there against the stern with the light from the gin pole shining on it and all glimmering in the darkness. I remembered when we had first sighted it those two long hours before.

We pulled alongside the dock at 7:30 P.M. Only two men were waiting for us. It wasn't what you'd call a really festive reception committee. We put our lines over and the craneman lowered the block for the fish. They never look bigger than that first time the crane lifts them into the air.

When he was hanging at full length at last, we all stared at him in awe. But a feverish question raced among us: How much does he weigh?

Dick Norris broke away and ran to get the scales while the crewmen pulled the boat away to moor it.

We measured him. His tail was four feet 10 inches wide. His girth measured exactly six feet. And from the tip of his bill to the tip of his wonderful tail he was 14 feet eight inches long. The scales arrived. At the first weighing we all looked at one another. I felt weak and strangely humble. Twice more we weighed him to make sure.

Just then the boat crew paddled up to the pier on their little balsa raft. I called down to them in my awful Spanish: *"Uno, uno, tres, cinco*—1,135 pounds."

I shall never forget the look on their faces.

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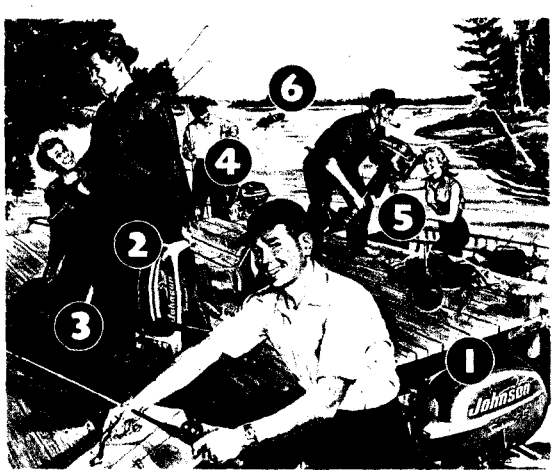
YOUR GUIDE TO OUTBOARD MOTORING'S BIG BUYS



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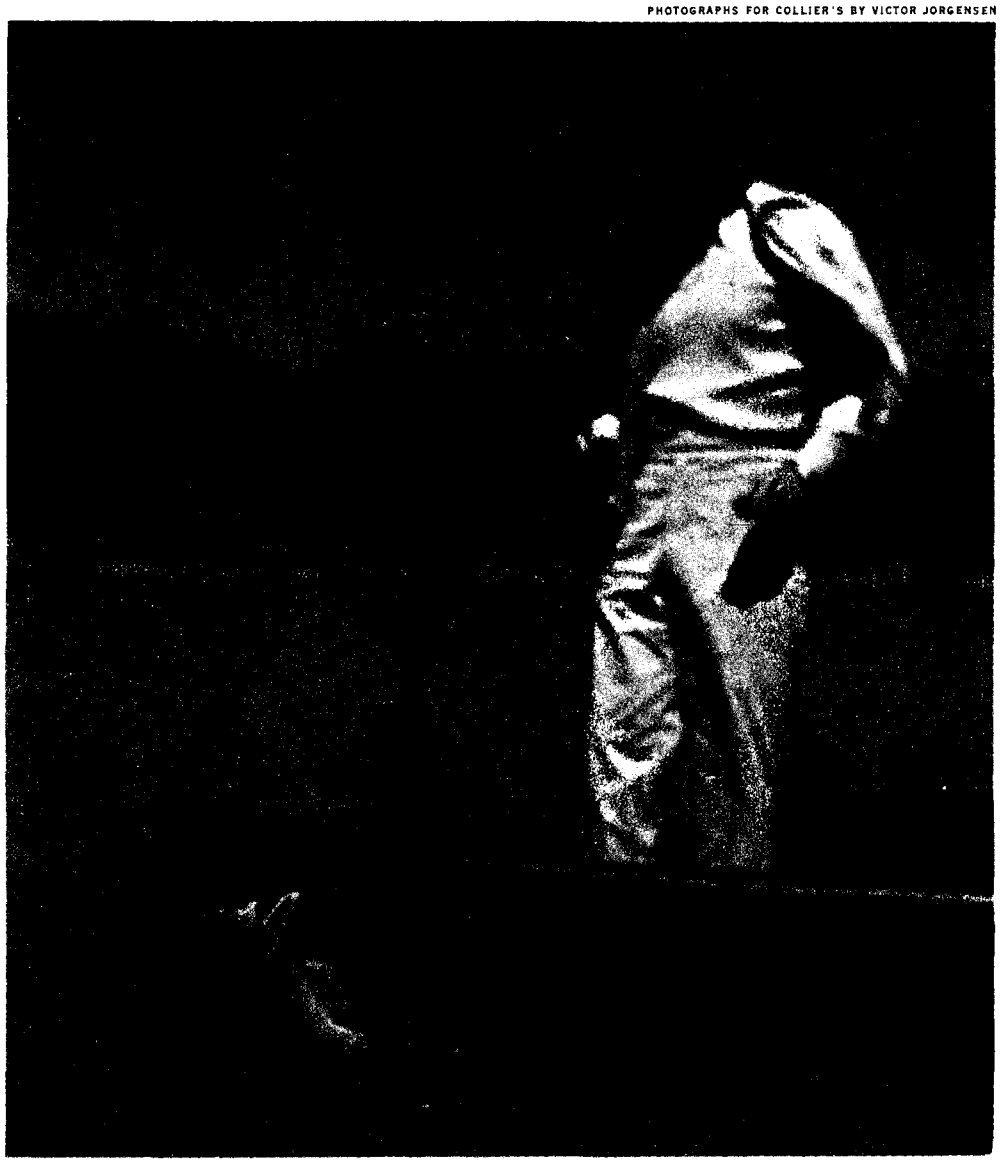
PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN



Leaping one-pound crappie puts up fight out of proportion to weight on the end of Minor Clark's fly line. Scene is Herrington Lake, Ky.

By JACK DENTON SCOTT

Perch, bluegills, sunfish, crappies all suffer the common indignity of their prosaic name—pan fish. But just wait until you tie into one with some light tackle

THE evening's faint hush of wind was gone. To the west, a line of pine trees on the shore stood out against the twilight like a row of teeth on some gigantic saw. My boat was anchored in the cove of a little birch-covered island. The tiny sounds of night increased—mostly birds; some clear, some far away. A loon dipped low over the lake, uttering its lonely cry. And there were swallows, always busy, always chattering.

But I paid them no heed. I was a fisherman and the water held my attention. There were sounds there, too. And though they were small, each had its meaning, each conveyed the drama taking place beneath the surface. The minnows were rising. Some came up and skittered along the top, hardly ruffling the water as they played.

Abruptly I was startled by a splash, solid, big and businesslike. A bass was having his dinner.

I settled back again, still listening.

And then I heard it, just off to the right. A minnow burst out of the water. On an infinitesimal scale, it was a leap that would have done credit to a marlin.

A moment later, a second minnow jumped, followed almost immediately by two more. Something big was intent on making a meal of them.

That was my signal. I cast. An instant later he hit. The line stiffened and my rod whipped over in an arc. He dived and I let him run. He raced off for 50 feet, then headed up and jumped clear of the water. For five minutes we seesawed back and forth until I got him alongside, dipped the net down and brought him aboard.

Bantam Battler in the Net

He was a good half pound of bluegill. And he was typical of that plentiful group of bantam battlers—which also includes rock bass, bullheads, crappies, yellow perch and a half-dozen others—that go by the prosaic name of pan fish.

When most youngsters first set out with a cane pole, they're after pan fish. In that respect, maybe I never really grew up.

Sure, every year about this time I join the parade to the nearest trout stream and lay down my dry flies with the rest of the devotees of the brook and the rainbow. But as the season wears on, I go back more and more often to my first love—the little pan fish.

For years I have heard the pan fish belittled by too many sportsmen. They are quick to agree he's tasty,

Good-size crappie slips into net held by John T. Cox, Lawrenceburg, Ky. In spring, light-tackle anglers have real success with dry flies

Fishermen head home carrying string of bluegills caught in Elkhorn Creek, Ky. Pan fish are found in almost every body of water in nation

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Pan-Fishing

but his very name implies he has value only in the skillet. They say he lacks fight. Yet I have found the pan fish will provide as much sport as you care to make of him. Ounce for ounce, he may put up as much fight as a mako shark.

My devotion to the pan fish has a practical basis. I like to fish, and I like to fish often. The pan fish is accessible. He can always be found in close-to-home, easy-to-get-to lakes and ponds and streams. Very probably the body of water nearest you at this moment supports a good-size pan-fish population. He's right there for the taking whenever you care to go get him.

In addition, you can fish for him more often than you can for most other types of fish, certainly more than for the celebrated game fish: trout and bass and pike and muskellunge and salmon. In many states the closed season on pan fish (if indeed there is any at all) is comparatively brief. And the number of little fellows you can catch is almost always three or four times the legal limit on bass or trout. The daily bag of pan fish is usually set at 15 or more (often there is no limit whatever); the game fisherman rarely has a take-home quota of more than five.

You can use simple or elaborate equipment, depending on your likes or your pocketbook.

But there's always that controversy about the pan fish's fighting abilities.

Let's go catch one and find out once and for all. We'll start by using a cane pole and bobber—Huckleberry Finn equipment.

First, consider water temperature. In spring, when the water is cool, the pan fish generally lurks in close-to-shore shallows. But as the days grow longer and hotter and the water heats up, he'll head for deeper, cooler spots. You should do likewise. Always remember, though, he has a distinct liking for the cover of weed beds, sunken logs, lily-pad gardens and overhanging objects. Safer, you know.

Once you have established where he is likely to be, make your selection of baits to offer him. His natural food includes just about anything available he can swallow: small minnows, insects, hellgrammites, worms (love those worms!). If you use live bait, be certain it is *live*. I prefer to have at least two varieties of bait on hand. There's always the chance that the fish you're after caught a minnow for breakfast and he's in the mood for a change of diet—say a hellgrammite. But don't be satisfied with a humdrum enticement. Pep it up.

When You Use Worm as Bait

If you're fishing with worms, for example, attach a tiny spinner high up on the hook above the worm. The glitter will advertise your wares. And avoid using too large a hook. Pan fish have small mouths.

If you go to a lake you've never fished before, there's an old-timers' trick you can use. It's called the windrift method for locating your quarry. Let's assume it's midsummer, a fairly hot day. Chances are the fish will be lying close to the bottom. Use a smallish weedless hook and attach the leader so it trails out at a right angle to your line, about a foot or so from the end. And on the end itself attach a dipsey sinker, the squat,

John T. Cox, Jr. (r.), tries his luck with conventional cane-pole equipment. Day's catch at left is typical success for pan fisherman

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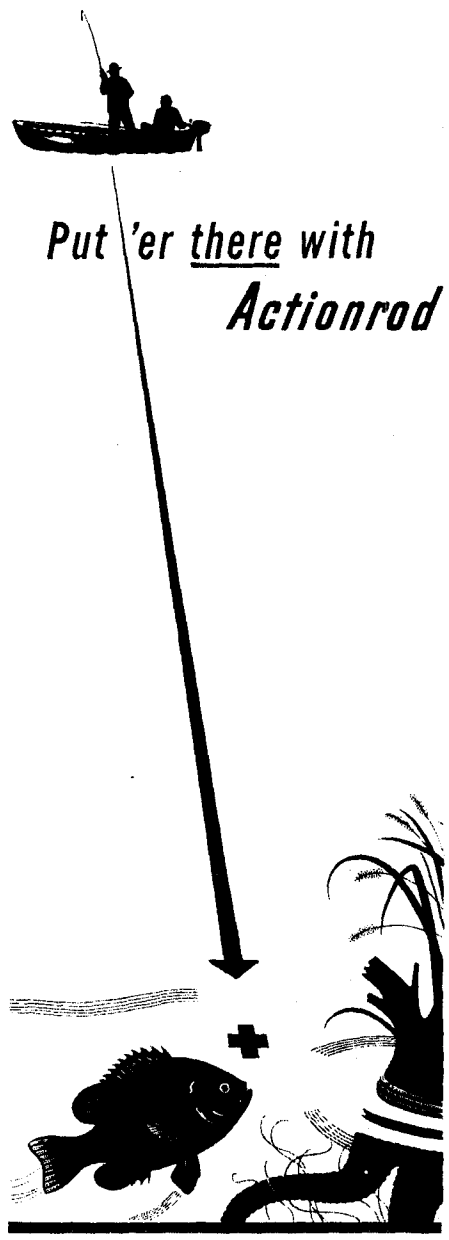

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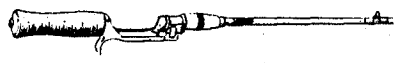

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cone-shaped variety, one which you have carefully pounded flat to facilitate movement over the bottom. Make your selection of bait, put it on the hook, climb into a rowboat and set sail.

Only let the wind do the work. The lighter the breeze, the better. Go wherever you're blown and troll your line behind the boat, letting the sinker drag along the bottom behind you. It's not foolproof (in fishing, what is?), but there's an excellent chance you'll drift over a school of pan fish.

A Warning About Anchoring

When you get your first bite, set up shop there and go to work. Where there's one pan fish, you can be pretty sure the rest of the school is close at hand. But remember: If you anchor, by all means do it gingerly so as not to frighten the school away.

The windrift method will work for most pan fish under most circumstances. But different varieties of pan fish do have their own peculiar ways of feeding.

What can be said of crappies also applies generally to bluegills and other sunfish. But the yellow perch—the little brother of the succulent walleyed pike (who isn't a pike at all)—has ideas of his own. He's pretty much a minnow fan, though he'll take other baits on occasion. His outstanding characteristic is his bait-stealing ability. If he wants to, the perch can undrape bait from a hook and make a clean getaway with nary a twitch on the line. It is wise, therefore, when fishing for perch to keep the line just taut enough to feel the perch's underwater pickpocketing activities.

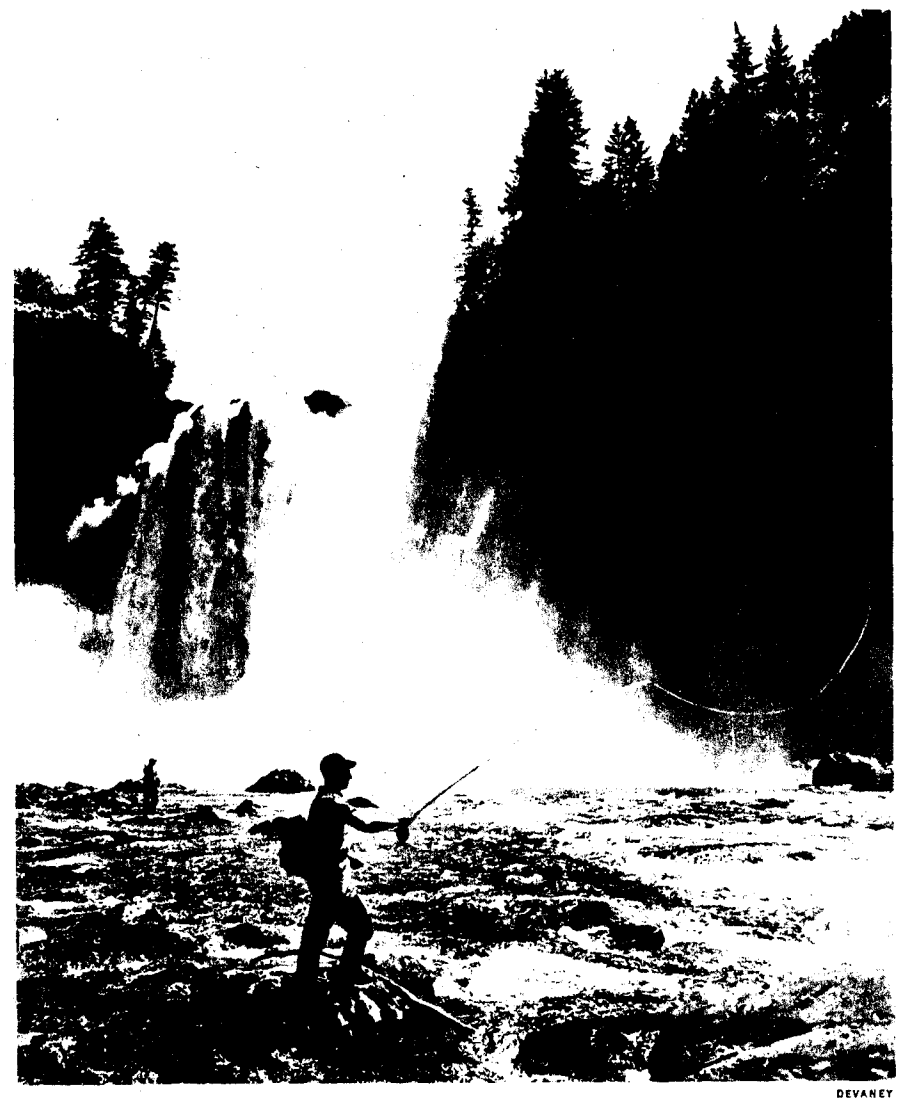
Lacking a better method, I use the three-and-out system. When I feel the first nibble, I say to myself, "Get ready!" The second time, it's "Stand by!" And on the third pass, it's "Yank!" It works as well as any method I've ever heard of.

Essentially, the distinguishing characteristic between the pan fisherman and the game fisherman is the tackle each uses. Of all fishermen, the most uncompromising in his methods is the dry-fly trout angler. He snakes a dressed line into the water and gently lays a hook, garnished with feathers and perhaps some animal fur (calculated to look like an insect), in front of the trout. If all the conditions are right, the trout mistakes the man-made fly for the real item and strikes. But it really isn't necessary to go to such elaborate lengths to get a trout on your line. Trout, despite their liking for flies, have more or less the same eating habits as, say, crappies. For example, trout are very fond of worms and a good many are caught just that way every year.

The reason the dry-fly fisherman sticks so steadfastly to his method is that he finds it more sporting—more fun. He's out to outwit the trout with his flies. And besides, on a fly rod, each tiny twitch of the fish seems to be multiplied a thousandfold, thereby accenting the challenge: because of the lightness of the rod and line, more skill is needed to bring the fish to net than would be required with sturdier equipment.

Primarily, then, the reason a fisherman promotes himself from live-bait, hook-and-bobber, cane-pole fishing to something more difficult, like fly fishing, is to increase his enjoyment. The challenge is greater; so is the excitement.

And the thrill of light-tackle fishing



DEVANEY

Trout fisherman loops fly line across mountain rapids. Season opening sent some 8,000,000 anglers to trout water to fish with fly equipment

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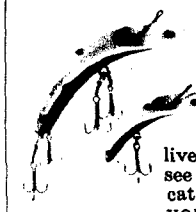

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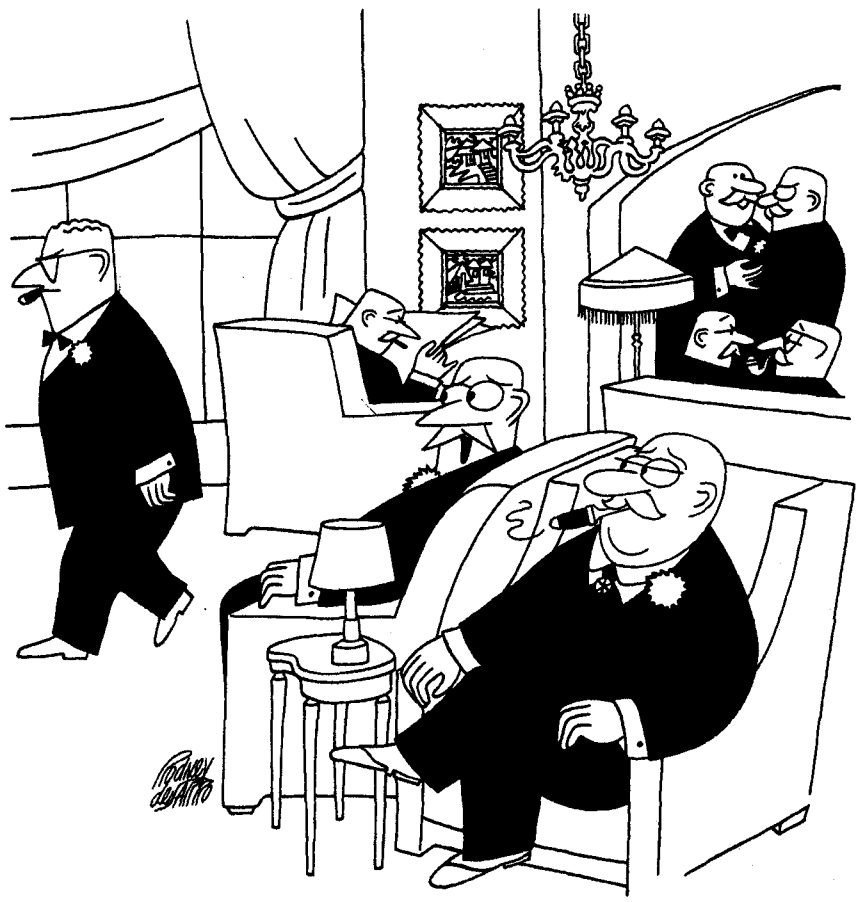

"That's young Bill Hendricks. Started out with twenty million dollars and ran it into a fortune"

COLLIER'S — RODNEY DE SARRO

is waiting for you with the pan fish. On the end of a fly rod or a willowy spinning rod his real fighting abilities suddenly become apparent. The little fellow who simply twitched and jerked on the end of your heavy cane pole now becomes a half pound of fury.

But if you would accept the challenge of pan fish with a fly rod, you must first master the technique. Fly casting cannot be taught on paper. You must practice. However, the intricacies of laying down a Western Bumble Bee, a Black Gnat or a small Bivisible (three of the best dry flies for attracting pan fish) are not so complex that they cannot be mastered after a few lessons. You won't be a champion at the start—but you should catch fish. Refinement and skill will come with time. After you land that first crappie on a fly rod, you'll be out there practicing (and bringing in fish) every spare minute.

And once you've learned the art of fly casting for pan fish, you'll have all the advantages other pan fishermen enjoy—availability, long open seasons, high legal limits—and, in addition, the kick that comes only from matching your tackle to your fish.

Spin Casting Appeals to Many

If you're not quite certain you want to go into fly fishing but would like to improve on the cane-pole technique, there's a sort of middle ground called spinning. An increasingly popular and amazingly simple type of fishing, it stems from an ancient European form of angling that has found great acceptance in this country in the last few years. In spin casting, no mechanical parts move; the line simply strips off the reel in coils. Manufacturers of spinning equipment claim that the slightest weight—anything equaling the heft of an ordinary paper clip—will produce excellent casts with one of their outfits.

For your purposes, if you're after excitement with small fish, the light, whiplike action of a spinning rod means real fun. They are a very reasonable facsimile of a fly rod and much easier to master. Furthermore, you can carry the similarity even further by actually fishing with flies, either wet (preferred for hotter days) or dry. The tiniest fly, the most delicate creation of the artist dry-flyman, can be used on a spinning rod by attaching a simple floating weight which sells for about 25 cents.

A Matter of Taste in Weapons

Indeed, the pan fish can be all things to all people. But everything depends on your individual tastes. He's waiting for you to take him with whatever fishing weapons you choose, and as your respect for him grows, you're almost certain to want to meet him on his own terms—with light tackle.

Your awakening to the appeal of the pan fish may be like that of a big-game fisherman friend of mine. He had traveled almost a thousand miles to go after muskellunge. For ten days he fished, from daylight to dark. Just once he saw a musky following his bait—but that was as close as he ever got to landing one.

Then, with only one day of his vacation left, he picked up his fly rod and went out once again. He was gone all day. When he failed to show up for dinner, one of his camp companions went to look for him.

He was standing in his waders, looping his fly out across the water. As his companion approached, my friend held up a string of crappies.

"What's this?" the companion asked.

"Practicin'—I'm just practicin'," he replied.

"For what?"

"For when I get home. I can do this five miles from my house."

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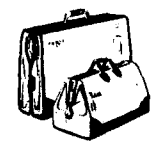

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ANTHONY SARIS

"I'm frightened," she said. "Don't go away, will you? Stay the night, please, please"

Death and Aunt Fancy

By EDMUND CRISPIN

THE woman who opened the door of the cottage when George Gotobed knocked was big-boned and active-looking. She was somewhere in the late fifties or early sixties and had a booming voice.

"Mr. Gotobed?" she said to him. "My name is Preedy; I am your aunt's companion. Do step inside. We're still in a bit of a muddle, I'm afraid. You'll have to remember that it's only three days since we moved in, and make allowances for us. But so cozy, don't you think? And you must speak up a bit"—this was in response to some muttered civility of George's—"because we're both hard of hearing, though your aunt has one of these hearing-aid things; no use for them myself. This way, and you'd better leave your hat on that chair."

George Gotobed's Aunt Fancy, whom he was meeting for the first time, proved to be of a different order of being from her companion. She was a little, plump robin of a woman, wearing a shapeless, unbecoming dress and sitting huddled defensively on a sofa. Beside her, a small radio played light music in a low murmur of sound. If she was deaf, George asked himself, how on earth could she hear the thing?—and only then he noticed the hearing aid plugged into her ear. And now she too was murmuring at him, uttering the conventional greetings, asking the expected questions. Infected by her diplomatic undertone, George answered in kind—until Miss Preedy impatiently requested them both to speak up.

But it was not until Miss Preedy went to the kitchen to fetch in the tea that the curious incident occurred. As the door closed behind the companion, the expression on Aunt Fancy's mild features altered abruptly, giving place to one of alarm.

"George—Mr. Gotobed," she whispered, "you mustn't leave me. I don't know what she wants, you see. I don't know why she's doing this." Her eyes shifted. "I'm frightened," she said. "Don't go away, will you? Don't go back to your school. Stay the night. Please, please don't go a—"

And at that she broke off, for the door had opened and Miss Preedy was back. For Heaven's sake, thought George, is this meant to be a joke? Or is the old girl a bit loopy? As he sat there uncomfortably sipping his tea, with the muted tones of the radio still filling the air, he found that for the life of him he was unable to take his aunt's words seriously. Of course, there had been old ladies whose companions had murdered them for their money. But apparently Aunt Fancy wasn't well off these days, and— No, no! It was ridiculous.

They ate and drank and talked politely, and presently George rose to take his leave. The invitation to stay was not renewed, and he was steadfast in avoiding his aunt's eye. Persecution mania, he reflected, as he walked back to the village.

But he always wondered, looking back on it afterward, if he had really, in his inmost heart, believed that.

SINCE it was impossible for him to get back to Oxford that night, he stayed at the village inn, intending to make the return journey in the morning. But in actual fact it was forty-eight hours or more before he reappeared at his college.

"So there I was, sir, stuck with it," he told his tutor. On his return, George had gone straight to the older man. "Aunt Fancy smothered with her own pillow during the night, the cottage burgled, policemen and lawyers to see, the body to identify —what with one thing and another I was lucky to get away as soon as I did."

"My dear George," said the tutor, whose name was Gervase Fen, "there's no need to apologize. Without wishing to be unkind, I may say that all this you've told me is vastly more entertaining than your opinions on The Merchant of Venice. Of course, I'm very sorry about your aunt—"

"That's all right, sir," George interrupted him. "I can't say I'm all that cut up about it, except of course for the fact that I deliberately ignored her appeal for help. That's not so funny. As a matter of fact, I'd never seen the old lady before, and she wasn't really my aunt even—she was my stepfather's sister—so naturally I don't feel—"

"Just so. Am I right in thinking that she was your only remaining relative?"

"Yes, sir."

"Natural enough, then, that she should remember you in her will."

"Well, sir, not quite so natural as all that. You see, when my stepfather was alive she quarreled with him violently. And she'd never once written to me till just the other day, when she asked me to come and see her, so I certainly wasn't expecting to inherit anything from her."

"Yes. Interesting. Let me get this straight, now. As I understand it, your aunt went out to Kenya some forty years ago and remained there, in Nairobi, up till last month, when she embarked for England. Incidentally, why the move?"

"I gather she was running out of cash, sir. And if she'd got to pocket her pride and live on a more modest scale, she preferred it to be in England, among strangers."

"I see. But in that case, your inheritance—"

"Life insurance, sir; there's a big sum to come. The companion, Miss Preedy, gets half, and I get the other half." George hesitated, then burst out: "Look here, sir, who do you think did the murder? Was it a burglar? Or was it Miss Preedy?"

"Neither," said Fen promptly. "Have you a photograph of your aunt?"

George shook his head, bewildered. "No, I—"

"Then we must rely," Fen interposed, "on Dawkins, an ex-pupil of mine. For some years now, Dawkins has been living and working in Nairobi. Also, he is an indefatigable diner-out. You can take it from me that there is no one more likely to be able to give me the facts about your aunt and Miss Preedy than Dawkins."

Fen rose. "The cablegram service is quick," he observed, "so I think that if you were to come back in, say, a couple of hours . . ."

TWO hours later the reply had, in fact, arrived. FANCY LOOMIS FAIRLY DEAF, George read with astonishment, PREEDY NOT DEAF AT ALL GREETINGS DAWKINS. "But what does it mean, sir?"

Fen grunted. "We shall have to confirm it by wiring photographs to Kenya," he said. "I've already rung up the police, and they've agreed to do that. But from what you've told me, I've no doubt about the result."

"I just don't understand, sir."

"Oh, come, George. Surely even you realize by now that the person you thought was Miss Preedy is in fact your aunt, and that the person you thought was your aunt was in fact Miss Preedy.

"Nor," Fen went on, "is there much difficulty about the motive. Here is your aunt, running out of money, with the life insurance her only possible resource. So what does she do? Answer: She comes with Miss Preedy to England, where they aren't known, swaps roles, and commits murder with a view to inheriting half the life insurance."

Fen reached for a cigarette. "You were brought into it, as legatee and as visitor to the cottage, in order to diffuse a suspicion which would otherwise have been fairly concentrated. And the burglary was faked to make a supplementary red herring. How your aunt persuaded Miss Preedy to the substitution she will probably never tell. But to judge from your description, Miss Preedy was a very biddable person, very much under your aunt's thumb. *'I don't know why she's doing this.'* Poor creature, she had her suspicions, even so."

"But how did you *know*, sir?"

"The radio, George," said Fen. "The radio, of course. It was playing quietly, you remember. Your 'aunt' had a hearing aid on, too.

"Now, you were talking to her—to start with, anyway—in a low voice. If she was in fact deaf, then the hearing aid must have been amplifying your voice considerably.

"But in that case, it was also amplifying the radio. If the woman you were speaking to was genuinely deaf and if the hearing aid was really turned on, then the radio must all the time have sounded quite loud to her, even though it sounded quiet to you. Can you conceive anyone so circumstanced speaking to you in a low voice, *whispering* to you? Do you naturally speak to people in a low voice, when you have the radio on loud?

"So the answer was obvious: the woman you spoke to wasn't deaf at all. And once I realized that a trick had been played, it didn't take much inquiry to find out why."

Fen sighed. "Yes, I'm sorry, George: your Aunt Fancy is going to hang. And it's the Merchant, after all, which supplies the last word."

"Shakespeare, sir?"

"Shakespeare. 'Let us,' " said Fen, " 'all ring *Fancy's* knell.' "

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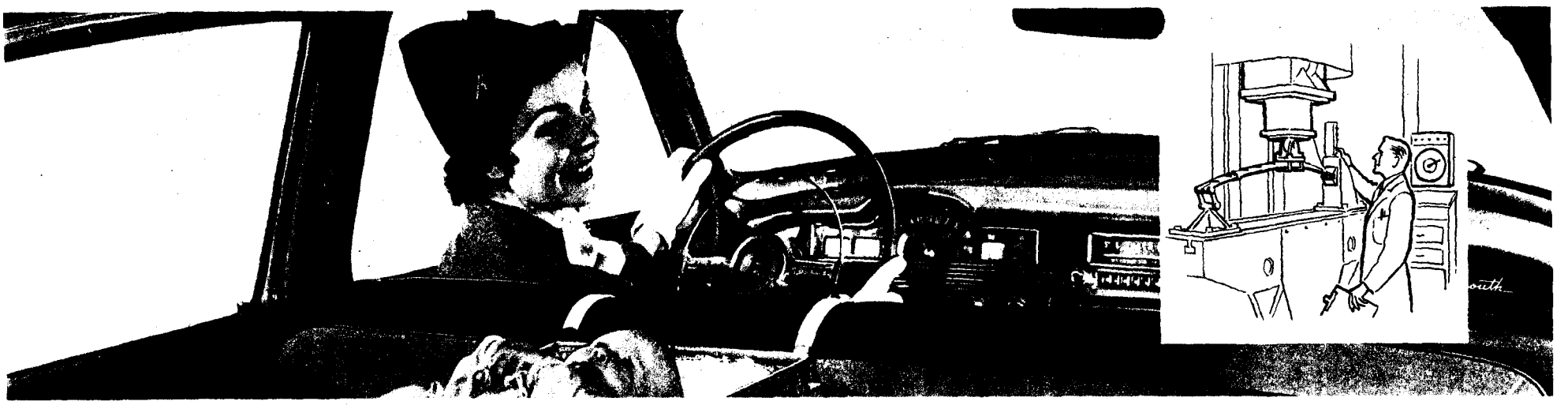

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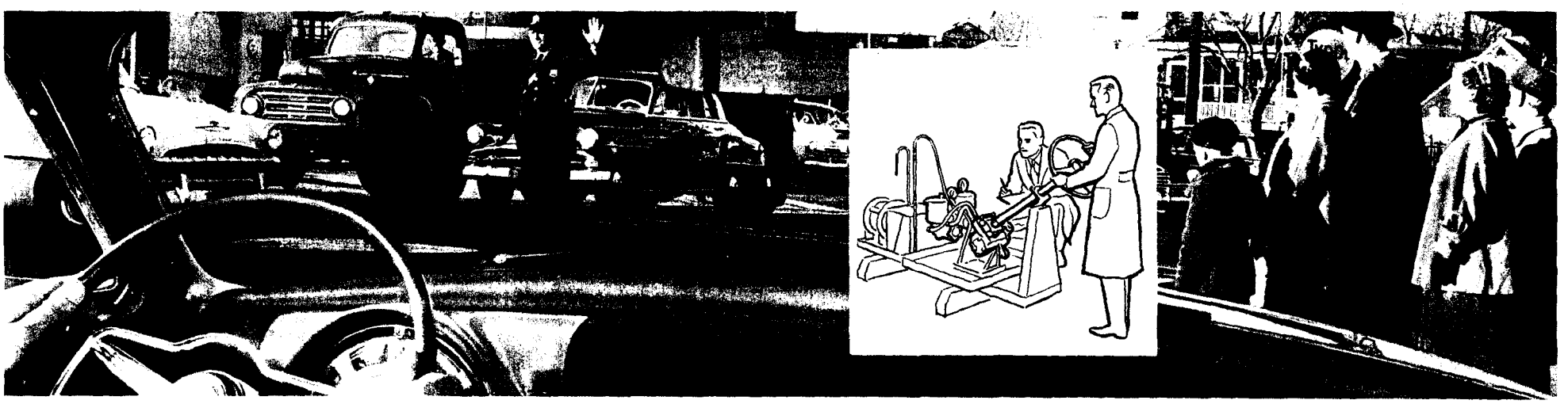

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Miss Bridgman's Marriea

Is perfection the quality you've always wanted in a husband? If so, you would do well to consider the history of Amy Bridgman and Tom, her perfect man

By ISABEL LANGIS

WHEN Amy Bridgman, at the age of forty-eight decided to take a husband, the fact was announced with becoming severity in the Claremont Bugle: *Miss Amy Bridgman and Mr. Thomas Stolover announce their marriage, which was performed by Judge Amos Bell in his chambers on June 29. Miss Bridgman is the daughter of the late Dr. and Mrs. Frederick Bridgman. Mr. Stolover, son of Mrs. Rachel Stolover, of Danforth, Illinois, manages the Claremont branch of Paisley Music Stores.*

"Kitten," Tom said, as Amy was typing the notice on her portable, "why don't you send a picture?"

"No picture," his bride said, laughing. "This will cause commotion enough. One 'l' in Stolover?"

If General Josiah Bridgman had climbed down off his granite steed in Bridgman Square and sauntered away, Claremont couldn't have been more astonished. The town was used to regarding Miss Bridgman with the same affectionate respect it accorded her grandfather's statue, and she was expected to be about as capricious. Miss Bridgman gave them a rude surprise, and they retaliated by predicting a rude, if obvious, outcome. After all, Stolover was barely thirty.

"It'll last a year," the people said. "Or until he gets his hands on her money."

The town might have been further surprised to know they weren't half so surprised as Miss Bridgman. Stolover had been one of her two roomers, the other being Miss Celestine Sharples, principal of the Josiah Bridgman Elementary School and Miss Bridgman's closest chum; and a proposal from Celestine would scarcely have seemed more out of order. Stolover had been living in the house for about three months, and aside from passing him plates at mealtimes, Amy had seen little of him. She agreed with Celestine that he was a fine-looking chap, and this was a concession for her. She liked him because he never tracked snow into the front hall or played his radio after eleven, and he was pleasant. If she'd ever been interested in a man, it would have been one like Stolover. She'd had two or three fairly presentable chances, but none worth considering. Now she was accustomed to her life.

Not that she intended to sit back and become a museum piece. She still lived in the family home on Bridgman Place, but she kept it up-to-date. When big bay windows went out of style, she had hers converted into a picture window. She decided full-length porches were not modern, so she had hers replaced by a trim little brick stoop. Every four years the house was painted white with green trim, and every three years she bought a new black Plymouth.

She didn't stay home and water the plants for excitement, either. She went to the Republican Club, and to the Friends of T. S. Eliot every Wednesday (but never the Friends of Browning). She could still beat Celestine at eighteen holes of golf, and she could coax a fair tune out of her father's oboe. She had a good life, but she wasn't one to wallow in a rut. If a good chance to marry came along, she would consider it. But she certainly didn't expect one.

Then one Sunday night she was sitting in her living room doing the Double-Crostic in the Times when Stolover came in from the movies. She asked him for a word meaning "having the nature of alms" and he offered "eleemosynary," and then she asked if he knew what the Greek hypophrygian mode in music was. He said he thought "Ionian." Naturally, she invited him to sit down. They had got to "one of Job's three friends" when Stolover said, "Miss Bridgman, would you consider a proposal of marriage from me dreadfully presumptuous?"

She looked at him. She asked him to repeat what he had said, and he did, word for word. She said, "Are you proposing to me?"

"Yes," Stolover said, smiling, "I am."

Having momentarily lost interest in Job's social life, Miss Bridgman put the puzzle aside. "Why?"

"I love you," Stolover said simply.

Even for Miss Bridgman, who generally took things in her stride, this was a bit staggering. "That's very sweet of you, Mr—" In view of what he had just suggested, she thought she had better call him Tom. "Tom. I'll have to give it some thought." She took up the Double-Crostic.

THAT night and the next day Miss Bridgman did considerable thinking on a subject that had long since ceased to invade her thoughts. She wondered why in the world Stolover wanted to marry her. If he'd been one of those forlorn little creeps that no one would take on a bet, she could have understood, but he wasn't. He was tall and distinguished-looking, and he had a briskly self-assured manner that was engaging. He apparently had a good job, because he drove a large, old car, and his luggage was genuine pigskin. And he was so young. What on earth was the matter with him, proposing to a woman old enough to be his mother?

Miss Bridgman was a realist. She was forty-eight. Her hair had been blonde, but now it was yellow-white. She had her own teeth, but her figure was, as she put it, passing from the ripe stage to the spoiled. In her best corset and her coat with the silver fox collar and her garnet velvet tam, she would get by in a crowd, but the movie scouts weren't beating a path to her door. By tem-

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An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

Photos taken at New York Medical College, Flower and Fifth Avenue Hospitals

Should Your Child be a Doctor?

BY WALTER C. ALVAREZ, M.D.

EMERITUS CONSULTANT IN MEDICINE AT THE MAYO CLINIC

As told to Morton Sontheimer

THE DAY after I graduated from high school my busy doctor father did something he had never done before—he took me out to lunch with him. After the meal he sat for a minute thoughtfully stroking his goatee. Finally he said, "Well, Walter, what do you want to do as a life work?"

I was surprised. "Why, Dad," I replied. "Am I not to be a doctor?"

He leaned forward eagerly. "You really want to be a doctor?" he asked.

"I have never thought of anything else."

A smile of relief and satisfaction came over his face. I realized at that moment that he would never have urged me to follow in his footsteps. No parent should ever force his child into medicine. Unless a young man or woman truly wants to be a doctor, you cannot expect him to persevere through the long, arduous, exacting years of training.

Many a friend has asked me, "Why didn't you make at least one of your two sons a doctor?" And my answer has been, "I wouldn't attempt to *make* either of them anything." I've told my children, "You decide what you want to be and I'll give you the best possible education for it."

The desire to be a doctor, though, is only a first requirement. The other requisites are qualities a parent will be able to recognize early. If you or your child are considering medicine as his career, ask yourself these questions about him:

Is he studious? Medicine is perhaps the hardest of all professions to learn well. To be a good physician a man must keep studying all his days.

Are his school marks high? He must have a high scholastic record or he will not be accepted by the medical school.

Is he interested in science? I started reading science literature voraciously at the age of 12. I haven't stopped yet. Without scientific interest, I cannot imagine a person being either successful or happy in medicine.

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Finally, can you, his parents, give him the financial help he will surely need? This is a sacrifice you must make. It's a considerable one to the average father and mother. Three years in pre-medical college, four years in medical school, two years as an intern and resident, and perhaps three years in a big clinic learning a specialty —12 long years in all—will cost the family some $15,000. Today many deans will not let a man start in medical school unless he has this large sum in sight. Why? Because today the course is so difficult that a student cannot hope to work his way through. After that, let us remember that the young doctor beginning practice may need another $5,000 to fit up his office and to tide him over the waiting period of perhaps five years before he can make a decent living.

Now let's consider some of the subtler qualities, like courage, that a young person should have if he hopes to become a good doctor. For instance, the other night at 10 o'clock I was called to help two able colleagues, a family physician and a surgeon, make a decision.

For ten days a little boy had lain desperately ill. To operate might take away what little chance of life the child had. To let him go the night might mean that by morning he would be too far gone for surgery to help. The terrible decision had to be made and it had to be made right then. We decided to operate.

The family physician called in the young parents. They were understandably reluctant to allow a dangerous operation. Firmly, yet with utmost sympathy, the doctor explained the situation and won their consent. It was hard for me to sleep that night with the outcome of that decision weighing on my heart. And the family doctor—think how hard it would have been for him to face those parents if our judgment had turned out wrong. Fortunately, it didn't. The child got well.

Incidents like that are common in a doctor's life. Often, in some farm house in the dead of night, he has to face them alone and with full responsibility. One such episode tells volumes about the qualities that should be inborn in the physician. Think about these qualities when you contemplate a medical career for your child.

He must not only have good judgment, but the special kind of courage needed to act upon it, when hesitation might be fatal. If he is going to be a good doctor, he must have the faculty of leadership and the ability to influence people for their own good. He must be able to remain calm in the presence of danger. He needs patience, optimism, equanimity.

Ability to interpret X-ray plates is important in diagnosis. The modern physician should be well trained in the use of X-ray, fluoroscope and similar equipment.

With research adding new facilities each year, medical education is becoming more and more complex. Here tests are made on animal heart tissues to determine the effectiveness of drugs which may someday serve millions.

For many reasons he should have idealism and honesty, but especially so that people will believe him and believe in him. Above all, he should like people. And it will be well for him to have a strong, robust body, because medicine can be the most exacting of jobs. For months at a time it may keep him on call 24 hours out of the 24.

Some of these characteristics may be developed, but the discerning parent can look for the beginnings of them in adolescence. Watch especially for the kind of youngster whom dogs and little children instinctively trust. It is a good sign for the future doctor.

The career of medicine is varied enough to accommodate many types of personality. A graduate doctor can become a general practitioner, a specialist, an employee of a large company or of the government, a teacher, a laboratory worker or a researcher. He can work alone or in a big clinic. With his medical degree he can always be reasonably assured of work.

It can bring a good enough financial reward, too. But the wealthy physician so many people have in mind when they think of medicine as a career for their child is like the smaller part of the iceberg that sticks out of water. For every one like him, there are dozens of doctors who just make a comfortable living. The average income of a physician in the United States is less than $13,000 a year, according to the latest survey.

More and more girls are going into the profession. I do think, though, that it is easier to discover the young woman who is fitted for it. She will stand out among her sisters even more than does the young man among his fellows. In the first place, it is an unusual young woman who is interested in science. Although women doctors do marry, the girl who will maintain her scientific interest despite considerations of marriage is rare.

Invariably, I believe, this sort of girl will have a strong character, recognizable qualities of leadership and exceptional talents as a student.

Perhaps all this makes the career of medicine seem like a hard and exacting taskmaster. It is, and to state it any other way would be unfair.

But I can say this—there is no finer profession a young person can enter. It offers a high standing in the community and a wonderful opportunity to be helpful to others and to do great good. I know of no other work which gives such soul-filling and lifelong satisfaction. I know of no other vocation that rewards its practitioners with such a feeling of accomplishment. I know of no other profession that can give a parent so much pride in the achievements of his son or daughter.

From the moment I set out to be a doctor—and I was so young I do not know exactly when it was—I have never regretted the decision. ♦ ♦ ♦

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perament she was easygoing, not given to superfluous thinking, not a worrier or a bargainer. But she was no siren, and she knew it.

Maybe Stolover figured he'd save rent by marrying her. Maybe he had a mother fixation. Maybe he thought she had money.

She sat up in bed. Of course. It hadn't occurred to her immediately, because in actuality she didn't have enough money for anyone to be after, but he didn't know that.

"Well, I'll tell him," she decided and went to sleep.

WHEN he came home the next night, Miss Bridgman was opening a can of baked beans. She wasn't much of a cook, so he certainly hadn't fallen for her apple pies (which came from the bakery). She called to him, and he came into the kitchen.

"Tom," she said, "I've been thinking about what you said last night."

"Yes?"

She stirred a spoonful of molasses into the beans. "Tom, I want to make one thing clear. I'm not rich. I have this house and enough income to keep me the rest of my life if I'm careful."

Stolover sat down on the step stool. "You don't think—"

"I don't think anything," Miss Bridgman said. "I'm just telling you."

"Have a heart, girl!" he cried. "I don't want your house or your income. I don't need them. I want to marry you because I love you. How can I make that clear?"

Amy turned and stared at him. He looked so genuinely distressed and unhappy that her conscience smote her. Now why was she making all this fuss? He didn't look like a bookie or an ex-convict or a Democrat. He was a nice, sober, decent sort, as men went. And it wasn't as if he didn't already live there.

"Now don't take on, Tom," Miss Bridgman said. "I'd be delighted to marry you."

So, with no illusions, a few misgivings, and a new white piqué tam, Amy got married. She didn't let the misgivings bother her much, because the man knew she had no money. If he were planning anything wild, like getting her life insured and then bedding her down in the cellar floor—as Celestine Sharples had so tactlessly suggested on that memorable day she moved to the hotel—Miss Bridgman would thwart that quick enough. This would be a nice change. Stolover was good company, a lot less persnickety than Celestine, and they'd probably have a fine time of it. To be sure, there would be adjustments, but Miss Bridgman wasn't hidebound. She discarded her singleness as readily as she had discarded the front porch.

To her surprise and pleasure she soon found that Tom didn't intend to change a thing about her life. He liked the house the way it was. He didn't get ashes around or smoke up the curtains because he gave up cigarettes. He was a Republican, and he went faithfully to the movies on Friday nights with her and became a Friend of T. S. Eliot. This was more than she had ever expected.

When they had been married about a month, Tom's mother sent them a charming letter and a check for a thousand dollars as a wedding present. The next day Tom outdid her. He traded his old car for a Buick, and he showed Amy his life-insurance policy for fifty thousand dollars, naming her as beneficiary.

"I didn't know you had any money," Amy said.

"I'm very comfortably off, Kitten," Tom said. "I own seven eighths of Paisley Music Stores."

That certainly knocked her strychnine theory into a cocked hat. He hadn't married her for her money. She went up to the bathroom and stood for a long time, studying her face in the mirror. Then she shook her head and went out to the bakery to buy a three-layer chocolate mocha cake by way of apology to her husband. It wasn't her looks he'd fallen for, and it wasn't her cooking.

For a time Amy was positively enchanted with marriage. It was a challenge, a new interest, and she congratulated herself that she had taken the Big Step. At first when they went to the movies, she could feel the girls looking them over and thinking she was his mother. She got a kick out of that. She grew accustomed to marriage more quickly than Tom did. He was still calling her "Kitten," sending her red roses and kissing her good-by in the morning long after she thought they had passed that stage.

Every so often he'd say, "Happy, Kitten?"

And she'd say yes, because she was (although she could have forgone the pleasure of being called "Kitten"). It was interesting to be babied and worried over and treated like a visitor in her own home. Nobody had ever cared before if she went out without her rubbers in the rain. She was healthy as a horse, but if she had a headache, she soon learned not to mention it because Tom raised such a fuss. If she said she was planning to read a certain book, he came home that night with a copy.

For Christmas he gave her enough stuff to fill a department-store window—a beauty kit of creams and powders and lipsticks, a sealskin jacket, stationery, a necklace that she had once admired in a shop window but was too elaborate for her, a subscription to Glamour (now just why would she be reading Glamour?) and a lot more. She gave him an ostrich wallet and a plaid lounging robe.

This was the one aspect of marriage that Amy just couldn't get used to—her husband. He wasn't natural. Amy hadn't been a movie-goer for thirty years for nothing. Usually after one had been married a while, the husband started going to the Elks Club or running around with women or drinking; the milder cases just turned out to have foul tempers or to be tight with money. Tom was simply too good to be true.

For some six months, Amy lived in a state that might be described as perpetual surprise. She kept waiting for Tom's perfection to wear off, but it never did. She kept expecting the glaze to leave his eyes, so he would see her as a plain, middle-aged woman and wonder just how in the devil he had ever got mixed up with her. That didn't happen, either.

And then Amy made a discovery that caused her considerable dismay.

She didn't know just when it first dawned on her. Perhaps it was the day the furnace rumbled and Tom stayed home all day until the repairman came because he was afraid to leave her alone in the house. Perhaps it was the three days she had that bad cold and he again stayed home and made her gruel and chicken broth and tiptoed around as if she had died. Perhaps it was when he decided that she shouldn't drive the car in icy weather.

THE realization came on a Wednesday night in January when they were driving home from the Friends of T. S. Eliot. Tom simply did not understand that bit about wearing the bottoms of your trousers rolled, but he was too tactful to argue about it. She and Celestine had always argued. She wished that now and then he would let her go to a meeting alone, and even as she was wishing that, she was aware of a simultaneous and far deeper wish—*that she were not married.*

That night she lay awake for a long time. She was puzzled at herself, but as usual she met the facts halfway and with no window dressing. It wasn't Tom's fault that she didn't like to be called "Kitten," didn't care for red roses and never had an answer when he said, "I love you."

What *did* one say after the first time? Once was plenty. She just hadn't expected marriage to be so blooming *romantic*. She had thought they would settle down and be kind of comfortable and matter-of-fact, as she and Celestine had been. She had anticipated any number of contingencies, but never, in her wildest fancies, that she would tire of being loved and cherished.

But what was one to do? She scowled at the street light. I got myself into this pool of slush, she thought crossly, and I suppose I'll have to find a way out of it.

For the next few days Amy's mind chewed on this amazing problem. She was accustomed to direct methods, and it would have solved everything to go to Tom and say, "Tom, we made a mistake. Let's call it off." The only hitch there was that Tom evidently didn't consider it a mistake, and she didn't want to hurt him.

OTHER avenues of escape presented themselves, but they were all madly impractical, and eventually she returned to her original conviction that the thing to do was to have a forthright, honest talk with her husband. She would simply tell him marriage was not her cup of tea, and she would take all the blame herself, because that was really where it belonged.

"Tom," she said one night when they were having after-dinner coffee. "Have you ever longed to be a bachelor again?"

Stolover looked astounded. "Good Lord, no!" he said. "What on earth for? Oh, I was contented enough, I guess, but I couldn't go back to that kind of life now. I just can't imagine any kind of life without you, Kitten."

That speech was certainly enough to make the average bride rush into the kitchen and bake an Alaska, but it evoked only a sigh from Amy. In the face of an ovation like that, what could she say? He couldn't imagine any kind of life without her. There simply was no tactful way to suggest that he get used to the idea.

Now that Amy had admitted to herself that she resented being married, the resentment mounted. She simply had to do something, something gentle but irrevocable. If Tom would only wake up and fall out of love . . .

That was a new angle. Maybe she was doing too *well* at marriage. Thanks again to her thousands of vicarious movie marriages, she knew that all too frequently the wife lost her husband's respect because she appeared at breakfast in curlers and slopped around in a faded bathrobe. Amy had her hair done every Thursday, she had never owned a faded bathrobe, and she certainly wasn't going to fade one for this ignoble purpose. Perhaps she could cultivate some dreadfully irritating habit, like whistling through her teeth or paring her nails with a jackknife. But disintegrating into a slob, after a lifetime of neatness, would entail too much personal discomfort. That was out.

"Tom," she said finally, when she had asked herself the same question a thousand times, "what did you ever see in me?"

He laughed. "What a question! Why do I love you? I couldn't begin to count the ways."

So she got no satisfaction that time, either. . . .

Time passed, and Amy got more and more desperate. She made one last attempt. She got out her father's oboe and began to practice. Before breakfast, during lunch, and all evening, she blew on the oboe. Tom no sooner came in the front door than he was greeted by the mournful notes of this instrument of destruction. Amy played scales, waltzes and whole concertos.

Next Week:

WHAT'S GODFREY GOT?

Ever since Arthur Godfrey became the hit of the air waves, experts have sought the key to his success. They still don't know the answer—but his fans do. Here's their explanation, as reflected in their letters

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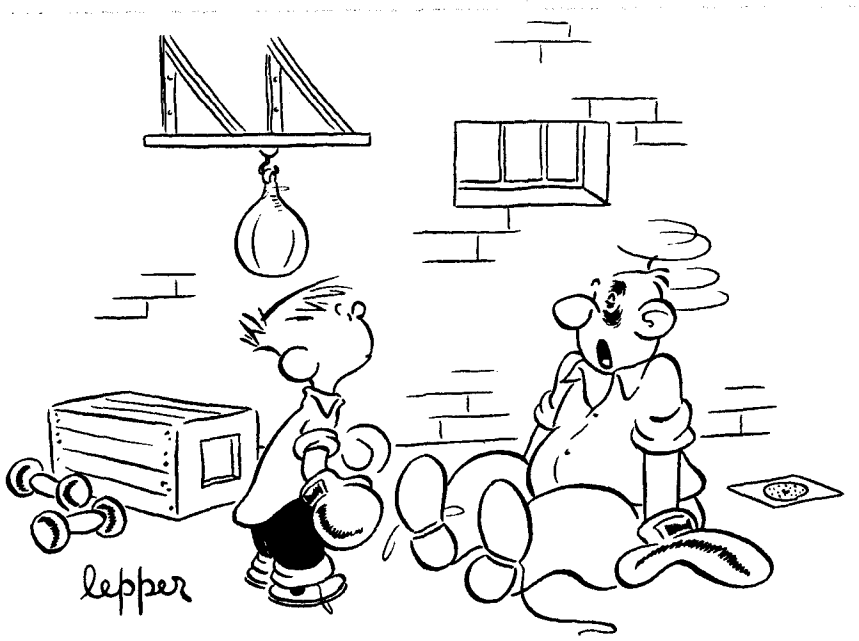

COLLIER'S "If I've told you once, I've told you a hundred times . . . never lead with your right!" EDWIN LEPPER

Since the oboe was slightly cracked and she played with indifferent skill, the result was disastrous. She hoped that finally, goaded beyond all bearing, Tom would stuff his ears with paper towels and fling himself into the street.

By the end of the week, she felt a sinister kinship with the husband in Gaslight, and she loathed the sight of the once-loved instrument. This method of attack was undermining her, but it didn't seem to distress Tom. When she put the oboe back in its plush-lined case and hid it in the attic, Tom commented that he missed the music.

It was on a balmy March evening that salvation arrived, via the evening paper. It wasn't fate that brought it to Amy's attention, because, of late, items about divorce and separation interested her strangely, and this particular one was a corker. The woman had been awarded a divorce on the grounds that she was allergic to her husband. A short time after they were married, she began to suffer from what appeared to be hay fever; she broke out in boils; she became a victim of, as the paper delicately put it, *a condition described as itching*. Her husband was a traveling salesman, and she discovered that when he was away the condition subsided. Finally the doctors agreed that she was probably allergic to him.

AMY lowered the newspaper and looked speculatively at her husband. She drew a long breath. She nearly broke out in boils of joy. Perhaps, if she concentrated, she could become allergic to him. But no, the poor lamb would never stop blaming himself. She frowned. Better if he became allergic to her.

"Why so thoughtful?" Tom asked, glancing up from his book.

Amy smiled enigmatically. She cut out the item and hid it in a recipe file.

The next day after Tom had gone to the music store, Amy got out the A volume of the encyclopedia and read up on allergies. It was a bit discouraging, because one could be allergic to a million things, and she hadn't the remotest idea how to make him allergic to her.

Besides, what a monstrous thing she was contemplating! The poor man would have boils, hay fever, itching. For a minute she was aghast at herself for even considering such a thing. In the next moment, she realized this was the most painless method she could find. Even so, as she sat peering through the encyclopedia, she could not help feeling like some old crone hovering over a caldron of newts' eyes and linnets' wings.

Then she heard herself say aloud, "Itching," and something from the dim past took shape in her mind. Itching powder!

When she was a child, there'd been a little sliver of a store tucked away in an alley near the depot, where one could buy false whiskers and glassless spectacles, Ouija boards and itching powder. Her father had taken her there to buy equipment for Halloween. But that was forty years ago, and the store was probably now a supermarket. On the other hand, it might have survived; it was worth a try. She got her coat.

IT WAS there, and she lingered outside, feeling very peculiar indeed. What a distasteful errand! She could more easily have visualized herself involved in international intrigue—slipping formulas to chimney sweeps—than stooping to anything so absolutely without dignity as entering that little store and asking for a box of itching powder. She shuddered. It would have been far less degrading to go into the hardware store and say, "A length of clothesline for strangling, please."

But she had got this far. She squared her shoulders, pulled her fox collar around her chin, and marched inside. The little store seemed to have been turned over to canned goods and kitchen utensils, plastic aprons and sewing notions, and she didn't see the familiar counter of jokes and games and grisly papier-mâché masks.

In a subdued, tremulous and, she hoped, unrecognizable voice, she asked the boy for itching powder. He didn't even smile. He went to the rear of the store and came back with a small packet. "Dime," he said.

When she got home, she looked at the envelope. It was of white paper, and on it was a clumsy outline cartoon of a man in violent agonies of scratching. His sentiments were expressed in a balloon issuing from his contorted mouth which read "Do I Itch!" There were no instructions, and she wasn't at all sure how it was to be used. Certainly it wasn't to be taken internally. It would probably be best to sprinkle it on his clothes.

She did a complete, if gingerly, job. She mixed a few grains with his aftershave talcum powder; she rubbed a

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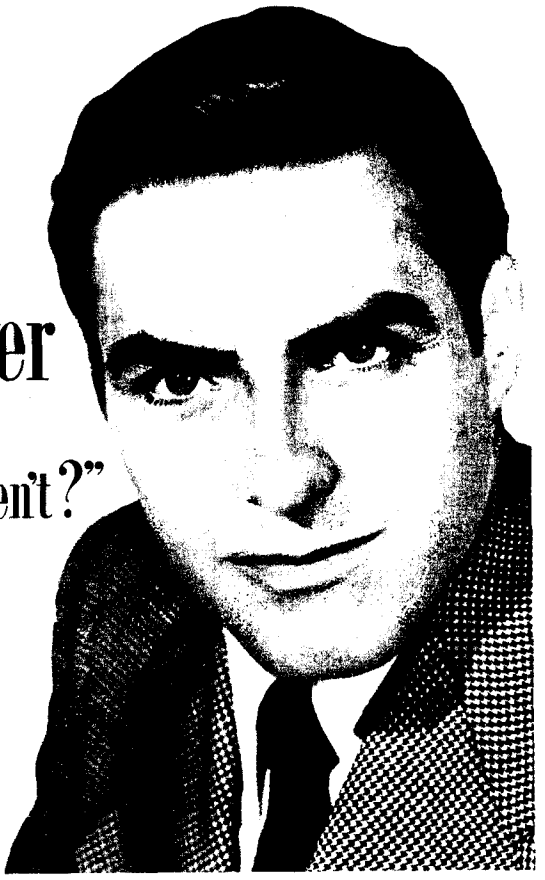

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few more into each of his shirts; she sprinkled it inside his socks; she even slipped a little inside his hatband. She used it very sparingly because she wanted only the minimum result necessary for success.

Her success was complete and almost instantaneous. The following night when Tom came home, she noticed that he was rubbing his forehead. At dinner, he apologetically slipped off one shoe and massaged his foot. Then he clawed his back.

"What in the world is the matter?" Amy asked.

He managed a grin. "I must be coming down with something," he said vaguely. "How does measles start?"

The next day, after an evening of unremitting clawing and digging, she took him to a doctor. Dr. Rumbaugh was a young, bald, grave-looking chap, who nodded and shook his head and said "h'm-m" as though there were such a store of medical knowledge in his brain that he dared not open his mouth and release the flood. He took Tom to the hospital and X-rayed him, gave him a metabolism test and blood counts and the works.

"There's not a thing wrong with you, Mr. Stolover," he said. "You're in perfect shape."

"My word," Amy said, lending a guiding hand, "the man must be allergic to my cooking."

Dr. Rumbaugh gave her a measuring look. "It is quite possible that he's allergic to something, as I was just about to suggest. We'll try a patch test and see what turns up."

THE patch test turned up nothing. Then the doctor gave Tom a diet eliminating rich and greasy foods, spices, cream, chocolate and shellfish.

Amy really pitied her husband, the more because he was being a terrifically good sport about it. She had always thought he might be a bit on the sissy side if he were ill—those handsome chaps generally went into a coma at the sight of a hangnail—but he was the opposite. The braver he was, the heavier became Amy's burden of guilt. She couldn't have felt more ashamed if she'd been caught defacing billboards, but she fortified herself with homilies like it was only for a little while and the end justified the means.

After about two weeks, she decided Tom had had enough, and she exhumed the clipping from the recipe file. "My goodness," she said, "look what I found in with my recipes. Did you see this?"

Tom was unobtrusively trying to amputate his left foot. He shook his head.

"Tom," Amy said, "people are allergic to *people*."

Tom's eyes opened wide. "What?"

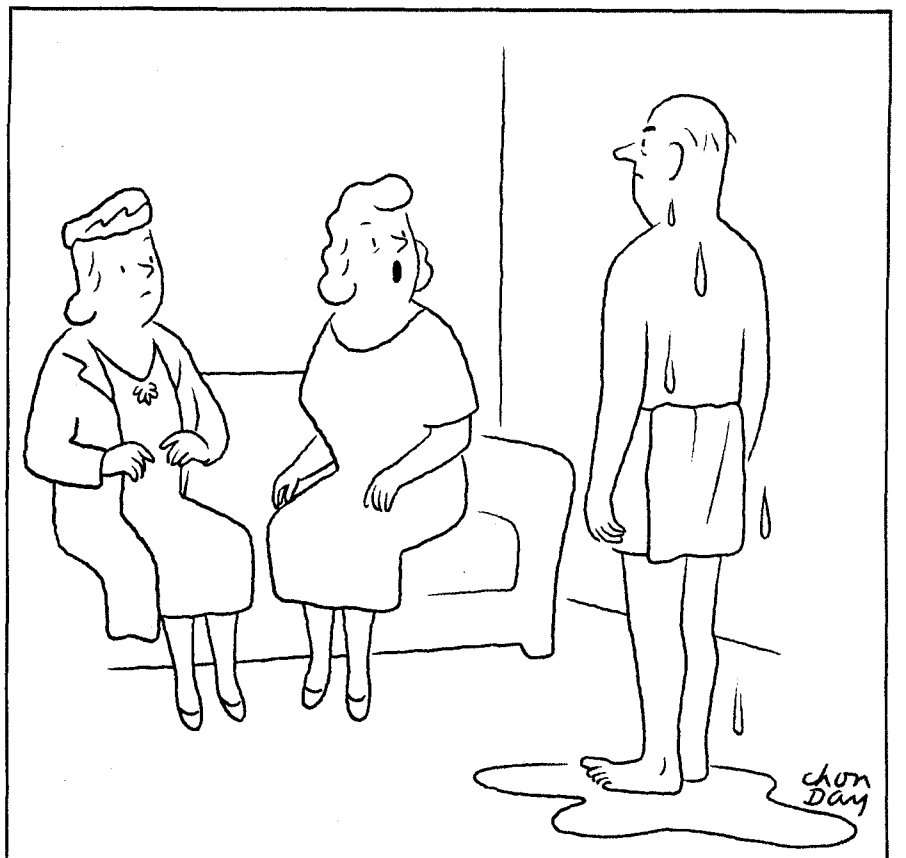
"This man and his wife. After they were married, she began to itch, and they found it was her husband. She was allergic to him."

The Stolovers looked at each other. At last Tom said in a strained voice, "I don't believe it. It's impossible."

"It says he was a traveling salesman and when he was away on trips, she was all right," Amy explained. "The doctors said it might have been his whiskers or his skin."

Tom was silent. Then he asked tensely, "What did they do?"

Amy dodged that. "You never had any trouble before you married me. I'm going to call Dr. Rumbaugh." She called him and told him the story. He said, with his usual caution, that while such a case was not within the realm of his experience, he would venture to say it was entirely possible.



COLLIER'S **"I didn't sound *THAT* impatient!"** CHON DAY

"Tom, you must get away from me for a while," Amy said, putting down the telephone. "You've simply got to give it a try. Go out to Danforth and visit your mother."

Tom argued—something he never did—but Amy won. He finally agreed to try it, and she packed his untreated clothes. The next morning he drove off. The dear boy had even argued about taking the car, but she had insisted.

Three nights later he telephoned her from Danforth. When she asked him how he was, he hesitated.

"Fine," he said.

"Do you mean you have no *symptoms?*"

"No, Kitten. Not a symptom," he said dolefully. "But it might be the altitude or the change of air. Anyway, I'd much rather be sick and be home with you."

"We'll find out for sure," Amy said. "I'll get on a train and come out there, and we'll see if you're allergic to me in other surroundings."

The next morning she put on her gray suit and a beret of royal-blue velvet, handed her pin-seal case to a porter, and embarked for Danforth to meet her mother-in-law and make her husband sick. She stayed one night—giving Mrs. Stolover the simple explanation that Tom had forgotten his after-shave powder and she had brought it along. Naturally by midmorning of the following day, he was in a frenzy.

"This is the most peculiar situation I've ever heard of," Mrs. Stolover said. She was a charming woman, a few years older than her daughter-in-law, but considerably slimmer. She had that quiet elegance that comes with having plenty of money all one's life, and Amy blushed when she recalled how she had thought Tom was a fortune hunter. Mrs. Stolover went on, "He simply can't be allergic to you. He thinks you're the loveliest girl in the world."

Girl yet, Amy thought wretchedly, and lovely. If he only knew.

Naturally the topic of conversation that day was what was to be done about Tom.

"The only thing I can see is for us to separate," Amy said with all the decent sorrow she could muster. "I'm not worth all you've been through."

Tom looked stricken. "No! There must be some other way."

He proved to be unusually stubborn, and for a while Amy despaired. It looked as though he would rather itch than leave her. Then Mrs. Stolover pointed out to Tom that he owed Amy some consideration—the situation was certainly not pleasant for her. His mother put it quite well when she said. "After all, dear, your illness, while not tragic, is hardly the sort that makes for a gracious home life."

Finally Tom agreed.

"Do you want a divorce?" Amy asked him.

Tom shook his head. "I'd rather not. But no, that's rotten of me. You'll want to marry again."

Amy sighed. Here she sat, her hair blowzy, her suit wrinkled, a woman who would be forty-nine in another month, looking on the anguished face of a man suffering from jealousy at the thought of her marrying again. It surpassed all human comprehension. "No," she said, and she spoke the truth, "I wouldn't dream of it."

They talked a little more—Tom wanted to make some financial arrangements, which Amy wouldn't hear of, and she only agreed to keep the Buick to please him.

After dinner Amy decided that she would head for home. She packed her suitcase, substituted a can of talcum powder without built-in itch, and bade her mother-in-law farewell. Tom had disappeared, feeling too shattered for good-bys.

"You can't think how hard this is for him," Mrs. Stolover said sadly. "You've been his whole world."

There was not one single word Amy could say. Eventually, she thought, closing the car door, I shall regain my self-respect.

AMY is back in Claremont now, in her house on Bridgman Place. She traded the Buick for a black Plymouth, and she has Miss Sharples living with her. They go to the movies on Fridays, the Friends of e. e. cummings on Wednesday (the same group, but they wrung T. S. Eliot dry), and they quarrel amiably. She writes to Tom now and then, and every Sunday noon she gets a special delivery from Danforth. She is looking for another roomer, but when a youngish, unmarried dentist applied for the place, she turned him down, although he was a perfectly charming man. ▲▲▲

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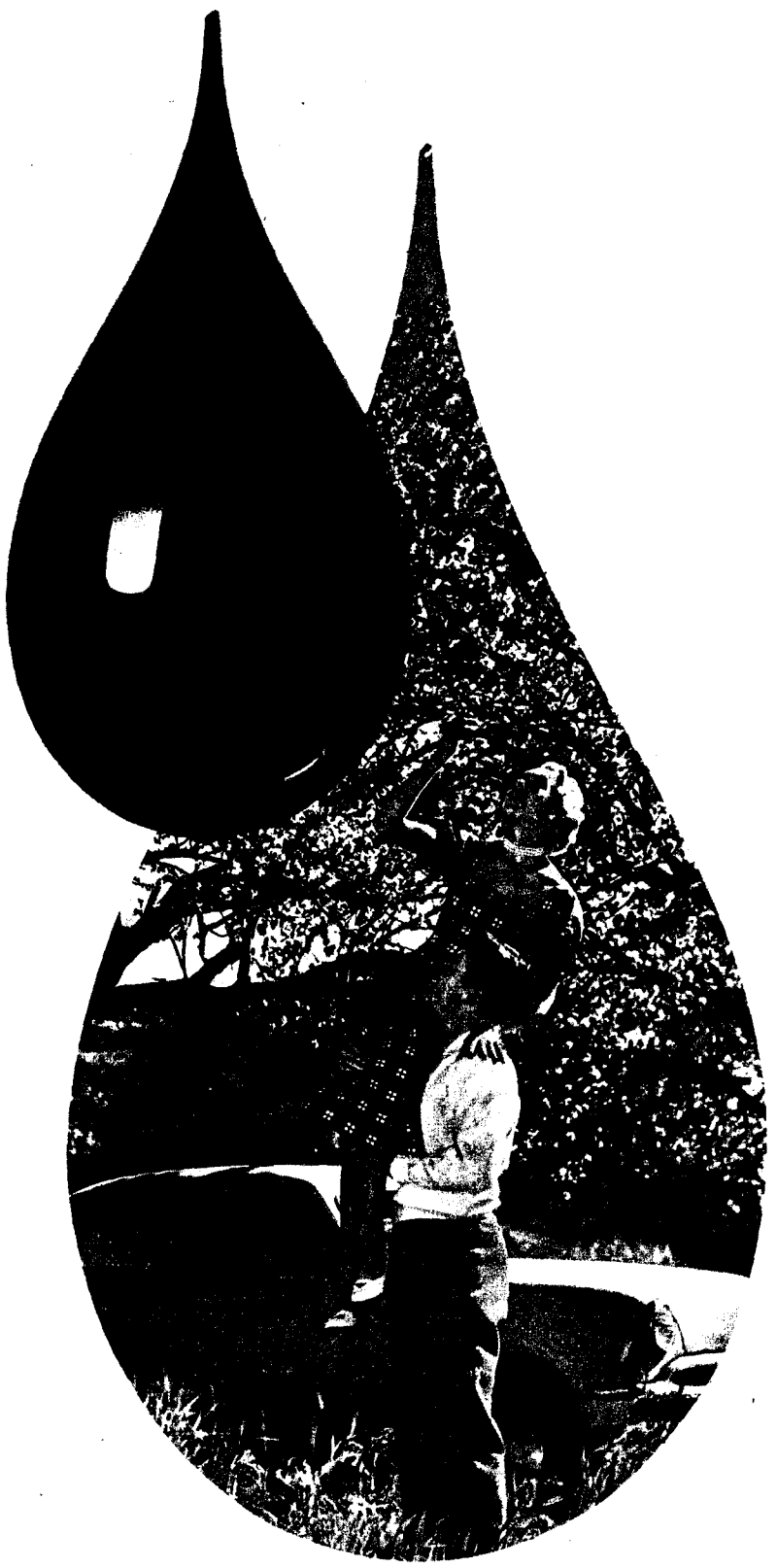

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A Doctor in the House

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

" 'Where the hell's that waitress?' and 'Let's have a couple of beers,' and it sings, or screeches, a few words of a song." Idy looked up at his amused face and took a deep breath. It seemed to her she had never felt happier in her life. "You probably know the song: 'Speak to Me of Love.' "

"I should be happy to, given a less public situation. How about a date tonight, as it's Saturday? Dinner and a show in the city."

"Love it, love it!"

"Ah!" The rotating intern was gratified by her swift acceptance. "You get to knock off during visitors' hours, don't you? How about meeting me up on the roof, so we can decide where you'd like to go tonight? Take the H elevator; there's a sheltered bench on the roof that faces it. Watch out for the wheel chairs. By the way, what did you say your name is?"

THE door of the Nursing Office opened suddenly, and another student culprit shambled past them, weeping into a handkerchief. Idy jumped to her feet. "Watch out for the Statue of Liberty play," muttered the rotating intern, walking away with guilty speed.

Miss Blanqui called sharply, "Irene! Come in, please."

The black-eyed, bony young woman seated herself at her large desk and motioned Idy to stand in front of her. She was not more than ten years older than Idy, but tense and grim. She began to snip at the edges of her spotless white blotter with the scissors that hung from her waist by a tape. She reached out one narrow, white-shod toe and started her old-fashioned rocking chair to rocking, next to her desk. No one had ever seen her sit in the rocker, and the girls declared she kept it only as an outlet for her nervous habits.

"Irene, you have never been summoned for a reprimand before. Your classwork has been excellent. But why did you bring a bird into County? There is a rule against cats, dogs, birds, or other animals."

"I'm awfully sorry! I didn't remember the rule."

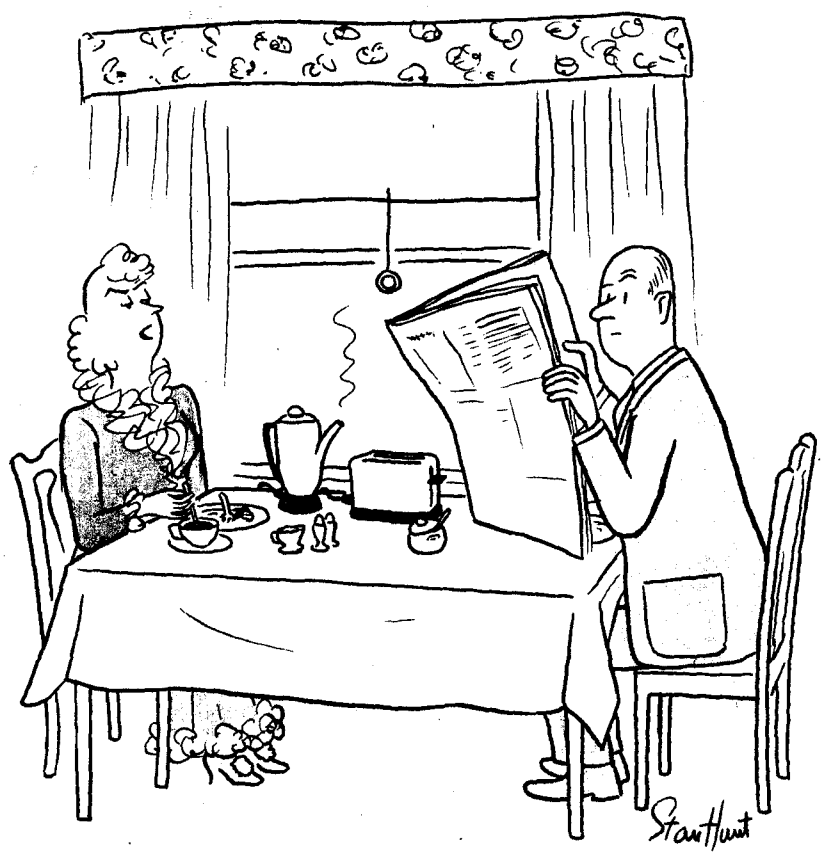
"A hospital is a place where people are sick, and some have an allergy to bird feathers. A complaint came in that the parakeet kept some of the men in the ward awake half the night, cracking seeds and singing snatches of song."

"If you can call it singing." Idy smiled anxiously. "Gloominess isn't compulsory, is it?"

Miss Blanqui looked at her dim image in the glass door and began to trim her slippery black bangs with her scissors. "I don't like your attitude. Smiling. I want you to take a rebuke seriously. These are dark days. Man is on the downgrade. Society is perishing." The supervisor looked at two slips of paper on her desk. "Two more complaints. You were overheard singing duets with a colored woman diabetic while you were changing her bed. And you organized a nurses' quartet at night."

"It started as a quartet," Idy mentioned, "but so many girls wanted to sing that we are now a chorus. Is that against the rules?"

"No. I can't supervise the use of your spare time. But it shows your work is not arduous enough. Your work and your studies should consume all



COLLIER'S

"I made an appointment with your secretary to see you at the office today so we can discuss some household matters"

STAN HUNT

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COLLIER'S **"Frankly, sir, we're hoping you'll let us get a look at your girl friend some time"** NED HILTON

your energies. A student nurse should not show favoritism among the patients. A student nurse must not usurp the province of Social Service, as you did when you tried to reassure the man about his bird.

"You are now placed on restriction. Campused. This means no dates. You are restricted to the nurses' residential hall except when going to classes, actually working, or eating meals, which must be taken nowhere else but in the nurses' dining hall."

CAMPUSED! Idy tried to smile, but remembering that Miss Blanqui did not like her attitude, pinched her trembling lips together. I won't panic; work in a hospital is no time to lose heart during, she quoted to herself.

"For how long?" she asked.

"One month." Miss Blanqui snipped at a thread on her cuff.

"I did get an invitation out to dinner tonight, Miss Blanqui," Idy mentioned sadly, with a faint hope that any unmarried woman would appreciate the importance of this.

"I saw you talking in the hall, Irene. I was shocked. It's just as well that you can't go out with that intern. He is much too—jaunty." Miss Blanqui dropped her voice on the last word as if it were a moral equivalent of leprosy.

"He is very kind. Why don't they fire him if he is too jaunty?"

Miss Blanqui looked annoyed. "Because he never makes a mistake in his work. Now, Irene, you are not to go back to the ward. Go to Room 314, which is a semiprivate, empty for the first time in months, and give it a thorough scrubbing with disinfectant; bedsteads, woodwork, everything. Make an ether-bed in the bed nearest the door." An ether-bed was made up for warmth, with extra blankets and hot-water bottles for a patient coming out of ether.

"Yes, Miss Blanqui." Idy resigned herself. Scrubbing up was usually ward-maid's work. "What shall I do about the parakeet? Mr. McClorty loves it, and it's valuable."

"Please allow me to dispose of the parakeet as I see fit."

Idy saw the delightful prospects of the day fading away—no stolen minutes on the roof, no dinner and show at night. Tomorrow her new friend would have gone to the OB building across the river for three months, and she had not had time to tell him her name.

"What is that intern's name?" she whispered beseechingly. "He knows you. He spoke about you."

Miss Blanqui rose in superb indignation. "I will disregard that question. Your attitude could hardly be less serious." She preceded Idy out of the office.

The busy nurses walking along the hall with basins of bath water in their arms winked surreptitiously at Idy as she followed the supervisor.

A stretcher-cart was rumbling toward the elevator, propelled by an orderly. The patient, all swathed in blankets except for his wrinkled old face, lifted his head an inch.

"Miss Fane!" he called. "They are taking me up to Surgery to have me hipbone set on an empty stomach. They're going to pin the bone together with a silver pin. This reminds me of a good story."

"I'll bet it's a funny one, but I have to work." She told Miss Blanqui softly that this was Mr. McClorty.

"We can wait until the elevator arrives," said Miss Blanqui patiently. The orderly was pushing the button. "I will

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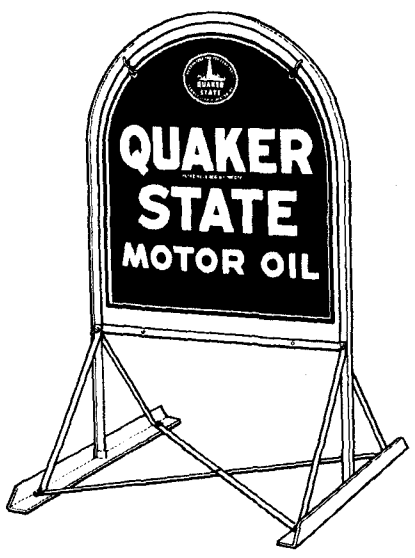

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keep your parakeet in my office, Mr. McClorty."

"Ah, you're kind," said Mr. McClorty. "You know, ladies, when you let an Irishman talk, he feels no pain. Ladies, do you know the one about the feller on the roof durin' a fire? We yelled, 'Jump, you chump, we got a blanket,' but he wouldn't jump. The fire raged nearer. We yelled again, 'Jump, you chump, we got a blanket,' but he wouldn't jump." The elevator groaned to a stop, the door slid ponderously open, and the orderly pushed the stretcher-cart into the elevator. "Good-by, ladies, take care of Lil Bitters!" yelled Mr. McClorty, cut off in the middle of his joke.

"He won't feel so funny when he comes down," said Miss Blanqui with relish. "He'll be swearing. These are dark days."

MISS BLANQUI went away, and Idy obtained cleaning equipment from the utility room. She glanced into the busy wards as she passed them, where patients were being bathed and beds changed. Her friendly soul envied the visiting that accompanied the morning chores. She flattened against the wall to let a group of doctors go by, a famous physician in the lead, accompanied by a nurse pushing a rolling case of records. A dozen residents and interns, some of them women, walked behind, listening and learning. Among the humble ones in the rear was Idy's new friend. She stepped forward eagerly, saying, "Oh! Wait!", but he was goofing along with his eyes and mind far away, and did not hear her. Idy was discouraged. How was she to let him know her name?

She spent the morning in 314, with a pail of water, a ladder and cleaning equipment. She washed the two bedsteads, and cleaned the walls, suppressing resentment that she, who could give medication and expert care, should waste her training scrubbing.

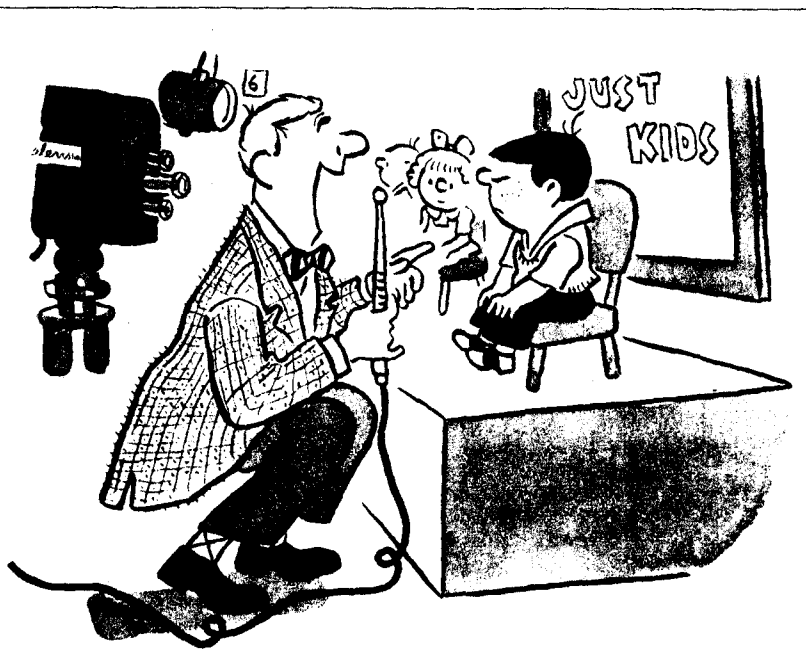
She had the ether-bed made up with blankets and hot-water bottles by twelve o'clock and was ruefully examining her hard-worked, small hands, when Miss Blanqui appeared with a carpenter's folding rule.

This was a famous implement among the students, for the supervisor had fastened a mirror to one end. She flipped the rule open, and holding it high, so the mirror reflected the molding at the top of the walls, marched around the room.

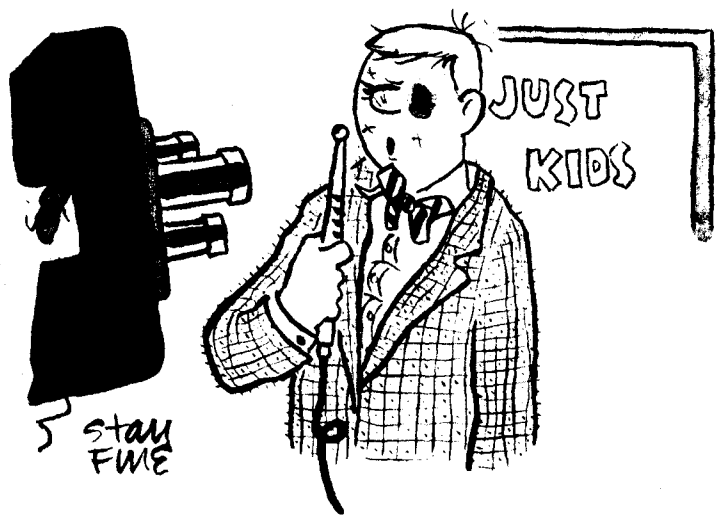
"No dust up there," said Idy complacently, "for I just washed it. I've been warned plenty of times about the Statue of Liberty play."

"So I see. Good, so far." Miss Blanqui examined the floor of the coat closet suspiciously.

There was the rumbling sound of the



"Heavyweight champion when you grow up? A little fella like ha, ha, ha, you?"



"This is Red Davis asking you to be with us tomorrow when we will again present—"

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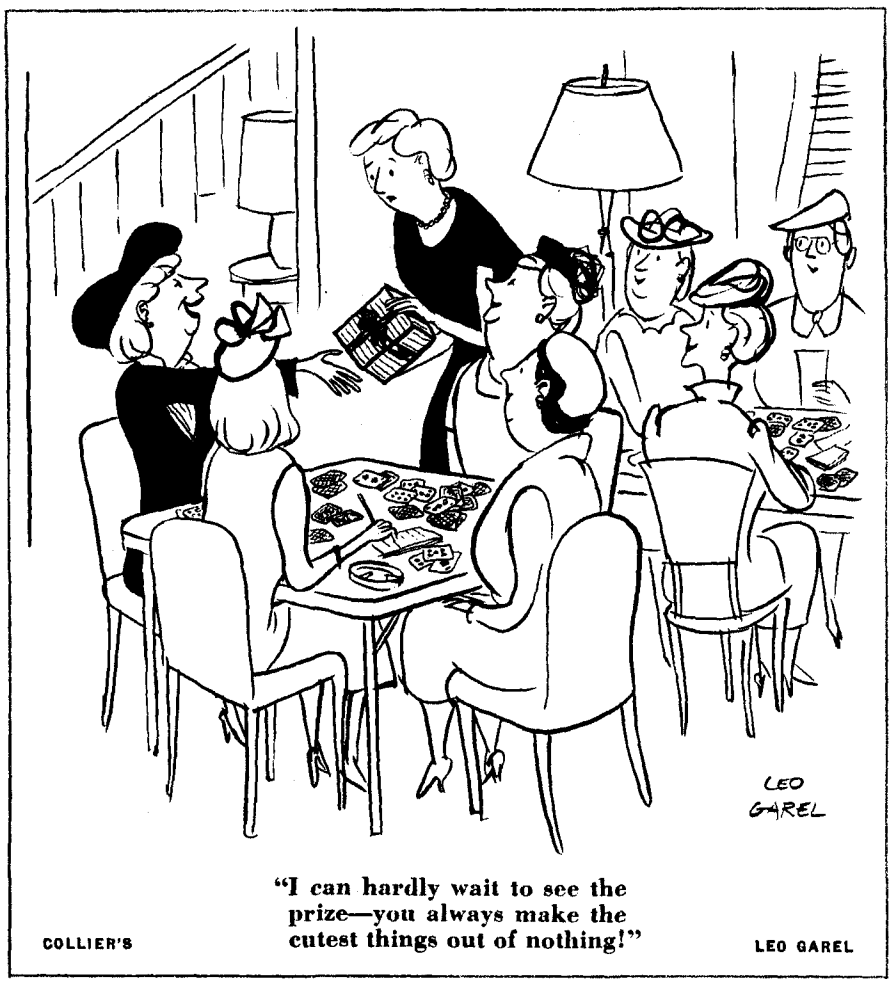


COLLIER'S

"I can hardly wait to see the prize—you always make the cutest things out of nothing!"

LEO GAREL

stretcher-cart at the door, and an orderly and a surgical nurse brought in an unconscious man wrapped in blankets and exhaling ether.

Idy helped get him into the warmed bed and recognized Mr. McClorty, though his yellow face and closed eyelids looked strange. "Poor old man," she said.

"He's all right," said the surgical nurse briskly. "We will have him sitting up tomorrow. He'll be coming to pretty soon. If you can wait with him, I'll put this stuff where it belongs and come right back."

"Go ahead. No jokes in him now," said Miss Blanqui sourly. "Pretty soon they'll hear him swear and curse clear across the hall. I know these comics. Man is on the downgrade."

THE orderly and the surgical nurse took the cart away. Idy and Miss Blanqui watched the unconscious man, who was beginning to groan and turn his head from side to side. He muttered, and Idy prepared to ignore rough language. "There, there, there, you are all right," she said soothingly.

Mr. McClorty opened glassy eyes and spoke surprisingly. "Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life," said he, "and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

Idy patted his sunken cheek. "Oh, isn't he swell!" she exclaimed childishly. "He's a happy man."

"Miss Fane, you haven't got the open ends of the pillowcases faced away from the door!" chided Miss Blanqui.

Mr. McClorty was collecting his wits. "Ladies, I was tellin' you. We kept yellin' at him, 'Jump, you chump,' and he wouldn't jump. The fire raged nearer. And we yelled again, 'Jump, you chump, we got a blanket,' but he wouldn't jump." Mr. McClorty's words were getting slower. His heavy eyelids closed.

"What next?" cried Idy.

Mr. McClorty drew long breaths. He opened his eyes and whispered drolly, "So he jumped, and . . ." He slept again.

"Grow up, Miss Fane!" snapped Miss Blanqui, snipping furiously at the frayed edge of a bath towel on the washstand. "Life is a struggle. An endurance test."

"I like endurance tests."

"You may go and start another empty room now. Three sixty-seven, next to the solarium. I'll send someone to you with sandwiches."

Idy wondered dismally if she would scrub bedsteads for the duration of Restriction. At three o'clock visitors began coming, and most of the nurses were allowed to leave the floor for a breather. Idy peeped into the hall and stopped a nurse, one of her roommates, who was pushing a wheel chair containing a heavily wrapped patient. "Are you going up to the roof? Will you take a message to someone for me, Anne? I promised to meet an intern up there."

"Yikes! Who?"

"That's the catch. I don't know his name. But if you see a man who seems to be looking for me, tell him I'm campused and she's watching me like a buzzard."

"Why don't you sneak up yourself, Idy? If you do get caught, maybe it's worth it. If I had to choose between a real attractive man and this training drudgery, I'd choose the man."

"I'd choose the training," said Idy sturdily. "The kind of a man I like wouldn't like a nurse who got suspended."

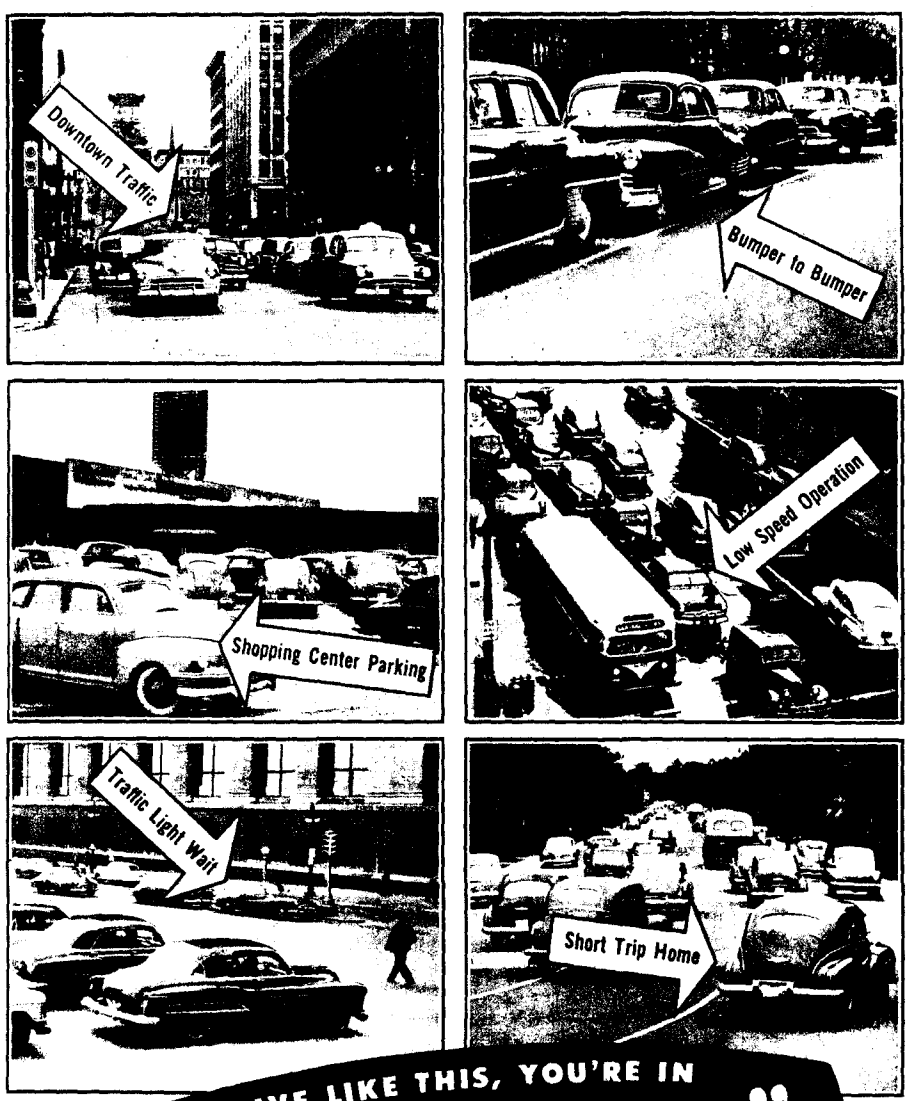
In an hour, Anne brought her convalescent patient back and reported to Idy that she had seen a dozen interns talking and smoking on the roof, but they were in a bunch. There had been a rather clever pencil drawing of a nurse, which was taped to the door of H elevator, and underneath it was written, *Who is this nurse?* It looked quite a bit like Idy.

"Did you write down, *Idy Fane?*"

"Certainly not. I drew a mustache on it and wrote, *Who wants to know?*"

"What a pardner! I give up hope."

At six o'clock Idy had cleaned every room on the floor, and was all in. She thought of the hard work on her father's farm, and was homesick. She ate a



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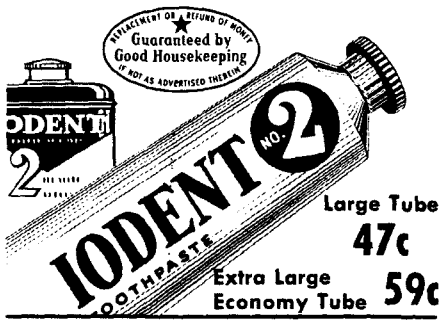

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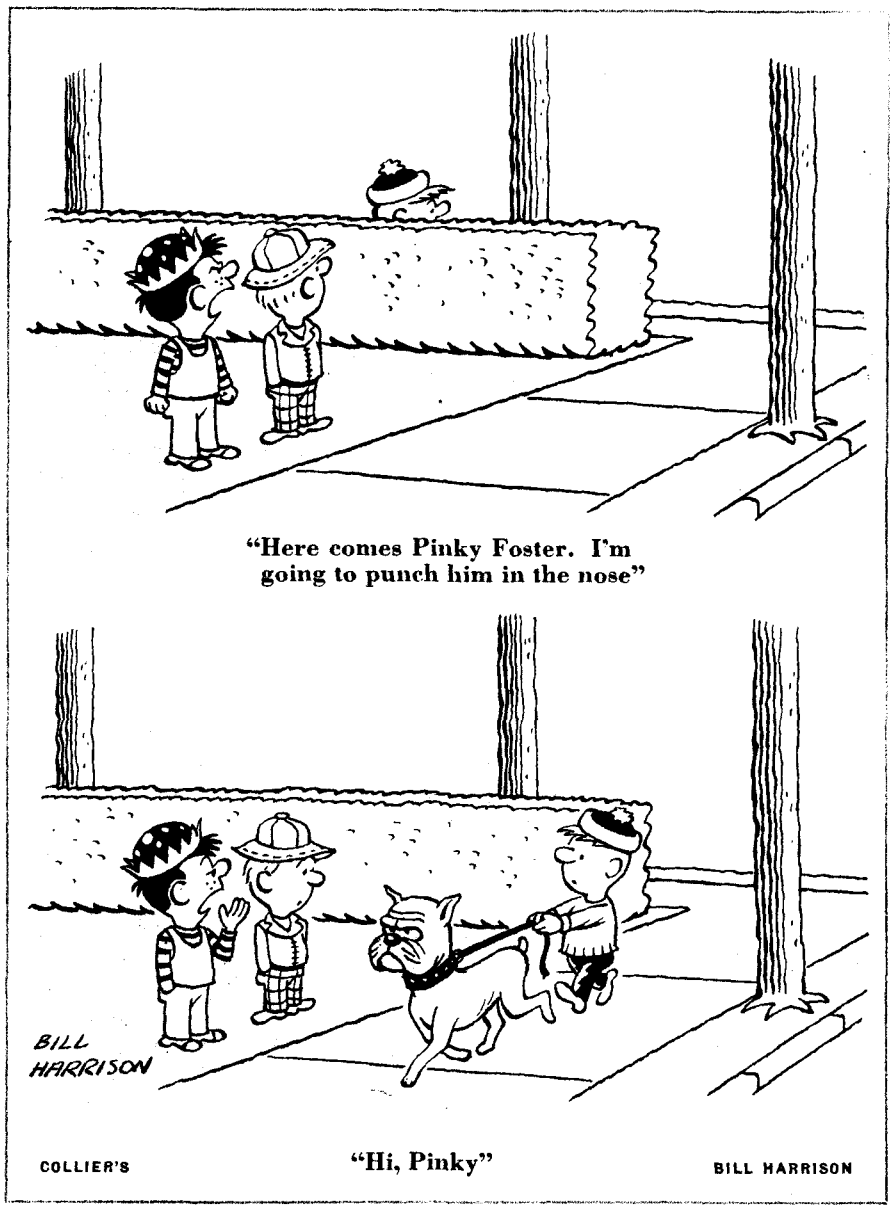

"Here comes Pinky Foster. I'm going to punch him in the nose"

COLLIER'S — "Hi, Pinky" — BILL HARRISON

substantial supper and went drooping to her room in the nurses' hall. Her two roommates were dressing blithely to go out on dates.

IDY sat on the side of her narrow bed in her nightgown, resting her aching back on a heating pad, and soaking her feet in a foot bath of oatmeal water. To make the picture more pitiful, she held an open chemistry book on her knee, while Anne and Hilda did their nails.

"Describe your guy. I know forty or fifty interns," said the popular Hilda.

"He rotated from Medical Service today and goes on OB tomorrow."

"No good. Dozens did."

"He has nice eyes and clean hands and a white suit and white shoes and a stethoscope, and Miss Blanqui thinks he is too jaunty."

"She thinks they all are." The girls shook their heads. "What else?"

"He never makes a mistake in his work, and he must have gone to the races at least once."

"They all have. He sounds like a great man for the ladies, and maybe he goes steady with a different nurse each week. On the other hand, he may be one of the hard-to-gets, Dr. Clive or Dr. Cleave."

"Which pronunciation is correct?"

"Both. There's one of each, Clive to rhyme with jive, and Cleave like in the marriage ceremony. You know, 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave to his wife,'" explained Anne, dreamily. "There's the buzzer, probably my date." Anne took her jacket, patted her hair, and left, to return in a minute. "Poor, dear, precious Idy! It was a telephone call to relay to you. I can't bear to tell."

"Don't keep me in agony!"

"It was Miss Blanqui. She says the parakeet in her office is a nuisance. She says Miss Fane is to go to her office in the main building. She left the door unlocked. Miss Fane is to take the parakeet back to the First Street Bar and Grill where he came from. You are to be back here in one hour. Too bad, honey, you look so relaxed."

"Well, of all the barefaced impositions!" Idy exclaimed wrathfully. "I'm tired. I worked all day and plenty of hours extra. I will not go."

"Oh, she hates you, without a doubt. What was so awful about bringing a parakeet into the hospital? So a couple of guys got asthma—they would have got it anyway from the noise of the elevator or something. But you gave the Wet Blanket a chance to do her stuff. These are dark days. Man is on the downgrade. Society is perishing. Hohum. Why don't you appeal to the director of training?"

Idy was drying her feet. "Throw me my uniform. I'm going. I'm certainly paying for bringing that flighty little bird into the hospital."

Idy dressed, carried a coat, and made her way to the main building, to the third-floor nursing office. She knocked, opened the door, and closed it quickly after her. The lights were on, the office empty, and the cage stood on the desk, empty. Staring around, she discovered Lil Bitters perched on the head of a brass eagle on the top of a tall bookcase. She suspected who had let Lil Bitters out of his cage when she saw that a clean white blotter on the floor of the cage was snipped into a pattern by a restless pair of scissors. Idy leaped onto the desk and reached. Lil Bitters flew across the room to a curtain rod. She

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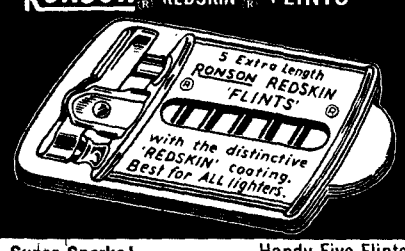

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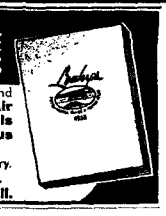

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raced after him. He flew back to the eagle.

He sat stirring up his feathers preparatory to taking an evening nap. He twittered softly. His left leg disappeared into his fluffy body, his head was tucked under his wing, and he slept. Idy carried the rocking chair closer, placed a footstool on it, and mounted. There was a loud knock, the office door banged open, and the bird's head reappeared.

"Shut that door!" Idy shouted, waving her arms like a windmill to keep her balance on the rocking chair. She heard a whimper and turned her head cautiously to see the stocky intern leaning against the doorframe with his hand over his eyes. He wore a blue serge suit and had dropped on the floor a package wrapped in fancy drugstore paper. His felt hat sat on the package.

"I can't look!" he moaned. "Five straight chairs in the room, and she chooses to stand on a stool on a rocker. Are you planning to break your neck? There's a doctor in the house."

Idy considered her precarious stance. "Now you've scared me. Will you help me down? Don't panic."

THE intern wrapped a couple of long arms around her waist like an octopus. "Idy Fane!" he said softly. "The lovely Idy Fane. Jump, you chump. We got a blanket." He jumped her down.

"What's the end of that? Mr. McClorty always passes out of the picture when he gets to that point. You can safely let me go now. I'm standing on the floor."

"I do believe man is on the downgrade," said the intern regretfully, releasing her. "The end of the story? Jump, you chump, we got a blanket. So he jumped. He was a chump. We didn't have no blanket."

Idy groaned. "How did you find me?"

"I asked Miss Blanqui, naturally, but she wasn't tellin' your name. I will spare you the hideous particulars of our interview. We had a slight fight. I bought her a bottle of toilet water as a peace offering in case she happened to be here tonight. Don't want her down on you." He indicated the package on the floor.

"Mercy! Did you buy a quart?"

"A fifth, I think. I've been paying visits to McClorty every half hour since six o'clock. He's been hazy up to now. As soon as he remembered your name, I asked at the nurses' hall where you'd gone. Want me to catch the bird? I'll throw my hat at him."

"And break his leg? No! We'd have to shoot him, like a horse!"

"Oh, no." He picked up his hat and very gently extinguished the bird on the eagle. "They sit still in the dark. He slipped his hand under the hat and brought out the blue bird, quiet in his hand, and slid him into the cage. Lil Bitters climbed up the wires and screamed, "Speak to me of love! Let's have a couple of beers."

"That was wonderful! You are the most competent doctor in the place," Idy said. He grinned sardonically. "Miss Blanqui told me to take Lil Bitters to the First Street Bar and be back home in an hour. I'm campused for a month."

"These are dark days," said he, solemnly. "Fortunately, the nights are dark too. I can drive you in my handsome 1937 touring car with the top down. In fact, the top blew off years ago."

"Do you happen to be Dr. Clive or Dr. Cleave?"

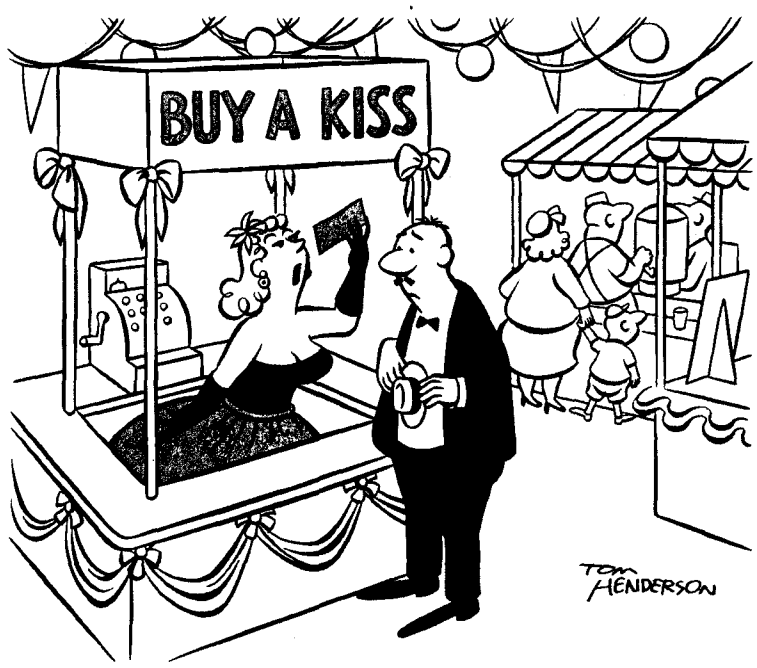
"I am. Pronounced like in 'For this cause shall a man leave his father and mother and cleave—' "

"I know, I know!"

"Unto his wife." He held her coat for her. "Leave us cleave." ▲▲▲

". . . screaming for their newspapers. Now here's Billy's list. Start on our street. The Macraes get a paper, then the Wredens, Heidelbergers, Grahams, Murches, Roleys, Jobsons, Costellos and Marincolas. Now turn right. You're on Oak Lane Drive. Going up the hill, Wilkinsons, Greens, Lovelaces, Mannings . . ."

COLLIER'S — TED KEY



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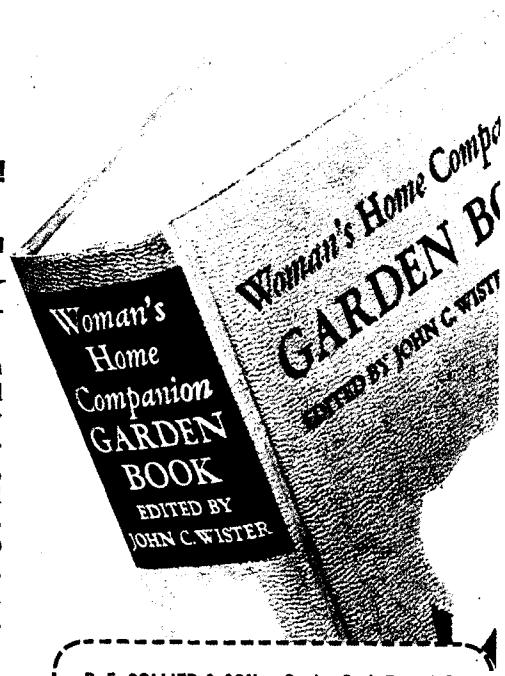

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It wasn't the nert that bothered snagmaster Mark Fairfield; it was a case of . . .

Clunkbucket Terror

By SCOTT CORBETT

AN EXCITING story which took place in the engine room of a great ship started me off. Realizing I had read many such stories with great relish despite the fact I had no idea what nine tenths of the technical terms meant, I decided there must be millions of other men like me. There was no reason I too could not write highly technical stories. It did not matter what the terms were, just so long as they were there.

The great popular success of my first effort in these pages, Sternwash That Gyve, Scrudd!, an engine-room story, showed how right I was. I had found my field. A dozen other possibilities beckoned immediately.

In the following two-fisted yarn about riveters, those brawny daredevils who fling the steel frames of giant skyscrapers high into the blue, it seems to me I have pretty well captured the flavor I want. Let's see how it strikes you:

"HOT!"

Mark Fairfield tensed at the warning shout. He had always been afraid of high places. Could he master that old unreasoning fear now? Keeping a death-grip on the cold, heavy, farnum-treated steel of the F-beam beside him, Mark raised his clunkbucket to catch the white-hot nert.

Down below, Slinger Jenkins picked a white-hot nert out of the glowing coals of his gelpin furnace with his filchhead tongs. He swung the long filchers with practiced ease and the white-hot nert arced up, clearing the sidepinch of the flangebar neatly to drop into Mark's clunkbucket. He never even had to move it.

Mark knew what he should have done next. He knew he should have let go of the F-beam and picked the white-hot nert out of the clunker with his tensing-spranges and held it in place against the clinch-hole while Belter Muldoon corked it with his jolter. But Mark could not let go. The mere thought sent sky-twitches through him and made his right hand clamp even harder on the F-beam, despite the fact that the farnum, being an aspidestrous chemical, was beginning to sting his sweating palm.

He could not let these swaggering cloudbusters see he was afraid! They called him a green scramblebeam as it was. No, he had to carry on somehow. The white-hot nert had to be handled quickly before it could cool.

Gripping the clunkbucket between his knees to free his left hand, he picked up his tensing-spranges and fumbled for the red-hot nert. It was unnatural, trying to do it with his left hand, and the heavy tensers almost slipped from his grasp. He stopped then and hung them over the stillson stud while he changed hands on the F-beam. It was awkward turning around in that hunched-over position with the clunkbucket still gripped between his knees, despite the slight advantage he had of being bow-legged, and once his left foot slipped and dangled in space. Only a quick grab saved the lukewarm nert from spilling out of the clunker.

A healthy flash of anger surged through Mark Fairfield then, giving him new courage. He would show these string-walkers! Jamming the clunkbucket between his knees again, Mark grabbed the tensers, yanked out the nert, and held it in place.

Belter Muldoon's great bare chest barreled out to hogshead proportions under his Spreichmann brace-jacket as he jammed his jolter into the pawl-rest and reached his hand out toward the nert.

"Look out—it's hot!" cried Mark, but Belter's huge fist had already closed on it.

"Are you kidding?" snorted Belter. He stood rolling it around in his hand and he gave Mark a verbal shaft-dropping. "Let go that F-beam, you dumb graincutter," Belter shouted, "and gimme them nerts with your tensers smoking from now on, see? I ain't never worked with no knee-clunker and never will!"

He tossed the cold nert back down to Slinger, who was grinning sourly below as he worked the stork-bellows.

"Cook this one again, and arc us another!" growled Belter.

Mark had flushed at "graincutter," as the cloudbusters called a farmer. What was wrong with being from a farm? He looked up at the sky. That same blue yonder was above him on the farm, but there it held no terrors.

"HOT!"

The dreaded cry shattered his thoughts of home. The test of his courage had come. Could he let go of that F-beam and handle his tensers and clunkbucket like a real snagmaster? He knew Belter was watching him scornfully. Below him Slinger's sour grin swam before his eyes.

Finger by finger he forced his left hand away from the steely comfort of the F-beam. Balanced on the narrow width of a joist-spreader he lifted his clunker and stood ready. Slinger's filchers arced, and the nert flipped into the air.

For once it was Slinger who missed. The white-hot nert ticked the flangebar and caromed downward with a deadly hiss. Mark flung himself sideways and clawed space with his clunkbucket.

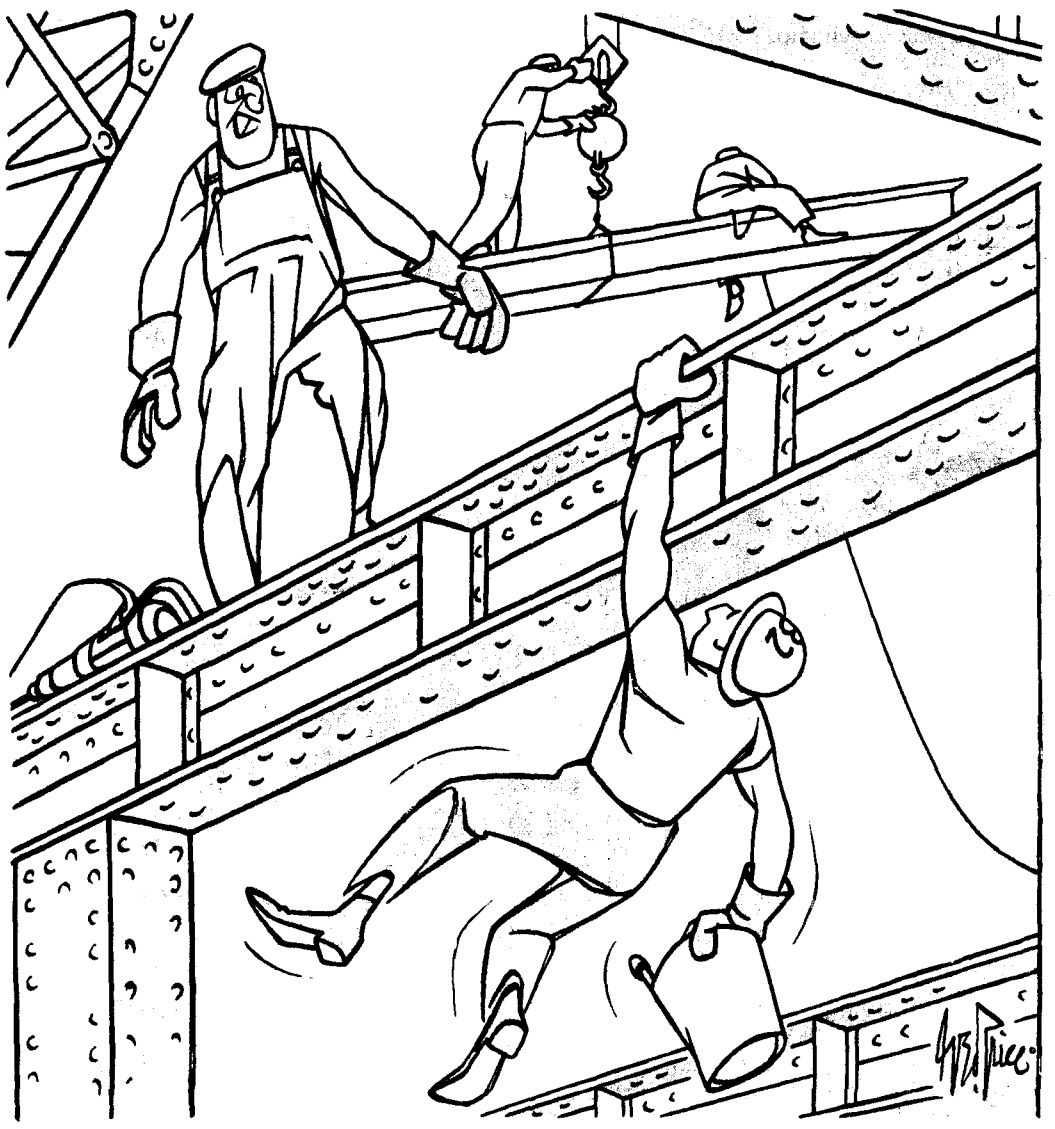
Clunk.

"I got it!" For a sickening instant he fought to keep his balance—then slipped off into space! A frantic grab, and he was hanging from the stirrup-lathe of the joist-spreader by one hand.

"Nice work, kid!" cried Belter, and the gruff words of praise put new steel into Mark's grip. Not the grip that kept him from plunging downward—the grip that held the clunkbucket! Not even if he fell was Mark going to let that clunkbucket go now and lose the nert—his red badge of courage!

"Hang on, kid! I'll get you down!" bellowed Belter. He swung from the joist-spreader by his hands and dropped below Mark.

"Kid, go back to the farm where you belong," he said as he kicked a box under Mark's dangling feet. "If you're this way when we're still working on the first floor, what'll you be like when we get up to the second?" ▲▲▲



"Nice work, kid! Hang on, I'll get you down!"

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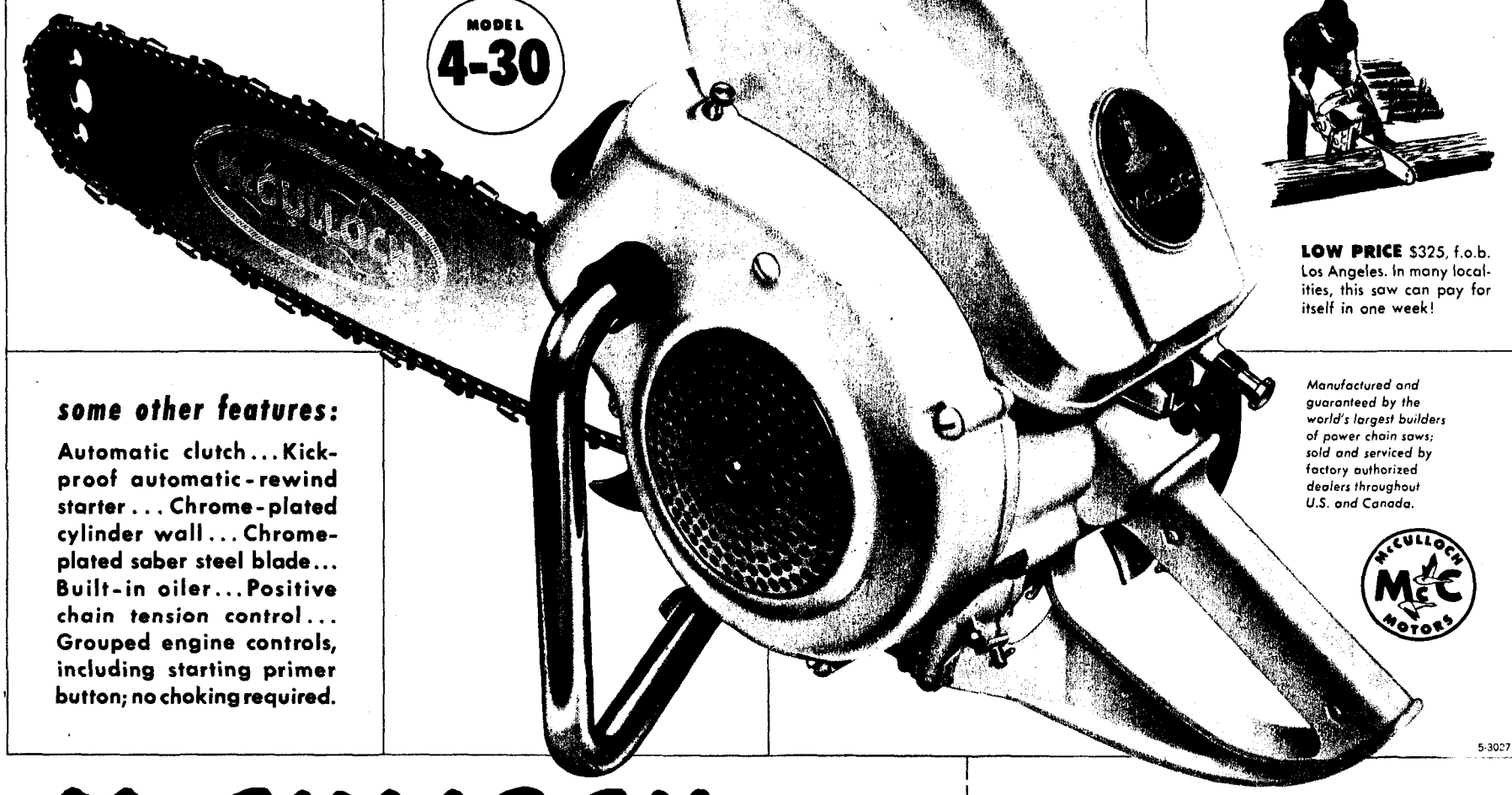

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But When Will

By DR. BENJAMIN F. MILLER

Dr. Miller is a Senior Associate Physician at Boston's Peter Bent Brigham Hospital. An expert on kidney diseases since 1934, he is now studying the problems of organ and tissue transplants

THERE have been many stories recently about transplanting spare parts of the human body from one person to another. Many people have assumed that perhaps before too long almost every tissue and organ of the body may be transferred surgically with permanent success. But there are many barriers to be breached before this millennium arrives. So far, successful transplants have been achieved only with a few tissues such as the cornea of the eye or pieces of bones and arteries.

Wonders have, indeed, been accomplished. For example, sight has been restored to the blind by transplantation of new eye tissue. When the transparent portion of the eye—the cornea—is destroyed by disease or accident, the eye surgeon can take a healthy cornea that was donated to an eye bank and transplant it to replace the scarred, useless one. The sightless person sees again.

Obviously such miracles have excited speculation: Why not do similar replacement surgery for the thousands of patients who are seriously ill—or dying—because vital organs have been scarred and destroyed by disease? Why not transplant skin, kidneys, hearts, adrenal glands, livers and lungs from one person to another?

Thousands of lives could be saved by these operations. We are rapidly mastering the necessary surgical techniques. But surgical success is not enough. A second condition—and fully as important—must be satisfied: the transplanted "donation" (organ or tissue) must be acceptable to the body of the host. Nature, however, appears to abhor the exchange of most parts.

Not even a small piece of skin can be permanently grafted from Mr. Jones to Mr. Smith. It is true that we read about skin grafting very frequently, especially in burn cases. But not everyone knows that permanently successful skin grafts are performed only by taking skin from a patient's own body and transferring it to the burned area. Unfortunately, it is not yet possible to give a patient a piece of skin from a skin bank in the way he receives blood transfusions from a blood bank.

Surgeons understand the technique of transplanting skin from one person to another. They have also nearly perfected the methods of transferring a kidney from one human to another. But while surgeons can perform the operations successfully there is no chance of permanent results until medical science learns how to overcome the mysterious problem of individualism in tissues and organs.

Perhaps you're asking: What about eye banks? Isn't the cornea transplanted from the eye of one person to that of another? Strictly speaking, it is. Yet, so far as medical science can ascertain, the transplanted cornea does not survive permanently in the new host. It serves mainly as a framework on which a new cornea can be grown by the patient. The same process apparently occurs when sections of bone, arteries and veins are grafted from one person to another.

But organs such as the kidney and lung are far too complicated in structure to be rebuilt by the body. They must be replaced. Therefore, a transplanted kidney or lung must somehow be made acceptable to the new host.

Key to Problem in Identical Twins?

What information do we already have which may help us in the ultimate solution of this problem? We know that skin transplants do not succeed even when they are made from parent to child, from brother to brother, sister to sister, or even from one fraternal twin to another. However, skin *has* been successfully transplanted from one human being to another. The transfer has been accomplished in identical twins.

Dr. P. B. Medawar, a medical scientist working in England on skin transplantation, tells this story:

"In 1947 the Swiss father of six-year-old 'non-identical' twin sons, Victor and Pierre, learned of the existence of a third child, Eric, whose appearance was astonishingly like Victor's, and who turned out on inquiry to have been born in the same clinic and on the same night. The prima-facie case for supposing that Pierre and Eric had been inadvertently allotted to the wrong parents was not accepted by Eric's mother: blood grouping tests had indeed proved that Pierre could not have been the son of his alleged mother; but the tests

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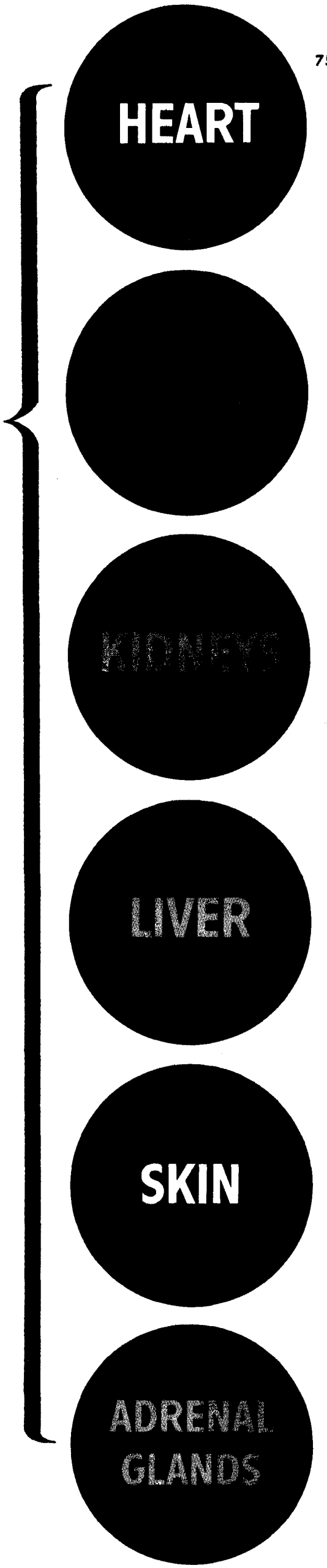
Ve Have Banks for



If science could transplant these vital body parts from one person to another, countless lives would be saved. The barriers are great, says an expert—but so are the hopes

had failed to disprove the possibility that Eric was his alleged mother's son.

"Another and decisive test was finally agreed upon: small squares of skin were exchanged as grafts between Victor and Eric and another set between Victor and Pierre. The former survived indefinitely, but the latter quickly became necrotic. This test proved that Eric and Victor were identical twins, and therefore brothers."

Possibly, a kidney could also be transplanted from one identical twin to another. So far, the operation has not been tried. One reason I suggest transplantation of kidneys is because man has two of them. Someday, somewhere, the rare situation may arise in which one identical twin is dying of irreparably damaged kidneys, and the other would offer one of his own kidneys to save his twin. It would be possible if such an operation were successful for each twin to lead a normal life with a single kidney. Many people today are leading normal lives after removal of a kidney.

Unfortunately, the odds that this situation will occur are very unfavorable. Although approximately one birth in every 85 is a twin, only about one in every 340 produces identical twins. One of our very important problems, therefore, is to understand how to make patients into "temporary identical twins" long enough to permit skin, kidney and other tissues and organs to be transplanted.

How can we do that? Well, at least we have certain facts which can guide us.

Apparently because of some important difference in their proteins, human beings reject tissues from other human beings, even close relations. Man and other highly developed animals possess an amazing—almost inconceivable—degree of individuality. For instance, we all know that an individual's fingerprints are unique. It is not so generally realized that there must be something equally characteristic about each person's chemistry to make it possible for a trained bloodhound to follow a scent. To the dog, the odor is just as distinctive as a fingerprint would be to a criminologist.

Medical scientists have known for a long time that various species have different blood and tissue proteins. That's why it is quite easy for a specialist investigating a crime to determine whether the blood on a suspect's coat is from a human being or an animal.

We are really not very surprised to find that nature has provided different blood proteins for the human, for the cat, the dog or the mouse, or any other species. They differ in so many other ways that this difference is easily acceptable.

Each human also has his individuality expressed in chemical terms in the genes and chromosomes which transmit our hereditary traits. Such individuality would seem obviously necessary, even desirable. But in making the organs and tissue different for every person, nature appears to be inefficient.

Medical scientists believe that it is this "excess of individuality" which has raised the greatest barrier to the successful transplanting of human parts.

Human Parts Aren't Like Auto Parts

Suppose an automobile manufacturer turned out a hundred thousand cars and made each one different in every one of its major parts. If a carburetor went bad, you'd have considerable difficulty replacing it. A similar, but more serious, situation faces transplantation surgeons until the barrier to the interchange of human "spare parts" can be overcome.

But not all forms of life possess this amazing degree of individuality. In the more primitive species, whole limbs can be transplanted. A lizard's leg can be grafted on another lizard about as easily as a limb onto a tree of another kind. Or you can cut an earthworm in half, graft to it a half-body from another worm, and the transplanted part grows perfectly well.

Very young animals are a little like primitive types or identical twins. Drs. William P. Longmire, Jr., and Jack A. Cannon in Los Angeles have achieved successful and permanent skin transplants in baby chicks less than three days old. The age of the chicks is extremely important. Two days later, when the chicks are only five days old, the grafts do not take. And when this same pair of chicks grows up, they cannot trade back even the exact piece of skin they exchanged in infancy.

According to this experiment, then, some pairs of unrelated chicks act like identical twins and permit grafting from one to another. Why? We don't yet understand.

Medical scientists have observed with interest,

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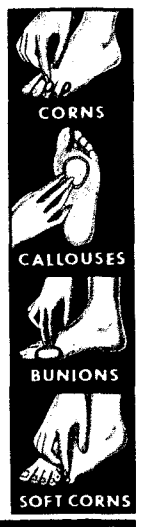

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too, that a fetus—which is in effect a highly successful "graft" of embryonic tissue—lives very compatibly in the mother's womb for nine months. Yet, within a few days after birth, the baby develops such a high degree of individuality that not even a piece of skin can be successfully grafted from mother to child. (Perhaps we must better understand the chemistry of pregnancy to succeed in making grafts and transplants of human parts.)

But it has been known to scientists for a long time that tissue from a human embryo can be transplanted under conditions where adult tissue would be quickly rejected.

At Yale Medical School an apparently successful attempt to transplant the adrenal gland has been made recently. The doctors provided a patient whose adrenal glands had been destroyed by disease with gland tissue from a three-and-a-half-month old, stillborn fetus. If the transplant proves to be permanently acceptable, the patient's life will no longer depend on medicines, such as cortisone, which are now essential for individuals who are suffering from Addison's disease (destruction of the adrenal gland).

All of these experiments offer hopeful signs. And there are others.

Less Surgery on Endocrines

In the past, medical scientists have been chiefly interested in three types of homotransplants or homografts—meaning the transfer of tissue or organs between members of the same species. Endocrine glands were of very great importance. Until insulin, cortisone and other hormone preparations were developed, many lives were lost because of diseased or malfunctioning endocrine glands. Much time and effort was expended by physicians in attempts to transplant normal adrenal glands, parathyroids, ovaries or testes, with the hope of relieving the severe illnesses caused by their absence. Now that so many powerful hormone preparations are available, there is understandably less interest and need for the surgical replacement of endocrine glands.

Skin grafts from one person to another have assumed more and more importance in recent years. Great advances have been made in the use of plasma and blood substitutes to counteract the systemic effect of burns. Surgeons are now able to save many badly burned individuals. But the burned areas must be covered and, at the present time, it can be done permanently only by grafting unburned skin from some other part of the patient's own body. Unfortunately, patients often do not have enough intact skin to cover the painfully burned areas.

Skin Banks Not Yet Feasible

It would be a tremendous advance if a badly burned person could be given skin from another donor or from a skin bank. The technical and surgical aspects of skin grafting are already very well worked out.

Another great aspiration of doctors has been to transplant the human kidney. Damage caused by Bright's disease and other forms of nephritis may end in tragedy. Because the kidneys are destroyed, the harmful end products which are normally excreted in the urine are retained in the blood, and the patient dies of uremic poisoning.

Many of these patients are young people. Kidney disease is a major cause of death in the age group between fifteen and thirty years. Sometimes after the initial, acute attack has passed, the original disease flickers out, leaving scarred, useless kidneys. But doctors feel if at that time a normal kidney could be successfully transplanted into carefully selected patients, the original kidney disease would not flare up again and destroy the transplant. There is therefore good reason to believe that the patient might live.

It seems to me that several considerations make it worth while to concentrate considerable time and effort on

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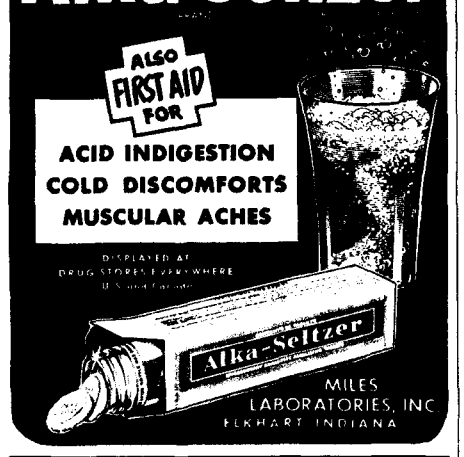

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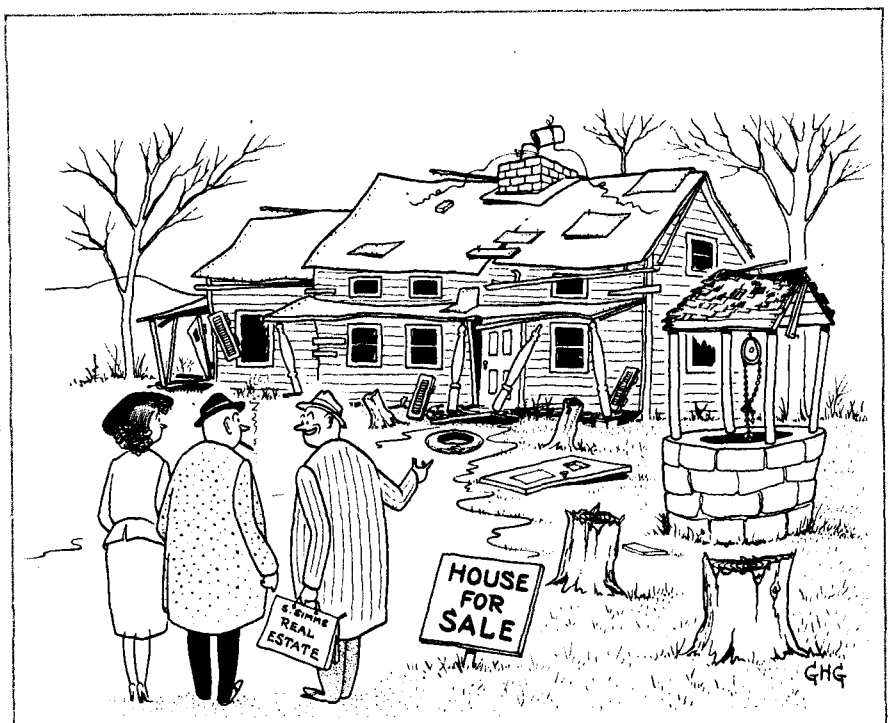

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the problem of kidney transplantation specifically. In the past twenty years surgical techniques have improved tremendously, and technical details which might have precluded a successful transplant twenty years ago have been worked out.

These advances are not yet true for other major, life-essential organs, such as the liver, lungs and heart.

In other respects, too, the kidney is an ideal organ for transplantation work. It has only one feeder artery and one main collecting vein. If nature had built it with a half-dozen main, inlet arteries, the surgery would be almost hopelessly complex. In addition, the body can tolerate complete removal of *both* kidneys for many days. Occasional patients have lived without kidneys for as long as a month, a fact which makes kidney surgery much easier than that involving the heart or lungs, which cannot be removed or blocked from functioning for more than a few minutes without fatal results.

Another recent development of medical science makes transplantation of human kidneys more practicable. An "artificial kidney" can perform the functions of the human kidney. This machine can temporarily purify the blood and thus relieve the symptoms and results of uremic poisoning.

Uses of the Artificial Kidney

Actually, the artificial kidney produces a beneficial effect which may last from a few days to many weeks. The transplantation operation is a fairly rigorous one which requires several hours. Today, the surgeon attempting transplantation can rely on the artificial kidney for considerable assistance. The blood of the severely ill uremic patient can be washed free of poisons, improving his condition for the transplantation. And in addition to sustaining the patient's life after the operation, the artificial kidney gives the transplanted kidney time to become established.

Human kidneys have been transplanted with some decidedly interesting results. Our group of research physicians at the Peter Bent Brigham Hospital and Harvard Medical School has performed eight kidney transplants, and has studied one other patient who was operated on in another city and transferred to Boston because of the artificial kidney there.

Several other teams of surgeons in this country and in France have also attempted human kidney transplants.

Quick Solution Isn't Expected

None of the teams engaged in transplantation expect to solve the problem overnight. They anticipate that many years may elapse before a completely successful and permanent "take" is obtained. But the Boston group, which has reported its work in greatest detail, has indicated that several of its human kidney transplants survived longer and performed better than any observed in animal experiments over the past fifty years. One of the transplanted kidneys in particular continued to work effectively for nearly fifty days, and at a reduced level for several weeks longer. (It is exceptional for a kidney transplant to survive in an animal for more than ten days.)

Unfortunately, this singularly successful human kidney transplant did fail ultimately because of serious infection which did not respond to antibiotic therapy. It was assumed that the infection was probably reinforced by nature's intolerance toward this foreign kidney.

Meanwhile, the case—involving, as it always does in similar operations, a volunteer patient who was certain to die within a matter of weeks—emphasizes that measurable progress has been made. Furthermore, until kidney transplants were actually attempted in human patients, medical scientists could not even be certain that the operation was feasible from the surgical point of view. We know now that it is. Today the surgeon is ready to make successful transplants of kidneys as soon as we learn how to remove nature's biological barrier to the transplant.

And if the problem can be solved for the kidney then, by application of this knowledge, it should be possible someday to transplant other vital organs. Think what a great day that will be for humanity. ▲▲▲

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HARRY DEVLIN

Mr. Brownell's Headache

WE ARE GRATEFUL to Mr. Leonard Spinrad, who publishes the Motion Picture Newsletter, for a rather amusing sequel to an editorial which appeared on this page last year.

The editorial expressed our lack of enthusiasm for a Justice Department action aimed at forcing motion-picture companies to sell copies of certain of their features to the competing medium of television. Our point was that this attempt by government to aid one industry at the injurious expense of another was unfair and illogical, and that it set a dangerous precedent.

But we didn't realize the full extent of the illogicality until Mr. Spinrad came up with the information that the United States government itself prohibits 80 per cent of its own films, which of course are made at public expense, from being shown to the public on television. The Office of Education, in a publication dating from the Truman administration, has explained this curious prohibition as follows:

Government films are not produced to be shown per se, but for particular purposes; films not intended for general audiences have not been cleared for television; more than three fourths of some 2,500 films made by various agencies date from World War II or before, "when little thought was being given to their future use on television."

Mr. Spinrad has some interesting answers to these explanations. He points out that among the movies released for TV showing, and therefore presumably judged to have popular appeal, are items bearing such titles as Hospital Food Service Personnel Training; Mess Management; Statistical Quality Control: Process Control; and How to Braze Aluminum. And yet while the brazing of aluminum and, we venture to guess, a documentary on How to Braise a Goose, might not be considered fascinating to the general public, many Army films of World War II, made by Frank Capra and other professionals of comparable stature, are not available to TV audiences. And as for the films not being cleared for television, Mr. Spinrad says that "there has been no high-court decision on the legal clearance of most past entertainment films for TV, either."

In other words, there is no apparent reason why the government practices what it preaches against except that a swollen, twenty-year-old bureaucracy has reached a state of un-co-ordinated confusion where it seems perfectly logical for one federal agency to indulge in practices which another agency seeks to punish. For this reason, we feel that perhaps we should amend our comment in the opening paragraph of this piece. For the sequel is not only rather amusing but also somewhat disturbing.

It is true that the present Department of Justice, under Mr. Brownell, has inherited certain legal actions which have advanced to a point where the sheer momentum of litigation does not permit them to be ended immediately. But this fact does not erase the consequent fact that Mr. Brownell's department, as of now, is seeking legal remedy and punishment in matters which are not only contradictory and illogical, but at total variance with the policies and promises which brought victory to the Republican party in last November's elections.

The various film companies which are accused of restraint of trade in this television case are now in the process of filing their answers to the charges of the Truman administration's Justice Department. We hope that, before the case is much older, the wheels of New Deal-Fair Deal machinery can be brought to a stop, and that the whole governmental view of antitrust violations can be brought into a more modern and more realistic perspective.

The American people, in electing President Eisenhower and a Republican Congress, signified their belief that "it's time for a change." We realize that the government apparatus is too huge and complicated for that change to be effected immediately. But that is no reason why both the executive and legislative branches of the new government should not start moving, not only in the television case but in many others, to bring into being those alterations of viewpoint so long promised and so definitely approved.

Good Deed Indeed

THE POLITICAL SEISMOGRAPH recently reported a major upheaval in Mexico, and we feel duty bound to pass the news along in case you missed it. It seems that the new President of Mexico, Adolfo Ruiz Cortines, is attempting to knock the props out from under one of his country's cherished bureaucratic traditions. He has set out to eliminate bribery from government operation. And that is a task which Hercules might have thought about twice before he tackled it.

According to our information, Mexicans have long accepted bribery as the price of service. It has been the lubrication which kept the machinery of government running smoothly. You wanted a license, a permit, a this or that, so you automatically crossed the palm of a government employee. There were no 5-per-cent or mink-coat scandals. Everybody, it was assumed, picked up a little something on the side to bolster salaries which in most cases were inadequate.

Today, the picture is quite different. And, in spite of tradition, it seems that the change has been taken in stride and is working out well.

We don't mean to disparage our neighbors to the south when we say that, in many Latin-American countries, political office has long been equivalent to a license to steal. The big boys did it big and the little boys did it little, but everybody got in the act. Now we are pleased to see that, at least in Mexico, progress is being made. The ancient order of grafters is no longer taken for granted.

Perhaps it is a little dismaying to find that honesty in government is a newsworthy innovation. But at the same time it is encouraging to find, in our day as in Shakespeare's, a good deed shining in this naughty world.

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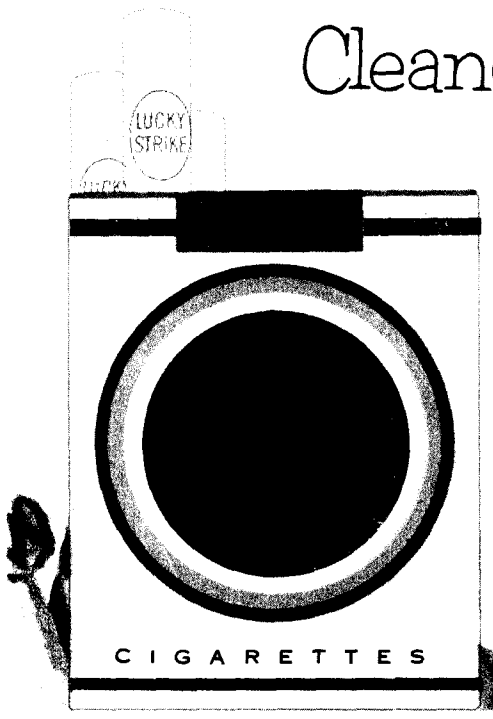

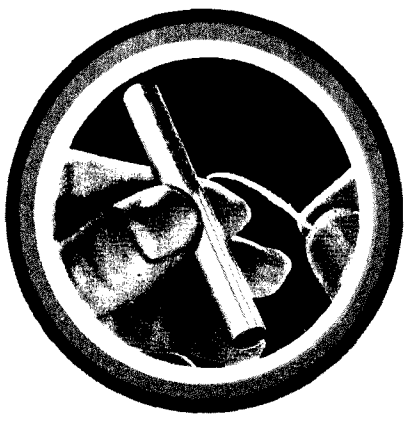

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